SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

PART II -- VOL I

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

KING RICHARD III

KING JOHN

KING HENRY V

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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Shakespeare's Library

A COLLECTION OF THE

PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS, AND HISTORIES

EMPLOYED BY

HAKESPEARE

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS WORKS

Mith Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

CARPBULLY REVISED AND CREATLY ENDARGED

The Text now Kirst formed from a New Collation of the Original Copies

VOLUME THE FIFTH

LONDON

WES AND TURNER TO CHANCERY LAND NO. 1875

PREFACE

THE Fifth and Sixth Volumes of "Shakespeare's Library," forming the second and concluding division of the present publication, contain eleven dramas, from which Shakespeare is supposed, with good leason, to have derived assistance, in greater or smaller measure, in the preparation of his own plays on the same subject

These foundation-dramas stand, however, on a very unequal footing; for, as elsewhere explained, the poet, in some cases, merely revised the existing texts; in others, his obligation was scarcely more than nominal; and in the rest, with one exception, the original piece supplied nothing beyond the outline and general suggestion

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," as here reprinted from the 4to of 1602, exhibits, on the contrary, Shake-speare's own first sketch, afterwards completed and matured by himself, as we find it in the folio of 1623, and in the modern editions

Almost all the dramatic compositions which are assembled in these two volumes are of the highest rarity, but such is especially the case with the "Famous Victories of Henry V, 1598," "The Troublesome VOL. IV

Reign of King John, 1591," "The First Part of the Contention, 1594," the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York, 1595," and the "True Tragedy of Richard III, 1594," all of which, with the exception of the last, are supposed to be *unique* But three or four copies at most exist of any of them

To bring them all together, therefore, in a convenient shape for reference appeared to be desirable. Of the whole number, four have never been collected before, and as regards three of the others, the "Taming of a Shrew," the "Famous Victories," and "King John," the editions employed in "Six Old Plays, 1779," were late reprints, instead of the editions principes, which are generally purer, and (in inquiries of this kind) always more satisfactory and authoritative But where the Editor of 1779, professing not to "depart from the original copies," chose the right texts, he failed altogether to observe that accuracy which in such cases is indispensable.

W C H.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

EDITION

Menæcmi A pleasant and fine concerted Comædie, taken out of the most excellent writtee Poet Plautus Chosen purposely from out the rest, as last harmefull, and yet most delightfull Written in English, by WW London, Printed by Tho Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete 1595. 40

THE PRINTER TO THE READERS

THE writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them. I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgment) in harmelesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therin used, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order vet sith it is onely a matter of meriment, and the litle alteration therof, can breede no detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endevour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously pollished

Farewell.

^{*} Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceil is somewhat altred, by oceasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had, Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other The first his Father lost a litle Lad, The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke His Brother, and to Epidamnum came, Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like, That Citizens there take him for the same Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either, Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither



A PLEASANT AND FINE CONCEITED C O M Æ D I E.

CALLED

M E N E C H M U S,

TAKEN OUT OF THE MOST EXCELLENT

POET PLAUTUS

ACT I SCENE I

Enter PENICULUS, a Parasite

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become Namely all the vittels which are set before mee Now in my judgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in chaines who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly my leason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never cease devising how by wrenching as under their gives, or by some subtilitie or other they may escape such cursed bands—If then ye would keep a man without

all suspition of lunning away from ye, the sulest way is to the him with meate, dlinke and ease. Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to the one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for Menechmus, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare, he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such guestes as my selfe be drawne to his Table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come foorth.

SCENE II

Enter Menechmus talking backe to his wife within

If ye were not such a brabling foole and madbraine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbande in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance I can never go foorth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry? * As though she were a Constable or a toll-gatherer, I have pamperd her too much she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go Well sith it is so, she shall now have

some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine

Pen Yea mary now comes hee to the point that prickes me this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife, If he dine not at home, I am drest

Men We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her

Pen Come, what share have I in that same?

Men Out alas, I am taken

Pen True, but by your friend

Men What, mine owne Peniculus?

Pen Yours (Ifaith) bodie and goods if I had any

Men Why thou hast a bodie

Pen Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie

Men Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life Pen Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how

to come alwaies in the nicke Where dine ye to-day?

Men Ile tell thee of a notable pranke

Pen What, did the Cooke marre your meate in the

dressing? Would I might see the reversion

Men Tell me didst thou see a picture, how Jupiters Eagle snatcht away Ganimede, or how Venus stole away Adonis?

Pen Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want

substance.

Men Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

Pen O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

Men Prethee say I am now a brave fellow

Pen But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

Men. Tush, say as I bid thee man.

Pen Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

Men What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Pen Ye are a most pleasant gentleman

Men On yet

Pen Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out

Men Nay I have a greater secret then that to im-

part to thee.

Pen Say your minde

Men Come farther this way from my house

Pen So, let me heare

Men Nay farther yet

Pen I warrant ye man * Men Nay yet farther

Pen Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry

Men Why?

Pen Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

Men Seest thou this cloake?

Pen. Not yet Well what of it?

Men. This same I meane to give to Erotium

Pen That's well, but what of all this?

Men There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepard for her and me.

Pen. And me

Men And thee

Pen. O sweet word What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

Men. I knocke But state too Peniculus, let's not be too rash Oh see shee is in good time comming forth

Pen Ah, he now lookes against the Sun, how her beames dazell his eyes

Enter EROTIUM

Ero What mine owne Menechmus, welcome sweete heart

Pen And what am I, welcome too?

Ero You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests

* Pen I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie

Men Erotium, I have determined that here shal be pitcht a field this day, we meane to drinke for the heavens. And which of us performes the bravest service at his weopon the wine boll, yourselfe as Captaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts.

Ero Agreed

Pen I would we had the weapons, for my valour

pricks me to the battaile

Men Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife

Ero Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers whats this same?

Men This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke

from her to put on thee

Ero Mine owne Menechmus, well woorthie to bee

my deare, of all dearest

Pen Now she showes her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him

Men I thinke Hercules got not the garter from Hypolita so hardly, as I got this from my wife Take this, and with the same take my heart

Pen Thus they must do that are right Lovers especially if they mean to [be] beggers with any

speed

Men I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound

Pen Thère's tenne pounde bestowed verie thriftily Men But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo? Ero It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readic. * Men Let a good dinner be made for us three.

Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other be as you please

Ero You shall Sir

Men I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared Farewell till then, sweete Erotium Come Peniculus

Pen Nay I meane to follow yee I will sooner leese my life, then sight of you till this dinner be done

[Exeunt

Ero Who's there? Call me Cylindrus the Cooke hither

Enter Cylindrus

Cylindrus, take the Hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings is there not?

Cyl Tis so mistresse

Ero Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough

Cyl What guests have ye to-day mistresse?

Ero Here will be Menechmus and his Parasite, and myselfe.

Cyl That's ten persons in all

Ero. How many?

Cyl Ten, for I warrant you, that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels

Ero Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed

Cyl I will have all readie with a trice. [Excunt

ACT II SCENE I.

Enter Menechmus, Sosicles Messenio his servant, and some Saylers

Men Surely Messenio, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing, as when they

have bene long tost and turmoyld in the wide seas,

they hap at last to ken land

Mes Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a sight But I pray, wherfore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie Towne that we heare off?

Men Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike

to me I must trie in all places

Mes Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother six yeares now have roamde about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Ilyria, all the upper sea, all high Gieece, all Haven Towns in Italy I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive, and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Men Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied, otherwise I can never desist seeking Little knowest thou Messemo how neare my heart it goes

Mes This is washing of a Blackamore Taith let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storic of our travaile

Men Sirra, no more of these sawcie specches, I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me

Mes I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a servant Wel yet I must speake my conscience Do ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this Towne Epidamnum, is a place of outragious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse and (I heare) as full of Ribaulos, Parasites

Diunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold then for Cuitizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither sine damno.

Men Yee say very well indeed give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer. sine damno

Mes Why Sir?

Men Because I feare you wil be busic among the Curtizans, and so be cosened of it then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders, so to avoid both these harms. He keep it my selfe

Men I pray do so sir, all the better

Enter Cylindrus

* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners. It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormonant knave Peniculus must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what? Is Menechmus come alreadie, before I could come from the Maiket? Menechmus, how do ye sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Men God a mercy my good friend, doest thou

know mee?

Cyl. Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Men Whom meanest thou good fellow?

Cyl Why Peniculus woiship, that whorson lick-trencher, your Parasiticall attendant

Men. What Peniculus? what attendant? My at-

tendant? Surely this fellow is mad

Mes Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines you should finde here?

Cyl Menechmus, harke ye sır, ye come too soone backe agaın to dınner, I am but returned from the Market

Men Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me, goe get the priest to sacrifice for thee I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst never use a straunger thus

Cyl. Alas sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger

to you Know ye not Cylindrus?

Men Cylindrus, or Coliendrus, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know

Cyl I know you to be Menechmus

Men Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right, but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

Cyl Where? even heere, where ye first fell in love with my mistresse Erotium

Men I neither have Lover, neither knowe I who thou art.

Cyl Know ye not who I am? who fils your cup and dresses your meate at our house?

Mes What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to breake the Rascals pate withall

Men At your house, when as I never came in Epidamnum till this day

Cyl Oh thats true Do ye not dwell in yonder

Men Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for my part

Cyl Questionlesse, hee is mad indeede, to curse himselfe thus. Harke ye Menechmus

Men What saist thou?

Cyl If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe

Mes What a verlet art thou to trouble us tnus'

Cyl Tush he wil many times jest with me thus Yet when his wife is not by, tis a ridiculous jest

Men Whats that?

Cyl This I say, Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, ile fetche more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your Parasite

Men What wenches? what Parasites?

Mes Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

Cyl Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I

know thee not, I speake to him that I know

Men Out drunken foole, without doubt thou art

out of thy wits

Cyl That you shall see by the dressing of your meat Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie lie tell my mistresse ye be here

Men Is he gone? Messenio I thinke uppon thy

words alreadie

Mes Tush marke I pray, Ile late fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belong

Men But I wonder how he knowes my name

Mes Oh ile tell yee. These Courtizans as soone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne We are here in a tickle place maister, tis best to be circumspect

Men I mislike not thy counsaile Messenio

Mes I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes some bodie forth Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you

Enter EROTIUM.

Let the doore stand so, away, it shall not be shut. Make hast within there ho maydes looke that all things be readile. Cover the boord, put fire under

the perfuming pannes, let all things be very handsome Where is hee, that Cylindrus sayd stood without here? Oh, what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great leason why you should do so Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed Will ye go sit downe?

Men Whom doth this woman speake to?

Ero Even to you sir, to whom else should I speake?

Men Gentlewoman ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches

Ero Yea sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have

deserved it

Men Surely Messenio, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to niee uppon so

small acquaintance

Mes Tush, did not I tell ye right? there be but leaves which fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I tolde ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman what acquairtance have you with this man? where have you seene him?

Ero Where he saw me, here in Epidamnum

Mes In Epidamnum? who never till this day set his foote within the Towne?

Ero Go, go, flowting Jack Menechmus what need

al this? I pray go in

Men She also calls me by my name

Mes She smels your purse

Men Messenio come hither, here take my purse Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go

Ero Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

Men A good motion, yea and thanks with ail my heart

Ero Never thanke me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourselfe.

Men That I commaunded?

Ero Yea, for you and your Parasite

Men My Parasite?

Ero Peniculus, who came with you this morning when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife

Men A cloake that I brought you, which I got from

my wife?

Ero Tush what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off

Men Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth I never had wife, neither have I, nor never was in this place till this instant, for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship

Ero What ship do ye tell me off?

* Mes Marry ile tell ye, an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have saild up and downe in this sixe yeares, Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

Ero Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this

sporting and go in

Men Well Gentlewoman, the truth 1s, you mistake

my person, it is some other that you looke for

Ero. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Siracusis where Agathocles did raigne, then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hielo

Men All this is true.

Mes Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there

Men Ile go in with her, Messenio, Ile see further of this matter

Mes. Ye are cast away then

Men. Why so? I warrant thee, I can loose nothing, somwhat I shall game, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere—He dissemble with her an other while—Nowe when you please let us go in, I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least

he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you

Ero Will ye state any longer for your Peniculus

your Parasite?

Men Not I, Ile neither state for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come

Ero All the better But su, will ye doo one thing for me?

Men What is that?

Ero To beare that cloake which you gave me to

the Diars, to have it new trimd and altred

Men Yea that will be well, so my write snall not know it Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then ile follow yee in. Hoe Messenio come aside goe and provide for thyselfe, and these ship boyes in some Inne, then looke that after dinner you come hither for me

Mes Ah maister, will yee be conjcatcht thus wil fully?

Men Peace foolish knave seest thou not what a sot she is, I shall coozen her I wariant thee

Mes Ay maister

Men Wilt thou be gone?

*Mes See, see, she hath him safe mough now Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates lands at sea, and now one land-rover hath bounded him at first encounter Come away fellowes

ACT III

Enter Peniculus

Twentie yeares I thinke and more nave I playde the knave, yet never playd I the 100lish knave as I have done this morning I follow Menechmus, and VOL. IV. he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden, there trusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance Men that have nothing else to do. that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day, which I think in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off Yet I meane to go see if I can but light uppon the reversion, I may perhaps get my penyworthes But how now? is this Menechmus comming away from thence? dinner done, and all dispatcht? What execuable lucke have I?

Enter MENECHMUS the travailer

Tush I wairant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe

Pen He carries the cloake to the dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores Well, let me live no longer, but ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first ile harken awhile what he saith

Men. Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

Pen He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee

saith I am sure he is now flowling at me for the losse of my dinner

Men She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife When I perceived she was in an error, though I knew not how, I began to sooth her, and to say every thing as she said Meane while I far'd well, and that a' free cost

Pen Wel, I'le go talke with him

Men Who is this same that comes to me?

Pen O well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

Men Good fellow, what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a railers hire

Pen I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadie.

Men Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

Pen Well, well, mock on sir, mock on, doo ye not know my name?

Men In troth I never sawe thee in all my life. much lesse do I know thee

Pen Fie, awake Menechmus, awake, ye oversleepe your selfe

Men I am awake, I know what I say.

Pen Know you not Peniculus?

Men Peniculus, or Pediculus, I know thee not

Pen Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to Erotium?

Men Neither have I wife, neither gave I any cloake to Erotium, neither filcht I any from any bodie

Pen Will ve denie that which you did in my company?

Men Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

Pen Will I say it? yea, I will stand to it

Men Away filthie mad drivell away, I will talke

no longer with thee

Pen Not a world of men shall state me, but ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, sith he is at this point with me I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate

Men It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

Enter Ancilla, Erotiums mayd

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her haitily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, shee also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmythes, shee would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended

Men Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her. I am readie to accomplish

Anc Do ye know this chaine sir?
Men. Yea I know it to be gold

Anc This is the same you once tooke out of your wives Casket

Men Who, did I?

Anc Have you forgotten?

Men. I never did it

Anc Give it me againe then

Men Tarry, yes I remember it tis it I gave your misties

Anc Oh, are ye advised?

Men Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise?

Anc. I never knew of anie

Men. Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too

Anc Well sir, ile tell her this shall be done?

Men I, I, tell her so, shee shall have the cloake and this both together

Anc I pray Menechmus put a litle jewell for my eare to making for me ye know I am alwaies leadle to pleasure you

Men I will, give me the golde, ile paie for the workemanship

Anc Laie out for me, ile paie it ye againc

Men Alas I have none now

Anc When you have, will ye?

Men I will Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these I warrant her, ile make the best hand I can of them Is she gone? Doo not all the gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may think that I am gone that way *I wil now goe see if I can finde my man Messenio, that I may tell him how I have sped.

ACT IV

Enter Mulier, the wife of Menechnus the Citizen, and Peniculus

Mul Thinkes he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his diudge, while he prowles and purioynes all that I have to give his Trulles?

Pen Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloak to the Dyars. And see I pray where the garland lyes, this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

Mul. What shall I now do?

Pen What? that which ye ever do, bayt him for life

Mul Surely I thinke it best so

Pen Stay, wee will stand aside a little, ye shall catch him unawares

Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen

Men It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scand, there is hee outfaste, and overlaide with countenance If a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines For mine own part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will For taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now I am sore afraved Erotum thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long, yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day

Pen How thinke ye by that?

Mul I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

Men I will hie me thither

Mul Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough, no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery

Men How now wife, what all yee? what is the matter?

Mul. Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

Pen. Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him I say.

Men. Pray wife why are ye so angry with me

Mul. Oh you know not?

Pen He knowes, but he would dissemble it

Men. What is it?

Mul My cloake

Men Your cloake

Mul My cloake man, why do ye blush?

Pen He cannot cloake his blushing Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do ye remember? to him I sav

Men Hold thy peace Peniculus

Pen. Ha hold my peace, looke ye, no beckons on mee to hold my peace

Men I neither becken nor winke on him

Mul. Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live

Men Why what aile ye woman?

Mul Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant?

Men I protest unto before all the goddes (is not

this inough) that I beckond not on him

Pen Oh sir, this is another matter, touch him in the former cause

Men What former cause?

Pen The cloake man, the cloake, fetch the cloake againe from the dyais

Men What cloake?

Mul Nay ile say no more, sithe ye know nothing of your owne doings

Men Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused you? Let me know

Mul Tush, tush

Men I would not have you to be thus disquielted

Mul Tush, tush
Men You are fallen out with some of your friends

Mul Tush, tush

Men Sure I am, I have not offended vou

Mul No, you have dealt verie honestly

Men Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words, tell me, are ye not well?

Pen What shall he flatter ye now?

Men I speak not to thee knave Good wife come hither.

Mul Away, away, keep your hands off

Pen So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me, when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me alas you know not me, even now

Men Why Asse, I neither have yet dined, nor

came I there, since we were there togither

Pen Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me beleeve I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

Men Of a truth since wee went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant,

as you two met me

Pen. Go too, go too, I know ye well inough Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you, yes faith, I have tolde your wife all.

Men What hast thou told her?

Pen. I cannot tell, aske her?

Men Tell me wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me I say, what was it?

Mul As though you knew not, my cloake is stolne

from me?

Men Is your cloake stolne from ye?

Mul Do ye aske me?

Men If I knew, I would not aske

Pen. O craftie companion, how he would shift the matter, come, come, deny it not, I tell ye, I have bewrayd all.

Men. What hast thou bewrayd,

Mul Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing, be it never

so manifest, Heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my guefe, and what he hath told me I say my cloake is stolne from me

Men My cloake is stolne from me?

Pen Looke how he cavils, she saith it is stolne from her

Men I have nothing to say to thee I say wife tell me

Mul I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house

Men Who stole it?

Mul He knowes best that carried it away Men Who was that?

Mul Menechmus

Men T'was very ill done of him What Me iechmus was that?

Mul Von

Men I, who will say so?

Mul I will

Pen And I that you gave it to Elotium

Men I gave it?
Mul You

Pen You, you, you, shall we fetch a kerrel of Beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you For we are wearie of it

Men Heare me one word wife, I protest unto you by all the gods, I gave it her not, indeed I lent it her to use a while

Mul Faith sir, I never give nor lend your appareli out of doores, mee thinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine own garments, as you do of yours I play then fetch it mee home againe

Men You shall have it againe without faile

Mul Tis best for you that I have otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Pen Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

Men. I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from

thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it

Pen God a mercy for nothing, that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of favour A mischiefe on ye all

Men My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too If she shut me out, I know who will shut me in Now will I entreate Erotium to let me have the cloake against o stop my wifes mouth withall, and then will I provide a better for her Ho who is within there? Some bodie tell Erotium I must speake with her

Enter EROTIUM

Ero Who calls?

Men Your friend, more then his owne

Ero O Menechmus, why stand ye here? pray come in

Men Tarry, I must speake with ye here

Ero Say your minde

Men. Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to request you, that I may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her and I promise you, ile give ye an other worth two of it

Ero Why I gave it you to carry to your dyars, and

my chaine likewise, to have it altered

Men Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth I never sawe ye since I left it heeie with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned

Ero. Ah then sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both, did I therefore put yee in trust? Well, well

Men To defraud ye? No, but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter

Ero Why sir, I asked them not, ye brought them me of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them you and your wife together, think ye I esteeme them or you either Goe, come to mee againe when I send for you

Men What so angry with mee, sweete Lrothum?

State, I pray state

* Ero Staie? Faith sir no thinke ye I will stric

at your request?

Men What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhistler neither shall I have enterin ment heere nor at home. I were best go the some of icr friends, and aske counsaile what to do

ACT V

Enter MENECHMUS the traveller MLIIER

Men Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to Messenio, whom I can no where find, I feare he is fallen into some lewd con prince

Mul I marvaile that my husband comes not yet, but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him

ım

Men I muse where the knave should be

Mul I will go ring a peale through both his eases for this dishonest behaviour. Oh sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders are you not ashamde to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

Men How now? what lackes this woman?

Mul Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace

Men What offence have I done woman, that I should not speake to you?

Mul Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse

boldnesse!

Men Good woman, did je never heare why the Grecians termed Hecuba to be a bitch?

Mul Never

Men Because she did as you do now, on whom soever she met withall, she iailed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name

Mul These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to

my dying day

Men What care I whether thou livest as a widow or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches

Mul What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather than suffer thy vile dealings

Men Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt

Mul Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight Art not ashamde?

Men. Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge mee with stealing of this cloake, which this day an

other gave me to carry to be trimde

Mul Well, I will first complaine to my father Ho boy, who is within there? Vecto go runne quickly to my father, desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house. Ile tell him first of your prankes, I hope he will not see me thus handled

Men What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman

thus to vexe me?

Mul I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my Jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

Men For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not, I know her as much as I know Hercules wives father

Mul Do ye not know me? That's well, I hope ye know my father, here he comes Looke, do ye know him?

Men As much as I knew Calcas of Troy Even him and thee I know both alike

Mul Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

Men Faith nor thy grandfather neither Mul This is like the test of your behaviour

Enter SENEX

Sen F Though bearing so great a burthen, as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come But I durst late a wager, I can gesse neare the matter I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her These yoong women that bring great downes to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their own wils in evene thing, and make men servants to their weake affections. And yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes, Well ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too Oh tis even as I gessed

Mul. Father ye are welcome.

Sen How now daughter? What? is all well? why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in the fault?

Mul First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe, but the truth is, I can by no

meanes endure this bad man to die foi it and theirfore desire you to take me home to you againe

Sen What is the matter?

Mul He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world

Sen Who doth?

Mul This good husband here, to whom you married me

Sen See, see, how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

Mul I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse

me

Sen I alwaies told ye, you must be are with him, ye must let him alone, ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort

Mul Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my

nose

Sen Hee is the wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home

Mul There hee feastes and bancquets, and spendes

and spoiles

Sen Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home

Mul Father, will ye take his part in these abuses,

and forsake me?

Sen Not so, daughter, but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie

Men I would I were gone from this prating father

and daughter

Sen Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you

Mul. But he filcheth away my apparell and my

jewels, to give to his Trulles

Sen. If he doth so, tis verie ill done, if not, you doo ill to say so.

Mul You may believe me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me

Sen Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth Tell me Menechmus, how is it, that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad man?

wherein hath your wife offended you?

Men Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high Jove, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, what-soever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue, and if I ever set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me

Sen Why fond man, art thou mad to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where

thou dwellest?

Men. Do I dwell in that house?

Sen Doest thou denie it?

Men I do

Sen Harke yee daughter, are ye remooved out of your house?

Mul Father, he useth you as he doth me, this life I have with him

Sen Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse, ye

jest too perversly with your friends

Men Good old father, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

Mul Father, marke I pray how his eres sparkle, they rowle in his head, his colour goes and comes, he

lookes wildly See, see

Men. What? they say now I am mad, the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so I shall be rid of them

Mul Looke how he stares about, how he gapes.

Sen Come away daughter, come from him

Men Bachus, Appollo, Phœbus, do ye call mee to

come hunt in the woods with you? I see, I heaie, I come, I flie, but I cannot get out of these fields Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands banking at mee, and by her stands an old goate that beares false witnesse against many a poole man

Sen Out upon him Bedlam foole

Men Harke, Appollo commaunds me that I shoulde nende out hir eyes with a burning lampe

Mul O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes
Men Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and
doubtlesse they are mad themselves

Sen Daughter

Mul Here father, what shall we do?

Sen What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have

him carried in before he do any harme

Men How now? they will carry mee in if I look not to my selfe I were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me, Phœbus, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment

Sen Get thee into thy house daughter, away

quickly

Men She is gone yea Appollo I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle

Sen Come not neare me, sırra

Men Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, then will I barrell up his bowels

Sen Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt

Men Many things thou commandest me Appollo, wouldst thou have me harnesse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the Chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the Chariot, and I have hold on the raines, here is my whip, hait, come ye wilde Jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping. hait I say, will ye not go?

Sen What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

Men Harke, now Appollo bids mee ride over him
that stands there, and kill him How now? who
pulles mee downe from my Charlot by the haires of
my head Oh shall I not fulfill Appolloes commandment?

Sen See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now I will fetch a Physitian strait, before hee grow too farre into this rage [Exit

Men Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship, 'tis time to be gone from hence

[Exit

Enter SENEX and MEDICUS.

Sen My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian see now where the creeping drawlatch comes

Med What disease hath hee said you? Is it a

letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropsie?

Sen Wherfore I pray do I bring you but that you shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it

shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it

Med Fie, make no question of that Ilc cure him I warrant ye Oh here he comes, state let us marke what he doth.

Enter Menechnus the Citizen

Men Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this felse knave the Paiasite, my Ulisses that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live no longer but ile be revengde uppon the life of him his life? nay its my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slaves life from him. And Erotium shee sheweth plainly what she is, who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

Sen Do ye heare him?

Med He complaines of his fortune

Sen. Go to him

Med. Menechmus, how do ye man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease Keepe ye warme I play

Men Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

Med Sir can you smell anie thing?

Men I smell a prating dolt of thee

Med Oh I will have your head throughly purged Pray tell me Menechmus, what use you to drinke? white wine or claret?

Men What the divell carest thou?

Sen Looke, his fit now begins

Men Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

Sen See what idle talke he falleth into

Med Tarry, I will aske him further. Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

Men What doest thinke I am an Owle?

Med Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

Men When I am hungme they do, else not Med He speakes not like a mad man in that Sleepe ye soundly all night?

Men When I have paid my debts I do The mischiefe light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions

Med Oh now he rageth upon those words, take heed Sen. Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now He called his wife bitch, and all to nought Men Did I?

Sen. Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a Chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst, I know what I say.

Men. I say, thou stolest Jupiters Crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother Doo ye thinke I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you, as you do of me?

Sen Maister Doctor, pray heartly make speede to

cure him, see ye not how mad he waveth?

Med Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there will I cure him

Sen Is that best?

Med What else? there I can order him as I list

Sen Well, it shall be so

Med Oh sir, I will make yee take necsing powder this twentie dayes

Men Ile beate yee first with a bastanado this thirtie dayes

Med Fetch men to carry him to my house

Sen How many will serve the turne?

Med. Being no madder than hee is now, foure will serve

Sen Ile fetch them, stare you with him maister Doctor

Med No by my faith, Ile goe home to make readice all things needfull Let your men bring him hither

Sen I go

Men Are they both gone? Good Gods what
meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who
without doubt are mad themselves. I sturre not I
fight not, I am not sicke. I speake to them, I know
them Well what were I now best to do? I would
goe home, but my wife shuttes me fooith a doores
Erotium is as farre out with me too. Even here I
will rest me till the evening, I nope by that time,
they will take pittie on me.

Enter MESSENIO the Travellers servant.

*Mes. The proofe of a good servant, is to regard

his maisters businesse as well in his absence, as in his piesence—and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate—When I think upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a carefull regard of my backe and shoulders—for in truth I have no fancie to these blows, as many a one hath methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres togither—I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels—and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me [he] is overplunged, pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come

Enter SENEX, with four e Lorarii, porters

Sen Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him, why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up and bring him to the Phisitians house. I will go thither before.

Men. What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, Citizens!

Mes O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets

Men. Is there no good man will helpe me?

Mes. Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled.

Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there I'le clout these peasants, out ye rogue, let go ye varlet

Men I have hold of this villaines eie

Mes Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his head Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murtherers

Lo Omnes O, O, ay, ay, che pittifullie

Mes Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, ile give thee somewhat more, take that It was time to come maister, you had bene in good case if I had not bene heere now, I tolde you what would come of it

Men Now as the gods love me, my good fixed I thank thee thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite

Mes I'le tell ye how sir, give me my freedome

Men Should I give it thee?

Mes Seeing you cannot requite my good turne

Men Thou art deceived man

Mes Wherein?

Men On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister, I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me

Mes Why then bid me be free will you?

Men Yea surelie, be free, for my part

Mes O sweetly spoken, thanks my good maister

Servus alus Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune

Mes O maister, ile call you maister still, I prue use me in anie service as ye did before, ile dwell with you still, and when ye go home, ile wait upon you

Men Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Mes Ile go strait to the Inne and delive up my accounts and all your stuffe your purse is tockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee I will goe fetch it to you.

Men Do, fetch it.

Mes I will.

Men. I was never thus perplext Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome he will fetch my purse and monie well if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor saie I am mad, who ever sawe such straunge demeanors? well though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife.

[Exit

Enter MENECHMUS the Traveller, and MESSENIO

Men. Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Mes Ye make me starke mad I tooke ye away and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place Heere they had ye up, you cried, Helpe, helpe I came running to you you and I togither beate them away by maine force Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave mee my freedome I tolde ye I would go fetch your Casket, now in the mean time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe

Men I gave thee thy freedome?

Mes. You did

Men. When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe go thy wayes

Mes. Whewe, marry I thanke ye for nothing.

Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen

Men. Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts

ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine

Mes O heavens, maister what do I see?

Men Tra What?

Mes Your ghoast.

Men Tra What ghoast?

Mes Your Image, as like you as can be possible

Men Tra Surely not much unlike me as I thinke

Men Cit O my good friend and helper, well met thanks for thy late good helpe

Mes Sir, may I crave to know your name?

Men Cit I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing, my name is Menechmus

Men Tra Nay my friend, that is my name.

Men. Cit I am of Syracuse in Sicilia

Men Tra So am I

Mes Are you a Syracusan?

Men Cit I am

Mes O, ho, I know ye. this is my maister, I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him, pray pardon me sir, if I said any thing I should not

Men Tra Why doating patch, didst thou not

come with me this moining from the ship?

Mes My faith he saies true, this is my maister, you may go looke ye a man God save ye maister. you sir farewell This is Menechmus

Men Cit I say that I am Menechmus.

Mes What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

Men Cit Even Menechmus the sonne of Moschus.

Men Tra My fathers sonne?

Men Cit Friend, I go about neither to take your

father nor your country from you.

Mes O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope, and for my life these are the two Twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister. Menechmus

Both. What wilt thou?

Mes I call ye not both, but which of you came with me from the ship?

Men Cit Not I Men Tra I did

Mes Then I call you Come hither

Men Tra. What's the matter?

Mes This same is either some notable cousening Jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke I never sawe one man so like an other, water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you

Men Tra Indeed I thinke thou saiest true Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy

freedom

Mes Well, let me about it Heare ye sir, you say your name is Menechmus

Men Cit I do

Mes So is this mans You are of Syracusis?

Men Cit True

Mes So is he Moscus was your father?

Men Cit He was

Mes. So was he his What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Men. Cit I would thinke it happie newes

Mes Nay state maisters both, I meane to have the honor of this exploit Answere me your name is Menechmus?

Men Cit Yea

Mes And yours?

Men Tra And mine

Mes You are of Syracusis?

Men Cit I am.

Men Tra And I

Mes Well, this goeth right thus farre What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

Men Cit How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Men Tra. O Tupiter!

Mes Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Men Cit About seven yeare old for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time, I never heard of anie of my kindred

Mes Had ye never a brother?

Men Cit Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two twinnes

Men Tra O fortune!

Mes Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Men Cit Nay (as I think) they cald my brother, Sosicles

Men 71a It is he, what need farther proofe? O Brother, Brother, let me embrace thee

Men Ctt Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad, but how is it, that we are called Menechmus?

Men Tra When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our Graundsire (in memorie of my fathers name) chaungde mine to Menechmus

Men Cit Tis verie like he would do so indeed But let me aske ye one question more, what was our mothers name?

Men Tra Theusimarche

Men Cit Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth

Men Tra I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you

Mes See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was, that the Gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he

Men Cit True it is I, willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning, and I also brought hither closely a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman

Men Tra. Is not this the same, brother?

Men Cit How came you by this?

Men Tra This woman met me, had me in to dinner, enterteined me most kindly, and gave me this cloake, and this chaine

Men Cit Indeed she tooke ye for mee and I beleeve I have bene as straungely handled by occa-

sion of your comming

Mes You shall have time mough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember masster, what ye promised me?

Men Cit Brother, I will intreate you to performe

your promise to Messenio, he is worthie of it

Men Tra I am content

Mes Io Tryumphe

Men Tra Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

Men Cit So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you

Men Tra Thanks my good brother

Men. Cit Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation

Mes A fit office. Come on. O ves.

What day shall your sale be?

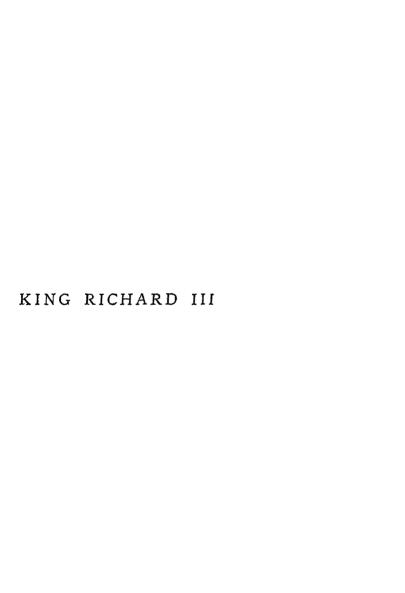
Men Cit This day sennight

Mes. All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will repaire to Menechmus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell servaunts, household stuffe, house, ground and all so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too sir?

Men Cit Yea, but I thinke no bodie will bid

money for her

Mas. Thus Gentlemen we take our leaves, and if we have pleasde, we require a Plaudite



EDITION

The True Tragedie of Richard the Third Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower With a lamentable ende of Svores wife, an example for all wicked women And lastly the comunction and wyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Wilham Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market neare Christ Church doore 1594. 4°

In may be said that there is nothing in common between Shake-speare's play, as printed in 1597, and the "True Tragedy," as printed in 1594, but to a certain extent it seemed to be desirable to make the earlier and inferior drama part of the series, maximuch as it serves to show the extraordinary mastery of Shakespeare and the poverty of the material with which he had to deal. Here, as elsewhere, he has gone a good deal to his favourite Holinshed, whom he has sometimes copied verbally. See Douce's "Illustrations," if 40-1 Legge's "Richardus Tertius," of which three or four MSS are known, is annexed much for the same reason. At the same time, it is gravely to be doubted whether it ever formed part of "Shakespeare's Library," or whether the great baid ever set eves on it. It is

the performance mentioned by Harington in the "Brief Apology of Poetry," attached to his version of Ariosto, 1591 In connection with the play of "Richard III," it would be as well for readers to have before them, or at least to perise, the

"Song of Lady Bessy," printed in the Percy Soc ety's Scries, 12 Halliwell's "Palatine Anthology," 1850, and by Mr Hey wood separately, 8°, 1809, and also Giles I lacher the elder's remarkable poem, published, or at least printed, it 1503, entitled "The Rising to the Crown of Richard the Ibrid," which is inserted in Grosait's edition of Fletcher's works

Christopher Brooke's powerful production, "The Ghost of Richard the Third," 4°, 1614, reprinted to the Shikespeare Society, is only noticeable as a striking outgiot the or outcome from the play, by which it was almost unquest onally suggested

¹ Another Litin play on the subject, grounded more or less on Legge s, by Henry Lacy, of Tranty College, Cambridge, was performed there in 1386 It was never printed, but MSS copies of it are in Hill 2412 united.

BARRON FIELD'S INTRODUCTION 1

MALONE commences his History of the English Stage by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage;'"2 and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not "It was in truth (as Mr Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age, and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established" Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble. it would have answered his puipose as well, and would have been neater to the truth

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the, Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it, and they instance the dome of St Peter's Church at

¹ To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 80, 1844

² Prologue to an alteration of "Troilus and Cressida."

³ Preface to "History of English Dramatic Poetry," p. ix

Rome Were either the height of the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison. So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare. The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his "Richard the Third." The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs, Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique, Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his aims. He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand, and so on

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have refrained from enforcing the metre 1 and modernising the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's "Edward the Fourth," and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a facsimile of the old edition, now reprinted through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol v., pp. 342-5 But I agree with Mr Boswell that our great

In one instance, in Heywood's "Histories," I stretched the word canst, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily Page 37

"Chub Thou cannest bear me witness, I had ta'en"

My brother, the Rev F Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word "Chub" should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows—

poet must be seen this humble work of his predecessor. Mr Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial." The reader will judge for himself. I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas. The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to show that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molicie said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it—

King A horse, a horse, a fresh horse

Mr Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose" This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorised in the history by Sir Thomas More—

The same night King Richard said to a secret page of h s, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work. Mr Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect torso of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 117 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word revenge is harped upon three times, and in the other the word Guendoline six. But this is one of

the commonest artifices of rhetoiic, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself—

"If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure"1

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays (as the piesent is perhaps the very earliest printed one), to entitle them *true*—

"So sad, so tender, and so true"2

So we have the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," the piecursor of Shakespeare's "Henry the Sixth," and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his "Henry the Eighth" dwells upon the words truth and true, that one of its titles was "All is tiue," and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as "representing some principal pieces of the raign of Henry 8," and that by the words "a new play," which Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page, and the reader will remember, passim, that the letter A is used for the exclamation Ah! and I for the affirmation Ay, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun

^{1 &}quot;Merchant of Venice," act v

^{3 &}quot;Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 3d ed p 425

² Shenstone



The True Tragedie of Richard the Third.

Enters Truth and Poetrie To them the Ghoast of George Duke of Clarence

Ghost CRESCE, cruor sanguis satietur sanguine cresce,
Quod spero citò O citò, citò, vendicta 1

^{1 [}Old copy, cress.—sangums, &c Litin is conost classes mispinited in early plays] "Increase, blood! Let blood Le satisfied with blood! Which I hope it quickly will (), outchly, quickly, revenge!" Vindicta, in our old plays, scenes to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost's intervention 'o avenge In the "Battle of Alcazar," 1594, we have, ' Lnicr three Choets crying Vindicta," and the word occurs in several other plays. cited by Mr Gifford (Jonson, il. 457) and Dice (Pecle, il 17), insomuch that it exposed itself to indicule, and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge's "Wit's M sarie, or the World a Madness," 1596, in which one of the devils is said to no "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, "Hamlet, revenge, " and the enviety of the commentators, to discover whether this alluded to Shake speare's "Hamlet," or to an older play upon and surject an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet's work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, a first entitled "The Revenge of Hamlet," were menut to be muculed or not.

Poetrie Tiuth well met

Truth Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poet Shadowes

Truth Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes, Therefore depart and grue Truth leave

To shew her pageant

Poet Why will Truth be a Player? Truth No, but Tragedia like for to present A Tragedie in England done but late. That will reusue the hearts of drooping mindes Poet Whereof?

Truth Marry thus

Richard Platagenet of the House of Yorke. Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent, Had as the Chronicles make manifest, In the two and twentith years of Henry the sixth. By act of Parliament intailed to him The Crowne and titles to that dignitie. And to his ofspring lawfully begotten, After the decease of that forenamed King. Yet not contented for to state the time. Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth, And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King, And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe, But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht, Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath. Leauing behind three branches of that line, Three sonnes the first was Edward now the King, George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke, Then Henry claiming after his decease His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth

Poet But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued? Truth Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies By strict command, from Edward Englands King, Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosters Duke

Post Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs?

Truth It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,

Who was attected in King Edwards raigne, Falsly of Treason to his royaltie, Imprisoned in the Tower was most vinnaturally, By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke, By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine Part. What shield was that he let fall?

Truth. A shield contening this, in full effect, Blood sprinkled, springs blood spilt, craues due

reuenge

Whereupon he writes, Cresce, cruor

Sanguis satietur sanguine cresce,

Quod spero citò O citò, citò, vendicta!

Poet What maner of man was this Richard Duke
of Gloster?

Truth A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed, withall,

Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie, So during the minoritie of the young Prince, He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath laigned Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die. Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court, To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother, For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince. Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God. Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age. Fine daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene, All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter, And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie Excunt Wend with me.

Enter Edward the Fourth, Lord Hastings, Lord Marcus, and Elizabeth To them Richard

Hast Long line my soueraigne, in all happinesse Mar An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,

Hourely attend the person of the King

King And welcome you Peeres of England vnto your King

Hast For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne thee downe

Mar I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne

King Why Nobles, he that laie me here

Can raise me at his pleasure

But my deare friends and kinsmen,

In what estate I now he it is seene to you all,

And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death And the cause that I have requested you in friendly wise

To meete togither in this,

That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men

So would I have that admonished and friendly fauours,

Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings

Both, for how I have governed these two and twentie yeares,

I leave it to your discretions

The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,

That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of
amity betwixt you,

Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,

That at my last departure you may send my soule To the toyes celestiall

For leaung behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,
May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,
Which no doubt may bring comfort
To his famous realme of England
But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)
What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,
For they are resolute in their ambition

Eliz Ah yeeld Lord Hastings, And submit your selues to each other And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe, See here the aged King my father, How he sues for peace betwint you both

Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the Queene,

And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,

And in friendly sort, imbrace each other King Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of death.

And now must die being thus tormented in minde Hast May it be that thou Lord Maicus,
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
Noi curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me

May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceive the mark his grace aimes at
Hast No I am resolute, except thou submit
Mar If thou beest resolute gue vp the vpshot,

Mar If thou beest resolute gue vp the vpshot, And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses King Ah Gods, sith at my death you larre,

What will you do to the young Prince after my decease?

For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to my self, For these words strikes a second dying to my soule Ah my Loids I thought I could have commanded A greater thing then this at your hands, But sith I cannot, I take my leave of you both, And so depart and trouble me no more.

Hast With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,

Crauing humble pardon on my knees,

And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine enemy,

Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre And instance of his death

King Ah thankes Lord Hastings

Eliz Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings Is contented to be vnited

King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou ait too obstinate

Mar My gracious Lord, I am content, And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee, For my foule offence,

And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary, That he may take reuenge, then 1 once it shall be said, I will offend my gratious suffereinge

King Now let me see you friendly give one an other your hands,

Hast. With a good will ant like your grace, Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand, Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death, But now through intretie of my Prince, I knit a league of amitie for euer.

Mar Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed, Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed To a² shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales, That the foules of the ayre should haue fed Their yoong withall,

¹ Than, for "rather than"

But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect loue.

And liue friendship for euer

King Now for confirming of it, here take your oathes

Hast If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of friendship

Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion

Mar Like oath take I, and craue confusion

King Confusion

Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now at Ludlo,

Attended with Earle Rivers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,

I hope you will be vnto him as you hauc bene to me, His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,

Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the Protector.

But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,

I leave thee in a world of trouble,

And commend me to thy mother, to all my sisters,

And especially I give thee this in charge upon & at my death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,

As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers ue modest

Still be bountifull in deuotion

And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,

For I am so sleepie, that I must now make an ende, And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty God,

My sautour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth.

My Scepter and Crowne to the young Prince my sonne

And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and deport,

He that made me saue me,
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit

[The King dus in his bed.

Enter SHORES WIFE, and HURSLY her mayde

Shor O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called For-

But that thou art fortunate? Those whom thou fauourest be famous.

Menting mere mercie,

And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,

And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured me

Hurs Why mistiesse, if you exclaime against Fortune,

You condemne your selfe,

For who hath advanced you but Fortune?

Shor I as she hath advanced me,

So may she throw me downe

But Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

Hurs Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euene sicke man died

Shor Ah Hursly, my minde presageth Some great mishaps vnto me,

For last time I saw the King, me thought Gastly death approached in his face,

For thou knowest this Huisly, I have bene good to all.

And still readie to preferre my friends,

To what preferment I could,

For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?

Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes, I know his grace would not see me want.

I know his grace would not see me want,

And if his grace should die,

As heavens forfend it should be so,

I have left me nothing now to comfort me withall,

And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,

And if the King scape, as I hope he will,
Then will I feather my neast,
That blow the stormic winter neuer so cold,
I will be throughly prouded for one
But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings
How now Lodwicke, what newes?

Enters LODWICKE

Lod Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you, To come and speake with him

Shor I will Lodwicke

But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?

Lod I mistresse Shore, he hath recounted,

That he long lookt for

Shor Lodwicke, how long is it since

He began to mend?

Lod Euen when the greatest of his touncnts had left him

Shor But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the Prince?

Lod The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the King would wish them

Shor Lodwicke thou remuest me

Lod I but few thought that the agreement and his life would have ended together

Shor Why Lodwicke is he dead?

Lod In busefe mistresse Shore, he hath changed his life

Shor His life, ah me vnhappie woman,

Now is misery at hand,

Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,

Those whom I have done most good, will now forsake me.

Ah Hursly, when I entertemed thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,

When I restored thee thy lands

Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and souereigne,

For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking glasse,

To all her enemies

Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and have cause to say, That all men are vnconstant

Lod Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one friend,

Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

Shor Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree decaies

Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare, Then farewell those joyfull dayes and ofspring of my heart.

But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector, During the innormitie ¹ of the young Prince

Lod He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster Protector

Shor Ah me, then comes my rume and decaie, For he could neuer abide me to the death,

No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so well.

Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vnconstant

Lod But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe, And thinke well of my Lord,

Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you

Shor Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I cannot.

For he hath alway bene my good Lord,

For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of

¹ Not within legal age to reign

Lod Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should oppresse

You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the King.

Shall be at your dispose

Shor Thanks good Lodwicke

Enter a CITIZEN and MORTON a seruing man

Ctt O maister Morton, you are very welcome met, I hope you think on me for my mony

Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall have it.

With thankes too

Cit Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,

For I have had thankes and too much more then I lookt for

Mor In faith sir you shall haue it

But you must beare with me a litle,

But sir, I marvell how you can be so greecic for your mony,

When you see sir, we are so vincertaine of our owne Cit How so vincertaine of mine owne?

Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to 10b me?

Mor Why no

Cit Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throate?

Mor No.

Cit Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,

Come and set my house on fire? Mor. Why no, I tell thee.

Cit Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine

Mor Why sir by reason the King is dead

Cat O sir! is the King dead?

I hope he hath given you no quittance for my debt.

Mor No sir, but I pray state a while, and you shall have it

Assoone as I can

Cit Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had.

The King looseth his right they say,

But who is this?

Mor. Marry sir it is mistiesse Shore, To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,

Than the deerest friend that euer I had Cit And I for my sonnes pardon

Mor Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?

Shor Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known me,

For I thinke I shal be diluen to try my fliends one day

Mor God forfend mistresse Shore,

And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,

For preseruing the life of my sonne.

Shor Gramercies good father, But how doth thy sonne, is he well?

Ctt The better that thou lives, doth he Shor Thankes father, but I am glad of it,

But come master Lodwicke shall we go?

And you Morton, youle bear vs company Lod I mistiesse Shoie.

For my Lord thinkes long for our comming

[Exit omnes

Cit There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maime to her credit,
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meete

^{· 1} A game at cards See the Shakespeare Society's edit of "Patient Grissil," p 67

With such cold customers as they I met withall euen now,

Masse if I meete with no better, I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it

Exit

Enters RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CASBIE, Page of his Chamber, and his traine

Rich My friends depart,
The house commands your absence

Leaue me and euery man look to his charge

Exit traine

Cas Renowned and right worthie Protector,
Whose excelency far describes the name of king then

protector,

Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,

That your grace may so gouerne the young P1 nce, That the Crowne of England may flourish in all hap-

pinesse Exit Cashe
Rich Ah yoong Prince, and way not I?

Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his some? And who the King deceased, but the brother?

Shall law bridle nature, or authorite hireen inneritance?

No, I say no Principalitie brooks no equalitie, Much less superioritie.

And the title of a King, is next vrdei the degree of a God,

For if he be worthie to be called valuant

That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword winnes riches,

Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is never sold but

By waight, nor changed but by losse of life

I reapt not the game but the glorie, and since it be-

A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,

Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers sonnes?

To be baser than a King I disdaine,

And to be more then Protector, the law deny,

Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the Crowne,

And I will wear the Crowne,

Or ile make them hop without their crownes that denies me.

Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my brother Clarēce

And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow me,

Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,

Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother

As I terme it, to become subject to his sonne,

No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule I will raign,

And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not

The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but a puffe of

Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes, Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them away,

Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no counsell,

Ho, whose within?

Enters PAGE and PERCIUALL.

Per May it please your Maiestie
Rich Ha villame, Maiestie
Per. I speake but vpon that which shal be my
good Lord
Rich But whats he with thee?

Page A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable

The Duke of Buckingham

[Exit PAGE

Rich Sirra giue place

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose,

Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke.

May it be, or is it possible,

Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse

That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?

Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me alof,

My fall may be the greater, well laugu on sweete change,

Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth.

Valour brings fame, and fame conque's death Percuall

Per My Lord

Ruch For though thy letter declares thy name,
Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warret
That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,
And seeing thy Lord and I have some forg focs,
And have found now so fit opportunitie to forge
league.

To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend, I do accept of his grace, and will be as readic to put in practise

To the vitermost of my power, what ere he snalbe to deurse.

But wheareas he hath writ that the remoung of the yoong

Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,
Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,
For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation.

Ł

At which instant, we will be both present,

And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so place my part,

That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then I looke for,

No nor a haire bredth from that I am,

Andge thou what it is Perciuall

Per God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in readinesse a braue company of men

Rich What power hath he?

Per A braue band of his owne

Rich What number?

Per My Lord, to the number of five hundieth footmen

And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamberlaine, and my Loid Hastings

Rich Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings? Per I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I

warrant you

Ruch. Well Percuall, this matter is waightie and must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a screene before the fire for feare of suspition again, I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie that is betwirt the kindred of the King deceast, and the Queene thats living, the yoong Prince is yet in hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes, now must I so worke, that the water that drives the mill may drowne it I climbe Percuall, I regard more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.
[Exit Perciuall.

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King,

Fortune give me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one daye, or halfe a day, nay an house, swownes half an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King Richards life, it is inough Siriha, who is there?

Enter PAGE

Page My Lord

Rich What hearest thou about the Court?

Page Ioy my Lord for your Protectorship for the most part Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort

Rich A mightie arme wil sway the baser soit, authority doth terrifie

But what other newes hearest thou?

Page This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming up to his coronation, attended on by his two vncles, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the test of the Oueenes kindred

Ruch A parlous 1 bone to ground vpon, and a rush stifly knit, 2 which if I could finde a knot, I would give one halfe to the dogs and set five on the other

Page It is reported my Loid, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham

¹ Pendous

² This looks like a proverbial expression, but I have not been able to find an instance of the last of the phiase. Natum in surpo quarter was the Roman proverb for to strinkle on plain ground, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there is an allusion to it:—

[&]quot;O, this it is the knotted straw is found"

is vp in the Marches of Wales with a bind of men, and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne

Rich Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seek to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slippth, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, oi dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whillst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And siriha, so follow me

East RICHARD

Page I see my Lord is fully resoluted to climbe, but how hee climbes ile leaue that to your judgements, but what his fall will be thats hard to say But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to love one another so well as the spider doth the flie but this I have noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how may noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Oueene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumberland, are secretly fled how this geare will cotten1 I know not But what do I medling in such matters, that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggais in the end Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth Exit PAGE

¹ To cotton is to succeed, to prosper Gear is any business or matter

[&]quot;Come on, sir frier, picke the looke, This gere doth cotton hansome, That covetousnesse so cunningly Must pay the lechers ransome"

^{-&}quot; Troublesome Raigne of King John," part I.

Enter the young Prince, his brother, Duke of Yorke, Earle Rivers, Lord Gray, Sir Hapce, Sir Thomas Vaughan

King Right louing vinckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it convenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to receive vs. and against my vinckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one and besides I myselfe give consent.

Riu Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two louses of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwink them, and little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the copary because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is loyred the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I have spoken my mind bolder but do as your honours shall thinke good

Vaugh Why my Lord Riuers, wherefore is ne

Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Ruu I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector

Gray We have the Prince in clarge, the efore we neede not care

Riu We have the Prince, but they the suthorne

Gray Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings filend?

Ruu Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord Rivers, I thinke it is

convenient that we leave you here behind is at Northamton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make 1eturne & come with them. but if not, leave them and come to us with speed For my sister the Oueene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey

Riu If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all Exit.

King Faiewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do live my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes

Gray Worthily well spoken of your princely

Maiestie.

Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

Vaugh A toward young Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

King But come vnckle, let vs forward of our

10urny towards London

Ren We will attend upon your Maiestie

Exit omnes

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS Page

Page. Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

Oste I faith my guest you have amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogither, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more

Page. Why then thus, I serue the right honourable

the Lord Protector.

Oste I, I know that too well.

Page Then this is his graces pleasure, that this nigh the will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptious, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may have his lodging prepared as neare Lord Rivers as possible may be

Oste Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie

Page Nay more

Oste Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already

Page Nay, my Loids graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse 1 have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you have vitered

Page Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against 2 my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

Oste Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betrai that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie.

therefore be briefe, and tell me straight

Oste Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Loid Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse

¹ Guesse is the old plural for guests

² Ie, have a thought, against my lord, of treason

Page Why then farewell mine Oste

Osse Faiewell even the woorst guest that ever came to my house A maisters, maisters, what a trouble-some vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world, but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great griefe

[Exit

Enters the mother Queene, and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary

Earle Rivers speakes out of his chamber

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I am betraid.

The sodain sight of Glosters Duke, doth make me sore afraid

He speake to him, and gently him salute,
Tho in my heart I enuie 1 much the man,
God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,
And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your
copany.

Here enters Buckingham and Gloster, and their traine

Rich Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imagins nought but treacherie,

Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night

But heavens prevented thee our ils, and left thee in this plight.

¹ Envy for "hate."

Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?

And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away ?

Wilt thou be ringleader to wrong, & must you guide the realme?

Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helm

He weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe.

Ile 1end your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe

Riu Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend.

Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I have bene,

Then shew just cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this soit,

So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report

But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by vou?

Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crue

Buc A1 brauely spoke good old Earle, who tho his lims be num

He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong

Rich Speakest yu the truth, how durst yu speak, for nustice to apeale?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale

A Rivers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art

Riu A brayd 1 you me as traitor to your grace No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my progeny,

When, as in a glas y" maist behold, thy ancestors &

their trechery

The wars in France, Irish conflicts, & Scotland knowes my trust.

When thou hast kept thy skin vnscaid, and let thine

armor rust

How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,

Yea far from loue or kin,

Was this the oath which at our princes death,

With vs thou didst combine?

But time permits 2 not now, to tell thee all my minde

For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold have clind 3

Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is begun,

Of whom I feare the lesser soit, vpon thy part will run.

My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to you but this,

My honor, I will set to sale,4 let any comman man come in.

And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did quaile,

Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can doo,

¹ Braid for uphiaid See Huloet's Dict The word is used by Shakespeare —

[&]quot;Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it "

^{-&}quot;Pericles," Scene I
2 Old copy omits not

³ Climb'd

⁴ Pledge?

Then thou Protector mur'st me, and thy copartner too

But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no remorce,

Spare me not, let me haue law, in instice do your worst

Buc My Lord, lay down a cooling card, this game is gone too far,

You have him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill war.

Inturious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou hast given,

Thus with my honor me to touch, but the fut a shall begin

Ru But as thou art I leave thee here,
Vnto the officers custody,
First bare him to Pomphret Castle,
Charge them to keep him secretly
And as you heare from me so deale,
Let it be done immediatly
Take from our Garrison one whole band
To guard him thither safely
Ru And send'st thou me to common Iayle?

Nay then I know thy minde
God bless these yoong and tender babes
That I do leaue behinde
And God aboue protect them day and night,
Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them nom
their right

Farewell sweet England and my country men, Earle Riuers leades the way Yet would my life might rid you from this thiall,

A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the coversor.

"There all is marr'd, there lies a cooling card

^{-&}quot;Fnst Part of Henry VI," v 4.

But for my stock and kindled to the Queen, I greatly feare the all

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne.

The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne 1 Exit

Rich So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us hovst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must have a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly,2 that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to came this newes before we our selues come, for if word come before vs. then is our pretence bewraid, and all we haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe, use my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through Now my Lord of Buckingham. let vs take post horse to Stony Stratford, where happily ile say grace to the Princes dinner, that I will make the devoutest of them forget what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope Exit.

Enter the young PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS VAUGHON, SIR RICHARD HAPC, and their traine.

Hap Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of your heaumesse

Gray Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we have so great a charge of his grace and again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Rivers, which makes me think the Protector and he have bene at some words

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt

¹ Part of the old play of "King John," which preceded Shakespeare's diama, is also in ballad measure And see Reed's "Shakespeare," xx 462. ² Strictly.

my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad

Gray The sweete 10yce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men callesse of

mishaps, how dangerous soeuer

Hap Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with cuitesie, both for the Princes behale and for our owne

Gray Sir Richard Hape, I shall haidly snew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I have been used by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affection, but in good time they come

Enter's RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGH WI and then to aine

Rich Long hue my Princely Nephew α a l happinesse

King Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you have made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet

Rich Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King Thankes good vnckle.

Buc. Long line my gratious Prince

King Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle vou wil' beare vs company towards London?

Rich For that cause we came

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how

now Lord Gray doo you rustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs

Gray My Loid, I scarce touched you, I hope it be

no offence

Ruch Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood

King Why good vnckle let me know the cause of

your suddaine quarrell?

Ruch Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh

Buc Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Pince, I would bid thee combate but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace And that Lord Gray hath conveyed money out of the Tower to relieve our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid

Ruch Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadie imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deliuery of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I have your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arest & atachment is not lawfull. & yet as lawful as your quartell is right

Ruch. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord

Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while. Offi-

cers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it justice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to give aime at them. 1 A Edward. would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had lived till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remaines for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vncle Lord Grav if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perilous matters, considering he is a

friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

Rich. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such mat-

¹ To give aim was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.

ters, as were we not carefull, would proue preudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vider your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserve hereafter the just recompense of a true subject, therefore I having charge from y brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I will vie my authoritie as I see good.

King Ay me vnhappie king

Gray Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonmet, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all

[Exit

Rich Go, you shall answere it by law

King But come vnkle shal we to Lon to our vntimely coranatio?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you

Buc Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King

Rich Richard 1

Enter the mother QUEENE, and her young sonne the Duke of Yorke, and Elizabeth

Yorke May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be copartners of your sorrowes

Queen. Ay me poore husbandles queene, and you

poor fatherlesse princes

Eliz Good mother expect the liuing, and forget

¹ There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound of his greatness.

the dead What tho our Father be dead, vet behold

his children, the image of himselfe

Oueen Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone up to an untimely crownation

Eliz Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnkles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate

Oueen I know they will, but kings have mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed. I see the league broken which was sworne at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

Yorke May it please your grace

Oueen A my son, no more grace, for I am so sole disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispane with myself, but who is this?

Enter a MESSENGER

Yorke What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Oucene

Mess A sweet Princes, doth my counteance bewrav me?

My newes is doubtfull and heavie

Eliz Then utter it to vs. that our mother may not heare it

Queen A yes my friend, speake what ere it be

Mess Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two ynckles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddame grew malice betweene the

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Duke of Buckingham and the Loid Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in judgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle

Queen Where I feare he will butcher them all, but

where is the Prince my sonne?

Mess He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector

Queen A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

Mess Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here

he comes

Enter CARDINALL

Queen But here my friend, griefe had almost made me forget thy reward A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with griefe alreadie

Car What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace

Queen. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the

Car The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace Queen A happie gale that blew that arrow by A

let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

Yorke How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Car. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Car. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so. Queen. Hold, and have they persuaded thee my sonne to have thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

Car. Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe,

for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queen. And have they chosen thee among the rest, for to persuade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus persuade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Car. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to have him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queen. Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away

from me.

Car. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary? Queen. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Card. A heavie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could

persuade you, twere best to let him go.

Queen. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall have my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliver him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Yorke Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you

Oueen Teares stops my speech Come let vs in

my Lord Exit

Car I will attend vpon your grace Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come Exit CAR

Yorke How now my friend, shall I go to my

brother?

Cat What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company [Exit omnes

Enter foure watchmen Enter RICHARDS Page

Page Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company As my Loide hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will have revenge He makes havocke of all to bring his purpose to passe all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without judgemet the like was neuer seen in England He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt up in prison The valuant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King. which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered

once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration But here comes my Lord

Enter RICHARD and CALESBY

Rich Catesby content thee, I have warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away

Cat Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue

spoken what I can in my friends cause

Rich Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I have bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Page I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon

your grace

Rich Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat I will my Lord [Exit]

Page Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer log inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diverse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to cite, treason, treason, and to late hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord

¹ For Exit with Ruhard

Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will give my diligent attendance

Enter RICHARD, CATESBY, and others, pulling LORD HASTINGS

Rich Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast That she was in my house my Lord I cannot

deny, but not for any such matter If

Rich If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him

[Exit with Hastings¹ Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done

Cat I my good Lord, and finished too

Ruch Well then about it But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King,

¹ Compare Shakespeare's play, act in sc 4

which I hope will be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse

Cat I thanke your grace [Exit CATESBIE

Rich Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vindone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest

Page Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt

Rich I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too

mightie, and reacheth the starres.

Page The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me

Ruch Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state

Page Why my Loid, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause

Rich Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man

Page. Yet good my Lord, vtter it

Rich Why thus it is, I would have my two Nephewes the young Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him

Ruch Of what reputation of calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my ciedit my Lord, he will see it done

Ruch Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seiledst so good a Lord And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receive her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserved that plague and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releeve her nor pittle her, and privile spies set in everie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releeves her for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I have her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for ever

Enter Shores wife

Shor Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should have bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more

to adde to my present miserie, hath pioclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will give mee any thing.

Enters LODOWICKE

Lod A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be viterly ouerthrowne.

Shor A gods what a griefe is it for me to aske,

where I have given

Lòd A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heavens beare witnesse

Shor Good sii, take pittie vppon mee, and relectie mee

Lod Indeed tis pittle to see so faire a face to aske for almes,

But tell me, has thou no friends?

Shor Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chiefest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy

friends leaving thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines But heerst thou I prethie tell me the tiuth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee

Shor A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie served thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle

Lod Indeed my lands I had restored me by

mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shor I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray

thee bestow something on me,

Lod A gods what is this world, and how vicertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt myselfe, no for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome

Shor A Lodowick if thou wilt give me nothing, yet state and talke with me A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee In prosperitie I had many, but in adversitie none A gods have I this for my good I have done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to releeue them, and now none will know me nor succour me therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance Yet here

comes another whom I have done good vnto in sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will give me any thing

Enter a CITIZEN and another

Cit No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems 1 thwackt with juffians? what fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise

Shor A good sir releeue me, and bestow something

vpon me

Ctt A neighbour, hedges have eyes, and highwayes have eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the streets are full of them, Ifaith But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shor Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead

as you are

Cit Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant

queane what meanst thou by that?

Shor I meane they are dead in charitie But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

Cit Yes marry had I, but art thou a spring of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thought so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet well for her sake ile give thee somewhat

Shor Nay then know, that I am shee that saued

the life of thy condemned sonne

Cat Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse,

¹ Thames?

neighbour I would not for twentie pounds have given her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, lare your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seven yeeres ago, it had saved me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone.

[Execut

Shor Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so hemous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will give me any thing

Enter MORTON a Seruing man

Mor Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Linclone, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas

Shor A Shores Wife, so neere driven, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs Good sir releeve me, and give me something.

Ser Why what art thou?

Shor In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that

haue done good to all

Ser A foole, and euer thy owne enemy In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weele part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht

Enters PAGE

Shor Good Morton releeue me

Ser What should I releeve my Kings enemy?

Shor Why thou promist thou wouldst

Ser I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him

Page An honest fellow I warrant him How now

Shores wife will none releeue thee?

Shor. No one will releeue her, that hath bene good to all

Page Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes

Shor If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me

Page Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shor Nay villaine, I have done open penance, and

am sorie for my sinnes that are past

Page Sownes is Shores wife become an holie

whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done

Shor Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me

Page And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you state here

a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so seiued, then there would be fewer in England then there be And so farewell good mistiesse Shore [Exit

Shor And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may live yet to see Therefore sweet God forgue all my

foule offence

And though I have done wickedly in this world, Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld [Exit

Enter Maister Terrill, and Sir Robert Broken-

Bro Maister Teilell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession But good M Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

Ter Else God forbid, say on what ere it be

Bro Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to have them both dispatcht, but because I was a servant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would never give me to do the deed

Ter Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leave it, and deliver me the keyes

Bro A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farwell maister Terrell [East

Ter Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not pieuaile, what I have promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest

For Here sir

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittilesse

For I warrant you sir, they are such pittilesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute

Ter I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them

For Ho Will and Iack

Will Here sir, we are at hand

For These be they that I told you of

Ter Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Foiest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King

Will Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis

not the first that Iack and I have gone about

Ter Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil have no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your adules?

For Why then I thinke this maister Teirell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags 1 readic charged, and so suddeinly to shoote them through

Ter No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou

Will, what is thy opinion?

Will Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles

Ter Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous

Dout Then heare me master Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weele cut both their throates

Ter Nay sirs, then heare me, I will have it done

¹ Pistols

in this order, when they be both a bed at iest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both

For Why this is veile good, but stand aside, for here comes the Piinces, ile bring you word when the deed is done

[Exit Terrill

Enter the PRINCES

Yorke How fares my noble Lord and loung brother?

King A worthie brother, Richard Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it

Yorke Why brother comfort your selfe, for the he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe. whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe—so much I assure myselfe of—But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy

King No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

For My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury

King Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I

For. I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Piotector 1

King Nay my kingly vickle I know he is now, but let him enjoye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our lives and libertie But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

For No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night on two

King Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liming bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter But why starts your grace?

King Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter, my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

For I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to

walke vp

King Then come brother, we will go to bed

For I will attend vpon your grace

Yorke Come Myles Forest beare vs company

For Sirs state you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp [East

Den I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these young Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee

Den Nay go forward, for now I am resolute. but come, lets too it

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv sc i.

Will I prethee state, heele call vs vp anon But sirrha Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

For But ho sus, come softly, for now they are at

rest

Will Come we are readie, by the masse they are

a sleepe indeed

For I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes neuer wake no more, for you have seene the last

light in this world

Iack Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

For Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the stane foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done

Will Well we will, farewell maister Forest

Enter TERRELL

Ter How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For I sir, a bloodie deed we have performed

Ter But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For I have conveyd them to the staires foote among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentio what shall become of them yet good maister Terriell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks

Ter. I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they

three haue done the deed And so farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with his dagger drawne

Ban 1 Ah good my Lord, saue my life

Buc Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for meicie, when thou hast so vinustly betraied me?

Ban I desire your grace but give me leave to

speake

Buc I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see how vniustly thou hast betraied me

Ban Then thus my Lord First, the proclamation

was death to him that harboured your grace

Buc Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could betraie me

Ban Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more

Buc Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinkes his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyselfe readie, and here receive thy death

Enter a HERALD

Her Henry Duke of Buckingham, I alest thee in

King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood succour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy she and wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his

¹ Banıster.

death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped

Enters sixe others to rescue the DUKE

All Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die We will take him away by force

Her Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your

Prince?

Buc Nay good my friends give me leave to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittaine.1 and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in Wales, where I doo know hee shall have avde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reaue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be given to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while 2 then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogither innocent of their deaths But thou vilain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vmustly betraid thy Lorde?

¹ Bretagne

Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and thine And after death thou maist more torture feele, then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele And banne thy soule were ere thou seeme to rest But come my friends, let me away

Her My Loid, we are sorie But come laie handes on Banister [Execut

Enter King Richard, Sir William Catesbie, and others

King The goale is got, and golden Crowne is wonne,

And well descruest thou to weare the same. That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule, But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends, My fearefull shadow that still followes me, Hath summond me before the seuere judge, My conscience witnesse of the blood I spilt. Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact, The fact a damned judgement craues, Whereas impartiall justice hath condemned Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare. Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds, It turned now into a fatall wreathe. Of fiery flames, and euer burning staries, And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes, In Stygian 1 lakes, adrest to tend on me, If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie? Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt? Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact. Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God, Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list

¹ Old copy, studient Boswell's correction

My God, is none of mine Then Richard be thus resolu'd.

To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,1

Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary Richard,

That's good, Catesbie

Cat You cald my Lorde, I thinke?

King It may be so But what thinkst thou Catesbie?

Cat Of what my Lord?

King Why of all these troubles

Cat Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily overcom'd 2

King How villain, doest thou hope to see me happily ouercom'd?

Cat Who you my Lord?

King Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest to see me ouercom'd

Cat No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou
of the Duke of Buckingham?

Cat Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at

Salisbury yesterday.

King Why its impossible, his friends hopes that he shall outline me, to be my head.

Cat Out-hue you, Lord thats straunge

¹ This line seems corrupt Archdeacon Nares interprets to valance, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from "Hamlet"—

[&]quot;Thy face is valanc'd [bearded] since I saw thee last"

Perhaps we should read, To place thy soul in balance? Old copy, Pace—vallence Field's suggestion

² The ancient particle of *come* was *comed* or *comen* Daniel has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this day—

[&]quot;He would have well becom'd this place"

^{-&}quot;Cymbelme," act v sc 1.

King No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames, And since they hope he shall out live me, to be my head,

He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow rebels

Cat Mary no force 2 my Lord

King But Catesbie, what healest thou of Henry

Cat Not a word my Lord

King No hearest thou not he lives in Brittaine,3 In favour with the Duke

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against vs,

And perswades him that hee is lineally descended from Henry

The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne, Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

Cat My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth deserue,

A most famous gentleman

King Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and commend him to my face?

Cat Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor

King Whats that?

Cat Why my Lord, to loose his head

King Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then But more to the strengthening of his title,

She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest daughter,

Ladie Elizabeth

Cat Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded, By all the nobilitie of Brittaine

King Why then there it goes, The great diuell of hell go with all.

¹ Flames.

² No matter

³ Bretagne

A marnage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood I thinke that accursed sorcelesse the mother Queene, Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies,

And brings out perillous birds to wound Their Countries weale. The Earle is vp in Armes, And with him many of the Nobilitie. He hath avde in France. He is rescued in Brittaine. And meaneth shortly to arrive in England But all this spites me not so much. As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasuror. Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge, He had ended all by apprehending of our foe. But now he is in disgrace with the Duke, And we farther off our purpose then to fore, But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad. As we have sleeping curres at home here, Readie for rescue

Cat But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide there,

Considering he is no friend to Brittaine

King Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of Brittaine,

Brittaine,
Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
But euill faie makes open warre
But who comes there Catsbie?
Ha one of our spurres to reuenge
The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,
His comming is to vs Catsbie,
Wert not that his life might serue,
For apprehension against our foe,
He should haue neither Judge nor Jury,
But guiltie death without any more ado
Now Lord Standley, what newes?
Haue you received any letters of your late embassage
into

Brittaine? What answere have you received of your letters?

Enter LORD STANDLEY, and his sonne GEORGE

Stan Why my Lord, for that I sent, I have received King And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Stan For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust King Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arrive in England?

And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?

And what power is with him?

Stan And please your grace, His power is unknowne to me.

Nor willingly would not I be priny to such causes

King Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but give me leave to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how brave you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittaine out of England

Stan Not I my Lord

King Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

Stan I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale

Stan And like your grace, whereas you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into Brittaine, God I take to record it was vinhowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is for at his departure, was I one of the priny councell to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieve him without my helpe I hope ner suf-

ficiencie is knowne to your grace Therefore I

humbly craue pardon

King Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deseits of a traitor but let this passe Whats your repaire to our presence?

Stan Only this my Lord, that I may repaire from

the court, to my house in the country

King Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe muisible into Brittaine, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe under me, which I will not But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.¹

Stan I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare—say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues—Well I will except the King's proffer And please your grace I am content, and will leaue

my sonne to pledge

King Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson

Thou art set free for our defence, Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise, Not only to state the hinderance of the Earle.

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv. sc 4.

But to preuent his purpose with thy power Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or resci e him

This done, of my life thy sonne doth line
But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I caich
thee

And it shall go hard but I will catch thee

Stan And you shall go apace, and yet go without me But I humbly take my leaue of your grace Farcwell George

King How now, what do you give him letters?

Stan No my Lord I have done

The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne [Exit

King Carry George Standley to prison Geo Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison?

King Shall you go to prison, what a questions that? So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme How likest thou this Catesbie?

Cat Oh my Lord so excellent that you have unprisoned his sonne

King Nay now will we looke to the rest, But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth, But see in good time here he is

How now Louell, what newes?
What saith the mother Queene to my sute?

Enters LOUELL

Low My Lord very strange she was at the first, But when I had told her the cause, she gaue concent. Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie prime to it

King God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady Elizabeth?

Low Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she quicklie gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to tel your grace, that she meanes to leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters

King I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such a chance, that may inrich vs and our heires for euer—But sirs hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece

Cat. Not a word my Lord

Enters MESSENGER

King Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

Mess No my Lord I have none King From whence comes thou?

Mess From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scotland, & they greete your Maiestie

Lou Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

Cat. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page How saies thou, is it concluded?

King Nay will you give me leave to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about away I say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I have some what to say besides?

King Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess This my Lord, when the Peeres of Éngland and Scotland met at Nottingham togither, to confer about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scotlish Earle And further my Lord, the Councel commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of Oxford in charge in Hames castle, now are they both

fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace Now my Lord I take my leaue

King Messenger state, hath Blunt betrated, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugetives, theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordeshall beate vs. and our owne subjects seekes the subuertion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,1 nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles me wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his logest home Come follow me

Enter Earle Rich ² Earle Oxford, P Landoys, & Captain Blunt

Rich Welcome deare friends and louing countrymen,
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,

That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,

¹ There seems to be some corruption here

² Richmond

Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd. Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right, For we may know by dangers we have past, That God no doubt will give vs victorie

Ox If love of gold, or feare of many foes, Could once have danted vs in our attempts, Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare. And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee, Neuer to leaue in what we have vndertane, But follow still with resolution, Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field, Or lose thy life in following of thy right Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus, Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S George for vs

Blunt As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all, We will not leave thee till the field be wonne, Which if with fortunate successe we can performe, Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee.

And that shall be honour mough for mee Lan So saith Landovse that honors Richmond so

With loue vnfeined for his valure past, That if your honour leade the way to death, Peeter Landoys hath sworne to follow thee For if Queen mother do but keepe her word, And what the Peeres haue promised be performed, Touching the marriage with Elizabeth. Daughter to our King Edward the fourth. And by this marriage loyne in vnitie Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke. Then England shall no doubt have cause to say, Edwards coronation was a loyfull day And this is all Landovs desires to see.

Rich. Thanks Landovs, and here Earle Richmond

vows.

If their kinde promises take but effect,
That as they have promised I be made King,
I will so deale in governing the state,
Which now lies like a sauage shultred grove,
Where brambles, bijars, and thornes, over-grow those
sprigs.

Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crost so by their contraries,
Making them subject to these outrages,
Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
That England should in them be honoured,
As much as euer was the Romane state,
When it was goueind by the Councels rule,
And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,
And neuer leave to follow my resolue,
Till I have mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
That hinder those that long to do vs good

Ox Why we have scapt the dangeroust brunt of all, Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen, Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come? Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham? No worthie friends, and louing country-men, Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde, He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp, Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes, Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king, And this is Oxfords resolution

Rich But Blunt, looke whose that knocks Blunt My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother Oueene.

And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters Rich Admit him straight, now shall we heare some newes.

Enters Messenger

Mess Long liue Earle Richmond
The mother Queene doth greet your honour

Rich Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

Mess In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your arrual safe

Ruch My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer

Mess First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of

his owne

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord These are the chiefe

Rich Are these the full number of all that come?

Mess Only two more my Lord, which I have left vinamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westerne gentleman, and roynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet

Ruch. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly

brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King

Ox. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres

Ruch. Well my friend, take this for thy good news, And commend me to our mother and the rest Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs

But now my Lords touching the placing of our

battell 1 best,

And how we may be least indangered,

Because I will be foremost in this fight, To incounter with that bloodie murtherei, My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope, My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe, Shall have the happie leading of the reare, A place I know which you will well deserue, And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you, Shall by 1 in quarters as our battels scowtes, Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt, Must scatter here and there to gaull their horse, As also when that our promised friends do come, Then must you hold hard skumish with our foes, Till I by cast of a counter march, Haue loynd our power with those that come to vs, Then casting close, as wings on either side, We will give a new pravado on the foe, Therefore let vs towards Adeistoe amaine, Where we this night God-willing will incampe, From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next dav. Exit

And neerer London, bid King Richard play

Enters the PAGE

Page Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill, And waile the gricle of our sore troubled King? For now he hath obtaind the Diademe, But with such great discomfort to his minde, That he had better hued a private man, his lookes are gastly,

Hidious to behold, and from the prime sentire of his heart.

There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefuli

That being with him in his chamber oft,

¹ Bide.

He mooues me weepe and sigh for company, For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp, And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight, Readie to stab him, what so ere he be, But he must thinke this is the just reuenge, The heavens have powred vpon him for his sinnes, Those Peeres which he vnkindly murthered, Doth crie for justice at the hands of God, And he in justice sends continuall feare, For to afright him both at bed and boord, But staie, what noyse is this, who have we here?

Enters men to go to RICHMOND

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

Men Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue with him,

For we have left to serue King Richard now

Page Why comes there any more?

Men A number more [Exit

Page Why these are the villaines my Lord would have put his life into their hands. A Richard, now do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy commons make no more account of thee then of a private man, yet will I as dutie bindes, give thee advertisements of their vniust proceedings. My maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is happened.

Enters RICHMOND, and OXFORD

Ruh Good my Lord depart, and leave me to myselfe

Ox I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I have promised

my father that none shall come but my selfe, therfore

good my Lord depart

Or Good my Loid haue a case of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bied such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Aimes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let rie stand aloofe off

Ruch Content thee good Oxford, and the I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father

Enters STANDLEY and another

Stan Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discrie the enemy And so farewell, and leaue me for a while

Rich How fares my gratious Loid and father?

Stan In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king veite furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonre George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

Rich But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the

vsurper, no more I will not come to thee

Rich Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would

doo you no pleasure

Rich Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution

Sian O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a gussell, is the more easie to be made away

Ruch This newes goes to my heart, but its in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill,

we shall encounter with a mountaine

Stan Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth

Enters MESSENGER

Mess Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy
Stan Why then sonne farewell, I can state no
longer

Ruch. Yet good father, one word more ere you

depart,

What number do you thinke the kings power to be? Stan Mary some twentre thousand And so farewell.

Rich. And we hardly fine thousand, being beset

with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it produes the more honourable being obtained Then forward Richmond, God and Saint George, for me

Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum 1

Enters the King, and the Lord Louell

King The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne The daily cares, the nightly dreames, The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe, And horror of my bloodie practise past, Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience, That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do, Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge, Whom I have slaine in reaching for a Crowne Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie The headlesse Peeres come preasing for revenge And euery one cries, let the tyrant die The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge. The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge. The screeking Rauen sits croking for reuenge. Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge. And all, yea all the world I thinke, Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge But to conclude, I have deserved revenge.

¹ Old copy, regna faudit-fallex.

In company I dare not trust my friend,
Being alone, I dread the secret foe
I doubt my foode, least poyson lunke therein
My bed is vincoth, rest refraines my head
Then such a life I count far worse to be,
Then thousand deaths vinto a damned death
How wast death I said? who dare attempt my
death?

Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death? Though enemies there be that would my body kill, Yet shall they leave a neuer dying minde But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are How came the foe in, preasing so neare? Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back?

Where was our friends to intercept the foe? All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed? Then vengeance, mischiefe, hoiror, with mischance, Wilde-fire, with whirlewinds, light upon your heads, That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth

King 1 Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood?

Now he is come more need to beate him backe

Lou Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight, great is his power that threats thy ouerthrow

King The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much,

as for to see my friends do flie in flocks from me

Lou May it please your grace to rest your selfe content, for you have power inough to defend your land

King Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a small power of stragling fugatives?

¹ This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a change of his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's dream in Shakespeare, and the whole of our poet's act v. sc 3, with this scene

Lou May it please your grace to participate the

cause that thus doth trouble you?

King The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life

Enter CATESBIE

Cat My Lord

King Yet againe villaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley of no?

Cat My Loid, he answeres no

King Why didst not tell him then, I would sen! his sonne George Standleys head to him

Cat My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had

another sonne left to make Lord Standley

King O vilane vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and cire reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire

Cat Leave off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our lives

King Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die

Low But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement cr.e King Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Lou. Therein his father greatly injured him.

King Did not your selves in presence, sec the bondes sealde and assignde?

Low What the my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign 1

¹ ze, What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?

King The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you have it so?

Lou In doing true justice, else we answere no

King His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall wast by dint of sword, therefore sirrah go fetch him Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he Louell, Catesby, lets loyne louingly and deuoutly togither, and I will divide my whole kingdome amongst you

Both We will my Lord

King We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while No, fortune and courage for mee, and 10yne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the divell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I have it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. [Exit

^{1 [}Old copy, past]

² See Shakespeare, act 1v sc 4

The battell enters, RICHARD wounded, with his PAGE

King A horse, a horse, a fresh horse Page A flie my Lord, and saue your life

King Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie, 1 no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receive my body cold and void of sence, you watry heavens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houers aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules

[Int

Enters RICHMOND to battell againe, and kils RICHARD

Enters REPORT and the PAGE

Re How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what eie thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer

Re But who is slaine besides our Lord and souer-

aigne?

Page Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolk, he, & with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the

¹ See Shakespeare, act v sc 4

Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie

Re But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester. because he tooke part with my Lord the King But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse And how the battell fell, then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolue as fierce Achillis mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colouis straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skiimish which cotinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceived, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie. but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountry Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at advantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recouered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell

Enter Earle Richmond, Earle Oxford, L Stand-Ley, and their traine, with the Crowne

Ruch Now noble Peeres and woorthie countrymen, since God has given vs fortune of the day, let vs first give thankes vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy service showne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull

loue and perfect vnitie Soiy I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall pare. And louing father, lastly to your selfe, the not the least in our expected aide, we give more thankes for your vnlooked for aide, then we have power on sodaine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffise that I in nature loue & honor you

L Stan Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolution in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem Then line my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for

thy foes prepare to combate them

Ox And Oxford vowes perpetual loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Eaile Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators

Rich How fares our louely mother Queene?

Enters mother QUEENE and ELIZABETH

Queen In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath given thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murthered in this Tragedie?

Rich No louely Queene your sonne doth line in France, for being distrest and driven by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being

sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with the But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Doiset shall come home againe

Queen Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words

effectually

Rich Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thankes to heaven, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diverse of the Peeies, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and having ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to have my due.

Stan Then know my sonne, the Peeies by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, have by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and governe them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receive the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe

Ox Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God saue

the King.

All. Long line Henry the senenth, King of England.

Ruch. Thanks louing friends and my kind countrymen, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flower

faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of Nile And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall line to think vpon your loue But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolved, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend

Eliz Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

Queen Then here my Lord, receive thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may live for aye, and never yeeld to death

Ruch And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus have honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I live, then make account my Lords I will deserve this with more than common love

Stan And now were but my sonne George Standley here,

How happie were our present meeting then, But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the vsurper

In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged 10y

Rich Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my
brother George will turne in safe 1 to us

¹ Return in safety

Stan A no my sonne, for he that 10yes in blood, will worke his furie on the innocent

Enters two Messengers with George Standley

Stan But how now what noyse in this?

Mess Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne, thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger we have saved from furie of a tyrants doome

L Stan. And lives George Standley? Then happie that I am to see him freed thus from a tyrants rage Welcome my sonne, my sweete George welcome home

George Stan Thanks my good father, and George Standley loves to see you loyed in this assembly And like a lambe kept by a greedie Woolfe within the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the rest for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre then inraged, commanded straight I should be murdered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but they that knew how innocet I was, did post him off with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie his rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should But to be briefe, when both the battels joyned, these two and others, shifted me away.

Rich Now seeing that each thing turnes to our content,

I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard Be by our command, drawne through the streets of Lester.

Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide, For as of others paines he had no regard, So let him haue a traytors due reward Now for our marnage and our nuptiall rytes, Our pleasure is they be solemnized In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient custom due,

The two and twentith day of August next, Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight, There to take further order for the state

Mess Thus Gentles may you heere behold,
The 10yning of these Houses both in one,
By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,
Who was for wit compared to Saloman,
His gouernment was vertuous euery way,
And God did wonderously increase his store,
He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord,
That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.
He died when he had raigned full three and twentie
yeares

Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried In Westminster He died & left behind a sonne Mess A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,

A worthie, valiant and victorious Prince,
For on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne,
Hee entered France, and to the Frenchmens costs,
Hee wonne Turwin and Turney
The Emperor serued this King for common pay,
And as a mersonary prince did follow him
Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,
And still he keepe the French men at a bay
And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered
Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,
When he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares,
Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried
in Windsore

He died and left three famous sprigs behinde han
Edward the sixt

He did restore the Gospell to his light, And finished that his father left vindone A wise yoong Prince, given greatly to his booke He brought the English service first in vse, And died when he had raigned six yeares, five Moneths, & some odde dayes, And lieth buried in Westminster

Eliza 1 Next after him a Mary did succeede, Which married Philip King of Spaine, She raigned flue yeares, foure moneths and some Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster When she was dead, her sister did succed

Oueene 1 Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age, By whose wise life and civill government, Her country was defended from the crueltie Of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers This is that Oueene as writers truly say. That God had marked downe to liue for aye. Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles, For peace and plentie still attends on thee And all the fauourable Planets smiles To see thee liue in such prosperitie. She is that lampe that keepes faire Englands light, And through her faith her country liues in peace And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight, And bene the meanes that civil wars did cease Then England kneele upon thy harry knee, And thanke that God that still prouides for thee. The Turke admires to heare her government, And babies in Iury sound her princely name, All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,

It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words Eliza, Queene, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that Queen Elizabeth was now the subject of the Chorus, but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterious.

Atter her rule was rumord foorth by fame
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,
In helping those that were opprest by warre
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,
The good she hath done, since she came to the
Crowne

For which, if ere her life be tane away, God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye For if her Graces dayes be brought to end, Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

APPENDIX.

[For permission to print the following Latin Play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society were indebted to the Rev Dr Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640 1

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies, but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English

 $^{^{1}}$ Γwo copies are in the British Museum, and at least one in private hands

but the textual stage-directions in the last part But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris Collegii Caio-goneviliensis in Academia Cantabrigiensi magistri ac Rectoris

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa habita Collegii Divi Johnis Evangeliste Comitii Bacchelaureorum Anno Domini 1579 Tragedia in tres acciones devisa

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his "Apologie of Poetry," 1591, as follows "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men," and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, at p 55 of the Society's reprint of that work The play is also alluded to in Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, as follows —" or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs, when his whole part was no more than Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma"—Vid post

The author of this play was Dr Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr Collier, "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably

^{1 &}quot;Hist of Dram Poet," 1 296.

by requiring, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue. and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions" Besides the play of "Richardus Tertius," he wrote a tragedy called the "Destruction of Jerusalem," and to use Fuller's words,1 "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some plageary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted." Fuller also informs us that Dr Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder

Mr Hallwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS Harl 2412, 6926 That the "University Men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in "The Return from Parnassus," 2 in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studoso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third"]

1 Fuller's "Worthies," n 156

² Hazhtt's "Dodsley," vol 1

RICHARDUS TERTIUS

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D SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina
Mi Fox, Cardinalis, Archiepis Cantu
Mr Whaley, Nuntius
L W HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecem annorū
Mr PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest
Mr STRINGER, dux Buckingh
Mr WILKINSON, Riverius
Mr BOOTH, Hastingus
Mr Hodson, Stanleus
Mr Hill, Sr Hawardus postea dux Norfolciensis
Mr BAYLY, Lovellus
Mr STANION, Episco Eliensis.
Ds PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginæ
Mr Robinson, Catsbeius, Juris peritus
Mr Hill, Sr Howardus, Equestris ordinis 1
Ds Punter, servus ducis Glocestriæ
Mr Knox, Hastingus, miles calligatus
Ds FRAUNCE, civis Londinensis
Ds Howland
                 chorus tumultuantui cıvıu Satelles Becke
Ds Henlowe
                                    Bucke ]
Mr Kendall
Ds REMER, Archiepisco Eboracensis
                       Serviens ad arma
                  Prosecutor vulgo pursevant.
RHODES med Richardus dux Eboracensis pai vulus
Mr Bowls, Grains heros adolescens
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Quinq filiæ Elizabethæ Reginæ

¹ Inserted twice

Vaghanus Conjux Shori

Hawt Sacerdos

WOODCOCKE

CHAPMAN, Aıgumentū primæ actionis 1

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obut

Hic duos reliquit filios Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecem, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenera ætatem videret, facile ad regnu adıtu sibi patêre putat Itaq primū reginæ p amicos psuadet ut Eduaidus quintus itei nullo milite armaret, dum Londinü e Wallorü finib⁹ properaret Interim ipse cum amicis clam comunicat, quantu inde periculü sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ piopinquis demandaretur Qui du cæteris heroib9 inviderent, facile in eorum pniciem iegis nomine abuti possent Itaq Riveriū viiū nobilem iegis avunculu, et Grayu fratrem ejus uterinu á rege ipso avulsu in vincula conjicit Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, porio a Regina, quæ tū ad asylum metu confugerat, Ducem Eborū paivulū, p Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanqua in Carcere conclusisset, prımü Hastıngü nobilem virü, quod nimis eü studeie nepotibus suspicaretur, injuste damnatü moite afficit Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carceiem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eoiū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret Postremò Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infanuæ pœna afficitur

¹ This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

ACTUS PRIMUS

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS, Regale diademate caput NUNTIUS

Regina

Outcung lætis credulus rebus nimis confidit, et magna potens aula cupit iegnare, blandu quærit is malu, licet magnū nihil sperare geneiosū genus subebat Eduardi tamen Regis thoro conjuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos

mihi. generose Gray, triste fatū sustulit dulcı veneno gustiebam credula. et rapuit altis inclytus titulis honor donec meŭ spernebat abjectu genus cognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis Inimicus affinis parabat exitū His cura major, filii quod traditur, et Regiū curat Nepotum avunculus volui meos Regi propinguos jungere comites, ut annis altius primus amor hæreat, tenera dü surgit ætas grandior nec tristis hæc contenta peste sors fuit prius malū majoris est gradus mali Exhalat ægrotum maritus spiritū, et fata rumpunt legis impia manu sævæ sorores, invident viru mihi mortale fatis luditur genus spondere quicqua non potest tam stabile

fortuna quod non versit anceps sordida

manet domus tantùm beata, dum timet virtus ruinas magna. Postqua duplici mater sobole ditata sum Regis domü petebat hæredem remota Wallia nec principe libenter suo gens Cambria

carebat hinc iter properat huc filius

Brevis ordo comitatuu meoru, ut cingerent

Matrem licet

gaudere læta sceptra cogunt film At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi mens avıda non audet, tımet adeptü bonū.

metua pturit semel natus metus. multisq curis pectus unit anxiu, Sın filus externa vıs adhuc nıhıl minetur infidu, nec extortu sibi Regnű, domus Lancastria Eduardo incidet,

Et rapta quondam sceptra victrici manu

pati potest adhuc tamen domesticus premit timor, majusq formidat nefas anımus malıs assuetus, et varıo tremor mentem tumultu, spesq laceram distrahit.

Infaustus ô Regni favor multis suā conversus in pœnam ruit, postqua diu falso viros splendore lusit ciedulos

Cardinalis

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput. curas cur anxio revolvis pectore? et publicu luctu tuo oneras gaudiu? quin sperne mentis turbidæ ludibria Matrisq tristes læta deme spiritus, dum film caput corona cingitur.

Regina.

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis, insignis Archipræsul atq Cantii, nescire quenquam miserias miserū magis

Quod tempus unqua lachrymis caruit mihi?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem, odiū ne triste plango demens heroū vetus hoc malū Cum Walliā linquens

stipato armatus iediret milite ut regna patris juie possideat suo Eduardus hæres Sermo multorū

frequens
aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,
se subditis committeret nudü suis.
sin clauderet milite suo Regis latus
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus
timere tum mali nihil princeps potest
Mox in suā armari necem tot milites
Proceres putabunt nup extinctæ
minæ

facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recru descere

sanata malè mox suspicantur Ergo

sese timent objicere inermes hostib⁹
Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,
Belli furoie totu inundavit solu,
Calcante tellus equite terrendü gemit
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia
statimq amoris fœdus ictu frangitui.
Tum pfidü mulctabit authoiem scelus
pœnasp pendet lapsa Graioru domus
Primu p artus gellidus excurrit metus
tandem suis temebunda monitis animo
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib⁹
ut milite nullo cingant filii latus,
pompaq magna Regis exonerent
iter

ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus, nova cura mentem concuiti formidine, nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus, Ingens domű nostram invidia premit,

ambitio, nulla cœca dum maculam

se modica non tuetur ætas filli fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius Quomodo nepoti ambitio paicet potui

Car d

Cesset timere matris infælicis amor, Vanosp desine falsa mentiri dolos Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor, Nunquid juvat teirere vano pectora tremore? pessimus augur in malis

timor, semperq sibi falsò minatur, et suā vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā priùs Proceres sepultis morte Regis litibus longam quitem consecrarunt nec

minas veretur extinctas sanata Brittania Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet priora

Nuntrus

Medıü Rex iter sospes tenet

Regina

Quæ filiü nunc detinet fessü via?

Nuntrus

Bis sera stellifero excidit cœlo dies Northamptonü cum fessa membra tangerent

Regina

Et quanta turba Regiū claudit latus?

Nunt

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes, frequens satelles sepiebat principen, illiq multos junxit assidius labor Postqua tuas Riverius literas cepisset, omni milite corpus principinudabat, unus comigrat Riverius, suoq junctus Graius heros patruo.

Regina

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

Nunt

parcet Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat, regno suo precatur æternū decus.

multaq præce comune gaudu beat Honore præstans dux Buckinghamiæ affatur officiis iisdem Principem, Regiq promittunt brevi comites fore Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrius, Invisit et Graiu nepotem literis benigne pollicetur omnia nunciis et pars fatigat magna nobiliu simul

Regina

Postqua favor flatu secundo vexerit ratem piocul reliquit idem languidus alto mari, multisq jactat fluctibus Res prosperæ si quando lætari jubent, rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit animus pavere læta quamvis cerneret

Card

Facilè sinistris ciedit augurus timor

Reg

Nıhıl sapıt, quisquis pai ūdoctus sapıt

Card

Hoc facilè credunt, qui nimis miseri timent

Reg

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus

Card

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit

Reg

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis

Card

Terrent adhuc sopita nobiliū mala?

Reg

Veterata non sanatur illico vulnera

Card.

Sancivit ista morte princeps fœdera

Reg

Tum principe mori dubia quærunt fædera

Card

Privata vincit odia comunis salus

Reg

Privata publică quietem destriut

Card

Semp esse nū miseiā juvat

Reg

Timeie didicit quisquis excelsus stetit rebusq magnis alta clauditur quies Auro venenū bibitui ignotum casæ humili malū, ventisq cunctis cognita superba sumo, tecta nutant culmine

ACTUS SECUNDUS,

RICH DUX GLOC HEN DUX BUCK-INGHAMIÆ, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-TINGUS HEROS.

Gloc

Riverianæ splendor et decus domus, custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis, Qualis cruentæ matris eripiens minis Electra fratrem servat in regnü patris Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris reddis suæ incolumem fidelis patriæ. Populus tam frequens fidem merito sonat

En gratus hie tibi labor Britañiæ Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi castos labores Wallicæ norunt sedes curam parem regis fatetur longum iter, postquä suo Wallia carebat principe, at ubi suu mundo diem reparat coma radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat, cias principis jungemur et lateri simul qua ducitur recta Stonistratfordiam Primo die celeri gradu properabimus, quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non capit

River

O Claudiani Rector illustris soli, dux inclyte et generis propago Regii Præstare Regi jussit officiü meii Fortuna quicquid nostia præclarū dedit

Pondenda bello est vita Regi debita, Si modo aliter nequeunt minæ frangi

hostiū,

Vestræ quia mensæ patebant mihi danes

hac nocte, vobis jure multu debeo Jam laxat artus languidos gratus sopor Lectoq fessa membia componi juvat, placidam quietem noctis opto piox ımæ

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiæ cui servus olim nomen haud latens dedit.

Et orte claro Hastinge patru stemate En sol vocato nocte fienos desernes sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo, Vacuū q cælū luna plustrat vīris silentiū imperans, nitida simul cohors comitatur, aspergens lumen vagū polo Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat secretas aures nullus exhibet comes Annon vides quam sit miser proceru status,

diug spreta ut nobilis virtus jacet Regi licet sanguine superbo jungimur, clarisq lucet inclytu titulis genus, aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem

patet, vetantą cum nepote patruū vivere Quò tanta matris cedit impudentia? jam fœminæ succumbit Anglorii decus En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est debitus, honor, spretusp sanguis no- | Nunquā suo parcebat na sanguini

sordescit olim matris omnino suæ tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur Illis quando honoie tamen haud cedi

et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides. parŭ decebat matus abjectu genus, Regni thoros amor nisi quod impulit claros negare patruos Regi suos minusq nobili comite circundare Parum decoru principi aut nobis ent comes magis potentior tuebitur quod nos malū manet, sı quı male nobis precantur, Regiūq claudani

primosq prævenient amores principis, et illius favore consenesceient. quorū mens tenella flectetur statım. atq pueros fucata demulcent leves seus nec annis respuüt quicquid prius In amores deliciasq pristinas ætas probat decuisa, nec se corrigit Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior ! quamvis fuit, temqusp longū plunma! seiæ noverca disciplina evasserat) 💃 hem multa quondam facta damnavit

lapsü priorem nec resuesit tardior sensus Quod heros sensit heu Clar-

entius Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meus quam conjugi rex cessit olim credulus nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suade-

bant mala quòd uxor horreat maritus quem colit quòd dura nostras sors premebat res

Regina quantū mihi creasset tum luem perfida, malū mens nisi sagax auertit? nos ille cœlū qui sua torquet manu, dirisq flamis triste vindicat scelus. fœlix potenti liberavit dextera. Heu quot brevi fiater furore concitus dolis eorū morte damnatos truci perdidit, mani voce pulsantes Jovem & Sed vetera plangimus novū iminet ciuore quam Regina nostro luderet.

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi comunis hostis, atq stipabit thronu ınfesta nobis una Graiorū domus Mox hostiū viies caput nostrū luet. dum principis sacrato abuti nomine audebit ad nostrā rumam atrox domus Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet Ouod moite sanxit sacra pacis fœdera Eduardus, et veten medetun vulnern Quietis, atq dexteras nos invicem conjunximus, simulata pacis pignora valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis quam pace ficta dubia proceru fœdera pactuq jussu principis percussimus quemquamne tantus vexat ınsanū stupor?

huic ciedat ut demens repente qui

Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur? firmius inhærebit brevis animi favor. quàm longa multis invidia lustris ma nens?

nunc ergo maturare conciliù decet, quò longius serpit malü, fieri solet rubustius, vires sempei colligit

Buckin

O Claudiane rector, atq Regia de stirpe princeps, turbido infælix quia

visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia, et bella cœperunt fremeie civilia tuæ ut secreto instillet auri murmure concepta jussi verba servulü meü, tua sıgna Buckınghamıü sequi ducem miscere piæsens verba presenti diu quæiebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem sımul

Regina nobis insolens abutitur statum premi scelus decet, majus nefas parit semel motii malu, et nescit modu Marchio Graioru frater in nostră sanare te regni luem tantŭ decet quidvis ferent potius potens proceru tot multes armare crudelis potest?

Gnatūq caput armaret in nostrū ferox.

Glac

Te patiiæ dux ergo vindicem voco et selere materno labantis Angliæ re, te poli qui jura pcipitis Regis Et vos coriuscu testor agmen cælitu tantū Britonū pristinū guæro decus Acrıs gravı medela confert vulneri Regina nunc abest suis afferre opem captis nequit removere jam tutò

licet A Rege cunctas patriæ labes suæ Quin dormientem comprimere Rivenű,

intraq tecta claudere hospitem decet Sın fugent, tü consciü piobat metus mox famulæ illius petas claves domus qua nup hospes se Riverius abdidit Sın abnuat, Regis imperiü urgeas nec ullus inde servus erumpat foras, sed sedulò claudantur ıntus sıngulı nostriso verbis advove clā servilos (horreret admisso licet nondū die nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen quod luce prima nos nepotem adibimus

Ruck

Regis propinguos si coeices vinculis cæcog captos claudis auday carcere. Illico tumultu plebs ciebit mobilis Iuditia dum non recta sortiris reis et criminis parti nocentes arguas

Gloc

En dignitatem principis lædunt sui, et nobilem violare sanguinem student lacerare quærunt Angliã discordiis. Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare necem

Hasting

At vinculis si patruū premi suū Heios videbit Graius, is rapida manu Stipabit Eduardu tremens Britania parabit arma seditio miseros trahet Ardore belli conflagrabunt omnia nostrag populus strage purgabit scelus

Glocest

Adıtus viarū munit assiduis vigil. Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northamptoniam,

nostriiq prius ad regem iter pverteret, Post qua leves discussit umbras Luci-

Nudamq jubebit fugam Phœbea fax, nos statuimus Regem priores visere ut grata principi fides sic luceat

Ruck

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit generosus ardor, mentis et nullus laboi cuiam fatigat anxiam sumi ducis Nunquam fidem fallā

Polus tristi priùs jungetur orco, sydera natabunt aquis amicus ignis fluctib sævus erit vincet diem nox quam meam damnes fidem

River

Nescio quid animus triste presagat

horrent timore membra cor pavet metu

Demiror hi claves quid hospitii petant, quæ tanta cecidit temporū mutatio Ultro prioris noctis onerabant dapes An 1am retentü morte mulctant 1mproba?

Mihi sunt amici · non amet fucos fides | Amore captus patriæ preceps iter Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet quamvis facio, dum Wallicas mute sibi.

Si fugio, nullus est fugæ tutus locus | lubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordii

Si lateo, sceleris conscius demens ero en animus ullos innocens negat metus. manere certu est quicquid evenit.

feram Duces adibo causa quæ sit audiam.

Glocest

O Regis hostis, impiū atq audax caput 1 tu nobiles mulctare supplicus studes? et insolentes seminas discordias tu principis nutum ad necem firam

vocas? tuisq demens regna misces litibus Piæstabis istud credis nefandū nefas!

RITIEY

Præclare princeps, tale de me ni putes. hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide

Glocest

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti l perdes Britonu solus excelsu decus? at vos atro mulctate raptū carcere comitesq nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

Rever

Quo me trahitis Quam jubet pænä potens fortuna? quæ nunc me manent miseri

mala? si morte mulctet, jure damnet publice Nam quæ salutis spes relinquitur mihi ?

EDUARD REX Dux BUCKING SERVUS REGIS DUX GLOCES

Eduard

sedes

quod hoc ferunt properare nunc Glo | Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida cestriū

quonia tot unus non capit proceres Et classe longu oneravit ingenti salu locus.

Buck

Cinctus suis Eduardus huc confert gradū,

generosa quos beant avorū steinata præite, plebei sequantur ordines

Gloc.

Rex vivat æternü Britanus inclytus

Eduardus

Gnatus mihi conspectus est mi patrue postquā sedes modò barbaras mutavi-

habeog tantis gratiā vobis paiem

Buck

Tıbı beatū firmet ımperiū deus

Ed Rex

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte

Gloc

Natura me tuis fidelem iussibus nescia resisti consecravit et dolos genus struere Regale me regi vetat cum cæteris comune psuadet fidem officiū Aquas inimicus ignis incolet sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari ignota quercus surget, oblitū tui si quando falsa corrumpat fides Vitā tuis ponā libens bellis, tuis infestus hostib9 mori cupio die Ouæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuu ambitio tenet, et Riveriū patruū dum principem vobis studetis subdere En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib9 Florenso deridetur ortus sangumis, Cur usq Dorsettı mınatur Marchio nobis, in arcem irrupit audax Belim

Ed Rex

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi nescio fides suspecta avunculi mei Grang fratris (crede mihi) nunguā fuit

Immo tuas tanti latant aures doli. Rex inclyte, secretű magis pugnat scelus

Te pduellionis esse aio reum Sceleste Graie, teq sceleris consciũ Vahanne nuntio proditorem patiiæ pfide voco Haute simul squalenti carcere

abdite statim, patriæ graves penas

Ser mes

Puerū misellum, lachrymis rigat genas tristia videns ad vincula correptü fratiem

Gloc

Te liberam⁹ serve famulato tuo nec te vollumus hærere lateri principis tu principi fidelis stabis comes Regisq te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS GLOC

Servus Regis

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer Non sustinet, suisque victus virib tandem ruit tuetur hostes intimos Munita nomine sacra majestas suo parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat ambitiog Regai pva suspecti fides nec principem sinit anxiŭ quiescere Secreta solu pugna, qui loco states

minore tution nec amissi premet Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū honor

Qui clara torques sydera altitonans

pater, tuisq pingis ignibus cœli globos, Butanniæ potens defende puncipem ut jura verus reddat hæres Angliæ Quis huc minister advolat celeri pede? Quo nunc adeo generose pcipitas gradū?

Ser Glo

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius

Ser Reg

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris

Ser Glo

Ego Claudianæ fidus astabā comes

Ser Reg

Quorsū nepoti nuntius patrui venis

Ser Glo

Ubi mordet impransū fames Glocestriü

Ducis onerabant lauta mensam prandia Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes, misita selectos cibos Riverio, animog jussit æquo ferre singula, nil rebus illius esse formidabile

Ser. Reg

Num respuit benigna demens munera

Ser Glo.

Quem longus usus feire psuasit malū Fortuna quoties cura tristis intonat, Vitæ cupit solamen afflictæ minus, ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula quem fregerat non cognitus priùs nox sera Quorsu noctis umbris par dolor

nec asperos dedicit minor casus pati

lut blanda fractū veiba confirment

et turbidă pmulceant mentem dapes, At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi

Sei Reg

An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus ut impitis alta figat vulnera? An sorte nos mutata felici beat Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens

metu ? Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus,

ACTUS TERTIUS

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP EBOR REGINA

Ancella

Our vindices faces potens torque manu,

mitisq rebus collocas fessis opem. miseiere jactatæ Eboracensis domus Ouis est maloru finis? heu! heu! quamdıù

Regina victa luctibus dinis gravat? Quæ possidet ferox Erinnis Regiam Tortos vel angues Megara crudels

vibrans

Luctuq majorem prioi luctus vocat Et vix malis Regina tantus sufficit Quis me p auras turbo raptam devehet ne tot misera tristes querelas audiami méstæ domus luctusq matris lugubret

Archiep Ebor

Lett his servants Nondum fugata nock be about him sol reparat diem. wh hoods Nec deserit fatri vices Phœbi soror

vel pulsa cælo contrahit lumen vagu. cere

quæris, celere solamen, imensu mali

desiderat moras

Mentem placare tui-Lett yem bee bidam matris para knocking in the pallace as Sed quis tumultus? remooveinge Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid velint

Analla

Splendens honore antistes Ebora Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes post qua Luna fessis suaseiat, et cæca nov horreret, amisso die Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium

duris premi et Graiu nepotem tũ locus

quis principem capiat, tenere nemi

Postquă paterent tanta reginæ mala, animus tremore concitus subito stupet. Solvuntur (heu) labante membia spi

Postquā trementes misera vires col

ligit, en, talibus mox astra pulsat vocibus O dura fata, parcite hou quod voluitis Quantū scelus spiratis? an panæ placent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces Irate pater inocens quid admisit

puer? quid meruit parvus quid infans pditui? una ruma concutis totă domum Non sustinet labante mox collo caput Largo madescunt imbre profusæ genæ cor triste magnis æstuat dolorib cultă decorum regiæ vestis procul removet, et eximi rubores muricis Quieta nunquam constat, huc, illuc, fugit,

tolli jubet iteruq poni corpoia Lt semp impatiens sui status, citò

æger non patitui animus) mutatur, et cœlū quæielis verbeint nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem, curamq serā, tanta sentiunt vulnera dempti satellitis [reclamat anxia] * Mox illa asylo purpura servos jubet turba quanta Regia auruq fulvu rapere, supellectilem et quas habebat regia excelsas opes, Et ne leves obsint moræ vehentib hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via interna jussit pforari mœnia Regis, quam asylū clauditui patiū Charuq demens filiū tenens sinu. et, quing mater filias vocans fugit sacras ad ædes Interim tremens metu qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi fugiens timet, dum præda poscitor,

Regina

A cuitrine being Eboracensis urbis ca drawne, let the cellens pater queene appeare in 15 Sanctu. Ergo deese quid maliary, her 5 nostris potest? daughters and aut fata vincere nostra maydes about quis potuit miser? her, sittinge on packs, far Frustia timemus jam della, chesta videre qua hoirun 1 he cofe rs queene ating magnae domus (heu) ichqua parvæ su on ye ground wth fardells about her tantuq miseros templa

tutantur sacra

Durü parant funus propinqui sangiii

nec quis tenet regem locus, servi scunt

An non perimus ulla spes manet domus?

Archut Lbor

Metus remitte, pone curas anxias Erroris istud omne quodcung et malu Quicquane gravis animos levat miseros dolor?

^{*} All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS VOL IV

Oum mitiùs de reb9 istis cogita Mihi nup ubi suadet soporem cæca nox me suscitat somno sepultu nuntius Hastingus heros misit, hic narrat mihi traxisse Northamtoniae moras duces. ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis Pectus mihi guisqua timore luderet, nam cuncta tandem cadent

Regina

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis Hastingus, ille principi exitiu paiat En, vindices mater deos supplex precoi,

Duū caput flamis nefandis obruant

Archiep, Ebor

Lax furentis turgidos animi motus, et siste prudens impetus mentis giaves testor deoiù numen, astia qui sua torquent manu, sı filiü præter tuü quenqua coronant, proximo statim die fratri huic suo decora regni insignia trademus, en magnū sygillu nunc

quod mihi tuus quondam maritus detulit.

reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio

Archiep, soliis.

Rector potens Clympi, et altitonans pater

Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ. ut tractet hæres sceptra puerili manu l Ne duia regnü pœna victori cadet belliq spem fingunt nova Lancastriæ. dum cæde se litabat hostis impia Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblivio capit?

Cuiquamne te magnü sygillü tradeie? cui detulisti? fœminæ? quin semp fuit invisa, tum fidem duces ludent tua. dum magna Regni cure temere pro-

Num fœmmæ credis? facile resistitur

Et in tuŭ vis sæviet solū caput Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam pet if ut non meam duces levem damnent fidem

SERVUS GLOC CHOKUS PROCERUAU MULTUANTIU CIVLS, HASTING! HEROS, ALCHIEP EBOR

Sermes Glac

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor via totamo densæ Thamesim sulcant rate ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga Nil Claudiane dux saciā meturs fidem Quin matris ad templa surripiunt opes Ouos hic tumultus Let artificers concitatis improbi? come running out with clubs Ouo pellit insanos and staves

Prim9 proc

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma

Elizabeth c furor?

Serme

En arma dolus vehuntur abdıta quib9 necem ducibus rebelles clam' parant.

29 Procer

Some armed with Ouodna malū tantus privy coates tumultus parturit? with gownes throwne over 39 Procer

navigus Tamesis horruit Onerata aqua

A9 Procer

Some unarmed

Regina fugiens arma multa simul vehit?

59 Procer

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

69 Procer

At arma feriant, si minentui, non vehant

7º Procer

Du feminæ tam triste vindicent nefas

89 Procer

At te deus pusille princeps, muniat

Archiep Ebor

Regni potentis nobilis procerū cohors An rumoi audax credulos ludit, metus Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus vetus

malū? fuiensq repetit agnitu priùs Ambitio thronū? et poscit in prædā sibi?

Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur, leves

Supplex ad aras sternitur mater tre mens Regina regnū suspicatur film

Regnia regnū suspicatur filii plures atro clauduntur heroes specu Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas, Scelusq facile concitat timidū licet, Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet, Donec quis errat qui dolos patat magis sed clarus huc Hastingus heros advolat

Hastingus

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors, Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib⁹ Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora cogunt benigni tanta regis munera Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece, ingrata fœdaiet magis nulla nota Lædi doleo rumore pacem futili, varioq turbaii Britannos murmure Hospes video tumultuari subditos pei tota raptare volantes mænia Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora juvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar

rula, pspecta mihi fides Glocestria satis fiut, En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo, ut

tenerii corona cingeret fulva caput

At dura quos premit proceres custodia Lacerare probiis profidi Glocestriü quærunt ducem cæcoq frigent carcere

litem sacratus dű senatus poneret
Unű precor supplev (patres) sententia,
ne nostra mentem posterä preverteret,
ne publico lites vigerent funere
Ad arma ne nos via rebellis concitet
Justissima licet bella suadere queant
Hoiú feretur causa semp justior
Armis suis quicunq claudant principem

dum mœnib⁹ Regalis adventat puer, urbis principi pacata giatuletui suo

REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDIN-ENSIS

Eduardus

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares Urbis supbæ clarus hic pollet nitor, Regniq splendet majus inclyti decus Urbs chara, salve tanta nunqua gaudia

post tot rumas Asiæ Argivis nunquā Optata patriæ regna et Argolicas opes cum bella post tam longa primi viserent

Vix hospiti tot lustra tam lætu tibi iedditu licet tantis miser naufragiis ereptus esses dux Cephalenius parant Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæhospes diu postqua carebas, et suos negant aspectus longam iter nihi

Prætor Lond

Illustre patriæ decus rex inclyte en læta profudit cohois se civiū ut gratuletur principi multū suo sol nostro ut alter luceas fælix polo hæresq patris jura Britannis daies cives deŭ pulsabit anxius prece Dux Gloc.

The King goeing Eduardus en rex vesabout the stage. ter, o cives mei. honore fulgens regio, en potens puer chare Britannis principem vides tuū, virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Hastingus Heros.

Regina inædibus squalens sacris sedet Duris propingui comprimuntur vin-

culis Tutora declaratus Angliæ modo suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit. Magnü sygillü præsuli Eborü demitur Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat. quod prodidit levi sigillü fæminæ Fœlix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem

Properate fato, mox graves pœnas luant.

Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū visere.

DUX GLOCEST DUX BUCK. CARD. EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS HASTING9 HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS, BARONES.

Glocest.

Illustris o proceru cohors, quos Anglia gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem mo-

vet tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati infamiam generosa mens adhuc potest ?

Malitia tam diu latebit fœminæ? En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet. ut querulo rebellis agitet muimure proceres Britanniæ, atque duris vul- Quem solitudo principis non comovet,

verbis, tumultu turba conceito. Quasi fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibus: Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludi-

Aetas suis æguata deliciis placet. Nunguā seni colludet imistus puer, fratrisq ludo frater instabit magis. Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere Ouis nescit? ingens regis esset dede-

Nostramg damnet non levis fidem labes.

Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit, sacras quòd fugit ad aras principis frater metu.

Citiùs nihil volare maledicto potest: Opinio firmata nec statim perit. Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro quoru dubia nunquam fides regi fuit. Matri minus suspecta, cognita patriæ

ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri suo restituat. At tuam fidem tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis honore præstans Archipræsul inclyte) Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas. Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū, salusq fratris, certa patriæ quies. Sin detinet regina gnatú pertinax. nec matris infœlix amor morem gerit: Suprema regis jussa luctantem premant

Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens audi (favente namq spiritū deo) Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax, sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

Dux Buckin.

proceruq deflectens honor, aut patrize Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus

Ingens puer sejunctus affert principi Nec tutū erit carere fratre paivulo, Vulgus probiisfutile lacessit improbis, quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet, Non solū prolis mater ortū vendicat suisq tantūm stulta delitiis putet nasci vocat regin decus patriam

statım cuiare dulcis matiis oblitü jubet Quod melius hæc suadeie Cardinis

Antistes excellens potest, assentior Sin pavida amoris materignorat modū, vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi

Hastın Heros

Quorsum sacris hæieret ulnis paivu

fratri trumphū Regis aut cur invidet? Sin filii tremebunda periculū tremit, At hic pateinū sepiet frequens genus Hic à sacro jussus senatu tutor est, Regisq curabunt amantes subditi Tum mutuū fratrū vocat solatiū proterva mater sin iecusat mittere Cardinis illū præsul ereptū avehat

Card

Ut fratrıs aula frater oblectet sımul, uut gratus Anglıæ meus prosit labor, meisq recuso æquale viribus nihil Cınatū sacra sın mater æde continet, solusq fratrem rex suū non impetrat promissa templo jui a nunquā rumpere tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Pe

primu ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides, et longus ordo principu pepigit bonis multis sacra pepcisse pacta constitit, nec ullus Isther audet Alanis feris præbens fugam violare, nec rigens

tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus Scytha

Nemo sacrilegus diis datam rumpit fidem

At Regulo fratiem dabit matris sinus, nec filii invidet paiens solatio

Sin fratris aula fratre ppetuò vacet, et filiù mater sacio carcere tenet, Nihil meus damnabiter castus laboi, solusq matiis impediet cæcus amoi

Dux Buckin

Quin matris impediet magis proteivia Audebo vitam pignori deponere nullam timoris vel sibi causă putet vel filio, nemo lubens cum fœmina pugnabit optarem propinquis mulie-

sexü sımul perturbat Anglıā mınus Quıbus odıü pepent scelus tantü suü, Non quod genus suo trahunt de san

guine,
Sin chaia nec regina nobis, aut sui
essent propinqui Regis at fiatiem
tamen

odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile junxit propinquos at nisi invisus sibi Honor esset, et minetur infamem notam

Nolis, suu nunqua negaiet filiu, Suspecta enim nunquam fides proceru

Suū sibi proceres relinquent filium, Sibi si loco mater decoro [manserit]

[Dux Gloc]

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget, quorū fides sibi satis est cognita Imanis hæc erit protervia foeminæ, Non frigidæ mentis pavor Sin adhuc timet

Infausta mater, quæ timere umbili potest,

tantò magis cavere matris amor jubet Suspecta ne furtū sacrū gnatū suū ad exteros regina mittat Milhes promissa templo jura præstat frangere, tantū senatus dedecus quam pei ferat Aliiq nostrūm luderent pulciū caput spectare qui fiatiem cadentem principis

possumus ergo filiü matri suü I emplo solutum vı decebit eripi, ne jure simus exteris ludibrio Nec ego fidem lubens asylı læderem. cui robui ætas longa struxit plui imū, Nec primus olim privilegiü süü Templis dedissem, Arisve nunc paci-

ferer. Si pertinax in debitores creditor sæviet et illisvincula minetui horridus, adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi oppressit æie aut prodigū alieno maie ut corpus eleptü ara tueatur piü sane implis et civibus, vel fuilbus quos nullus unqua continere metus

potest

Sicariisq parcere, an non impiū Sın pacta asylo jura tansü protegunt Iniqua quos foituna vexat fuiibus cur sacra? cur sicariis? cui civibus Negua patent? abundat (heu) malıs sacrii

Nunguid deus patronus implis erit? Num jura Petrus ista pepigit fuiibus? Aliena prodigos rapere pius locus movet sibiq rapta furto credere onusta spoliis deserit conjux virū Ludens maritü furta templo condidit Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius, tutuq patrato locu scelen putat Ergo benigna sacra demi furibus nec jus asylı violet, et gratü deo Sanctūq erit, quod pontifex mitis nımıs

princeps ne pactus est misericors

quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod læderent

nunquā supstitione ducti posteri, Sed sua sacris promissa servemus, nıhıl

Ducem tamen tuentur ınclusü sacra Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex, Contrag vim ausquis locus tutus satis Indulta sacia leges impediunt minus si dura veniam suaserit necessitas At quæ premit tristis ducem necessitas? Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus, psuadet insontem mali ætas nescia Cur impetict dux innoceus saciī fidem?

Alius sacrū infanti lavacrū postulat At pacta sacris jura quisquis impetiat, Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ Ould innocens poscat puer? quid

meruit?

Matura nunguā ferret ætas carcerem Horreret aras illico matus puer Aliena si prædatus huc quis advolat, corpus tuentur sacra si cedet bonis, hæc pontifex transferie, vel princeps nequit

Epise Eluns

Ut pacta templo jura, cieditorib erepta servent debitoi corpora acerba quos latêre forsan sors subet. dıvına lex psuasıt ındulgent sımul decreta pontificü sacra miseris fugā Aliena cedent æra creditoribus tantū labore ruisus ut ciescat suo, cuiaq damnü reparet assidua prius Carcere solutus debitor excussis bonis In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergoia?

Dux Buckingh

probabitur hæc sanc mihi sententia Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeiet non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Peti i potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ hæret sacris hunc pedagogus nunc sinet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil sit ara consilus pationa dum lubet huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile quòd nescit ingeniù petere nec integra Nec principem moramur aut Episcopu merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis

Is quisquis ut prodesse possit, eximet

Stanl Fleros

Quòd expedit Regi, Britannis Angliæ, ut fratus aula frater una luderet. hæiere posthac mensdubia non potest Mulcere mentem matris opto molliùs hunc forte sano ducta consilio dabit. Sin filiū protei va mater detinet, sacusq deneget parere jussibus, suo ducem fiatri satelles liberet, ludog pueiū armata restituet manus

Howard Heros

Concessa matu filu incunabula retaso fluxit ludicia deliciis suis Nunc chara religuos poscit annos

questus graves Matris nihil moror 51 filium negat solutü carcere sacro, fiatri illū liberabunt milites

Dux Glocest

Uno senatus ore matii nuntiū te poscit antistes, sacrū jussū expedi Ie præsuli comitem dux Bucking hamıæ

Jungas, et Howarde præstans stemate Amous at sı mateı haud ponit modü natūg nobis surripeie demens studet Mox eriment robusti asylo milites,

After they bee come downe from the seates

frustiag prolem planget ereptam sıbı Nunc te negotiú grave antistes vocat Responsa matris prox

ımı morabimui

ELIZABETH REGINA, ARCH EBOR HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

Archiep, Ebor

Maier potens illustre regina caput nunc ore quamvis vei ba dicantur meo, Negare demens nemo regina ali potest,

princeps egere potuit, haud lædit sacra non esse credas nostra decievit frequens

proceru senatus, et Glocestrius simul Protector, ut suadente natura licet hæreret uno matris amplevu puer, . ætasq prima cum parente promptius versetur haud sınıt tamen regni decus Maculas honorem film demens tur Denuo suis tui bata sedibus pax ruit Butannia falso dum metu pavida sedes squalens asylo, si tenetui carceie conclusus unà fratei altei principis. dulci sui fiatris caiens solatio Odium fiatrū plebs suspicatui illicò. Sacra ad ædes quod fagit metu puer Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic libeias et principi magnü creas solatiü et gestiet secura Nobiliù cohois.

Regina

Summo galeii honoie præcellens pater.

Quod fratris in domo simul fratiem decet

manere, non repugno quamvis tutius uterq dulci matris hæreret sinu, Quorū tenera adhuc timere ætas jubet. Et cum minus tuetur ætas junior, tum morbus hunc premebat infestus diu curamq matris grande periculū vocat Fantò magis minatui ægroto tabes

recidiva, nec vulnus secundu fortiter Natura priùs oppressa fert nec se satis potest tueri Quam fiequens operant dabit

Matrona scio, quæ filiū curet meŭ sedulò, mihi tamen meŭ decet magis Gnatum relingui cum melius illū scio nutrire, cujus semp ulnis parvulus hæsit, hec illü mollius quispiā potest fovere, qua quæ ventre mater sustulit

Archi Ebor

quin filius melius tuæ ielinquitui custodiæ nunc matris amplexu puer ut vivat, hæroŭ inclyta optaret cohois simul decoro si maneres in loco, utiiq sin natura vitam consecias sacris tuä, et posthac piæ studet pieci devota mens, at fratris aula ludetet frater, puei, templo solutus, nec sacio carcere più matris suæ furtù hæreat Prudenter matiis ulnis eiipitur puer, nec usq matris gariiet petulins sinu Infans ut alat sæva regem Wallia, et barbaros luceret inter filius nup fuit contenta majestas tua

Regina

Contenta nunquam cura non eadem tamen tenebat utriusq matrem filii Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus Huic membra multo lassa moibo desident

O vix labantis tollit artus corporis Quæ tanta gnati cura patruū tenet? Si filiū imatura fata absorbeant, et fila chara avidæ sorores amputent Suspecta mors ducem tamen Gloces-

reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet no-

An lædi honorem regis aut suū putet, lioc si loco morabitur tutissimo? Suspecta nulli fuit asyli fides life incolere cum matre filiū sinant latêre templo tuta decrevi magis, quam cum meis diri timere carceris poenas, asylo quos latêre nunc malim, quam vinculis dedisse vestris dexterā

Howas d

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti conscia?

Regina

Patrasse nec quicqua scio, nec vin-

quoisu premant sed non levis timor fuit,

ut qui coloiem non mirantur carceiis hi mortis omnem negligant causă simul

Card

Movetur na de suis posthac nibil Parcet tuis agitata causa judici, nec tibi minatui aliquis heroù metus

Regina

Imò, timere quid vetat manus pius, cum vita non tuetur mocens mers. An hostibus Regma chara sim magis, tristis malorum causa quæ fui mers? Matrive parcet juncta Regi chara stirps?

Meos piopinquu non minus laudat

cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avun-

Quin filius mecum morabitur simul, Mens nisi aliud solertior psuaserit Nam suspicor procerum magis tristem

fidem quod absq causa filiū avidė flagitent

Card

Hoc suspicantur matiis at sinu magis, neforte gelidus coida pstringens metus ad exteros relegare cogat filiu Sin patruo negaie filiu juvet, Manus tibi violentas exprimet, seidų justis pulsa viribus dabis, Non hunc asylo pacta juia muniunt, quæ nec dedicit imbellis ætas posceie, et vita nil timere jussit integra Lædi fidem promissam asylo non

putant, sı filü sacrıs solutü lıbeıant, sacramq yım mınatur vitæ tibi Est talis amor erga nepotem patrui ut principis turpem fügä tremesceiet.

Regina

Amore sic teneri nepotis patiuus aidebat amens, nil ut horieiet magis, quam ne suas pusillus evadat manus nepos fugam suadere matrem filio putat, tahes cui longa discessum negat Aut quis tueri filium locus magis potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunqua

Imanis aut violavit olim Thracia At sacra meiere inocens nescit puer Nunc ergo fiustra parvulus templū

petit
Præclara Tutoris consulit carū caput
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquā piū
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris
Cuivis timere vita prohibet integra,
metūq vacuū jussit esse nescia
retas mali faxit deus tandem præcor
ut corde pellat jure conceptū metū
Hærere templo turpitur gnatū putat
Piotectoi (at protector horū sit pre
coi.

nec in suos crudelis hostis sæviat)
An frater una fratris ut ludat domo?
Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu
pestisq languens an deesse parvulo
possunt, quibuscū prima gestit ludere
ætas, pares honore nisi dentur modo
Regum supbo junctus atq sanguine?
quorū minus concors ea esse ætas

solet, falsò sibi promittit illustris cohors Fratrum duorū mutuū solatiū Ludit sui secuia juris æmula Natura dū fraterna fingeret odia pueris lites magis placent domesticæ binumq vulnus sentiunt statim fratrū turbata pectoia, atq se minus posti possunt magis lusore quovis gestiet quam frater cognatus puer, et statim admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu domesticæ placere delitiæ possunt At sacra non poscebat nescius puer? Quis ista sibi secrata dixit nuntius?

Tu quære, quærat Claudianus, audiet At non negasse finge sine parvulü non posse, sine ardore asylü linquere Manebit invitus tamen temiplü mihi si posco solü, bona tuebitur simul Nemo Caballü sacıilega sacris eripit templo puer latêrc securus nequit? Quin filiü matri pupillü detulit Britania lex, posessa si nulli bona accepta referat juin matri süü mandent pupillü quæ suos vis sacris Inimica tutrici pupillos auferet cum matie virtus fugeret hostilis

manus?
Edualdus inimicis suis linquens miser extorta manib⁹ sceptra, ad aras mov sacras

fugi gravida, rex ortus in lucem ibi

primosq natales sacros nactus puer Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patris, Dubiāq fecit pacis incertæ fidem utriq asylum præbuit tutā sedem, donec patris gnatum reversi amplexi-

Dus Templü relinquens læta tradeiem,

fides tam certa regiæ sit utinā suæ Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquā roget

mecuui sacris manebit ædibus puer Quiquing pacta jura asylo rumperet precor sacra fruatur impius fuga nec invidio duris opem hostib⁹ sacia.

Card

Quid agimus? ira cæcā mentem vellicat

et pungit interdü ferox Glocestriū non flectitur preci pectus îratū levi pugnare verbisnon juvat, jussus sacros sumi senatus differo, quibus times parere frustra, grande suspitionis est tormentū acriter errore torquetur sao decepta Si regina charū patrao mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos An-¡Huic filiū manda tuū, Quin cripi glia proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu Charā mihi vitā tibi pio filio Nunqua timebo pignori deponere Sın filiü nobis tuum mater negas,

rursus tibi psuasor haud posthac eio, et filiū coacta deseres tamen Tiemescitanceps cogitation Wincin?

Regina

Concussit utus nostros horudus timor, torquetq vinctus frigido sanguis metu Ouid agimus, animü distrahit dubius pavor

Hic natus uiget, fortius illine patruus Testor deŭ verŭ atq quicquid possi dent

Cælı beatū conjugis manes mei, Non aliud Eduaide in meo nata mihi jam quæro, quam tua sceptia iegali potens

gestaret aula, juia Britannis daret. Regisq lætü vivat æternü genus Ourd fluctuaris? ergo prodis filiū? et sponte quæsitū neci mater dabis An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula? Sin cogitet protector Anglorū decus En, possidet natū priorem principis, non poscit istü contentus illo sit

patria Is quærit unu, utrung mater postulo unum darı 10go, duos cui debuit At hujus horescis nihil demens minas? procerug vim tantu feris? natu tamen amittis, et tuo perire vulnere vides tuos, properare Cardinis patei matris quærelæ, nec moras parvas facit

statım vicinā vim minatur patruus promissa asylo juia nec prolem tegunt Nunquā fugæ miles viam celeri dabit Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos Aut quæ capit fidelis amotū sedes? Obscura Cardindlis haud fides fuit sempq sancti authoritas erat patiis

sinu videre filiū mater potes? patrisq funus ultimum legis domus Horienda fulminet ferox Glocestrius potius, feiam, patiar, maneat gnatus modo 1

Erras, utiosq pditis et gintü simul tuosq ferre nec Glocestrensem potes

Dum cæca vires na colligit, in tuā præceps i umā armata infælix amoi Cui patruo chaiam nepotem denegas, cui cuia majoi Angliæ coinittitur? meritò nos ineitia, damnas simul. et esse stultos arguis, quando nihil horum timemus, quale tu demens times

Cùm nos tamen Glocestrio junxit

assidua regni cuia, nec magis fuit pspecta cuiqua vita Richardi ducis

Regina

Tam stulta nunqua, mentis aut mops

vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos, fidem

vestràmq suspitione læderem mea Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem quorū alterum sı desit, in nostrü caput ruet luemq patria magnam parit, nıl sacra naturæ moıatur fœdera Regni cupido insana nobilis furit Ambitio fratrū cæde, nec maculā timet?

Veterū parū mentita psuasit fides Romana fraterno madebant sanguine mœnia suo sin regna fratri parceie haud

verentur, an frustia nepos patiuü timet

Si regii diversa fraties incolant. erit salus utriq servemus alterü, utrumq servabis duos defendere unius in vita potes - nec tutū erit ædibus usdem vivere ambobus simul Merces non ponit una singulas Mercator in navi, procella quem fie

jubet timere, nec maiari turbines rabidi solent frustia licet mihi con

1ecti. loco servare sancto filiù me posse sperem, dura quamvis in

tonet crudelis horrenduq patitus fulminet, En filium vestris tamen manib⁹ simul vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie servare vos decebit à vobis ego tum mater illū denuo repetam, caio quando omnis sumi ante judicis thronu posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splendescit

fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ po-

tentia, testata tot rebus simul prudentia. Nihil ut meis deese tutandis queat suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit, Illum mihi vos p deos relinquite p regis Eduardi throni castam fidem Quantoq me nimis timere dicitis Tantū timere vos minus, decet parū O dulce pignus, alterü regni decus, spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego demens piecabar frustra, avi longas dies

tibi patronus adsit tot procellis aibitei mundi deus, tutoq portu collocet impulsa vela, mæstæ matiis accipe ınfixa labrıs oscula ınfœlix tuis Is novit unus reiū habenas qui tenet. quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo cum nostra labris imprimentur oscula Tam quod timebis id genus dedit tuü Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuæ Quid matris adeò chara vexas pecimitare luctus sın negat lachrymas

generosus animus, at suos plancte tamen

concede matri, flere novimus pitus

En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris quicquid relictu funere an quicquid potest

flebilius esse regis Eduardi nece? at alter Eduardus tamen erat, dur potens

supba regni sceptra gestaiet patris. hic finxit ora gnatus Eduaidi minor Dicendus at magis meo ex utero meus Tum turma suffulsit meorū nobilis, nec morte fatum fregit una singulos Nunc dira fratiem Caiceris custodia avulsit ipsum possidet iegem fides metuenda Richardi reliquias en patris

solas in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ

domus, in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia Quis te manet fiti exitus tristis? quib⁹, ' heu fluctibe una inocens exponitur? sı dura parvü fata quærunt, ultımü domus tuæ funus, petam mater sımul viventis occulos ad mea claudā manu, et matris in sinu puei pereas vale fili vale, matris vale solatiū Qualis remota matre crudelis leo piædam minorem morsibus vastis piemens

raptavit oie, talis sinu meo ciudelis avulsit nepotem patrius

Howar d

En candidas profusa lachrymis genas varus tenellos filu artus implicet, amplexibus suprema spargens oscula. nec plura singultus sinit anhelans logui

Hæsitq medio rapta gutture egredi vox jussa, nec reperit viam infelix amor

tora?

post terga discedens relinquit filiū.

Card

Noli timeie nobilis princeps, simul

cum fratre colludes tuo, regis domū nil suspicare matris orbatus sinu

ACTUS QUINTUS

CAILSBEIUS, DUY BUCK

Cates

Plagis tenêie lætus imbelles feias Glocestrius triumphat in manus suas optata cæcidit præda, tuta fraus loco versatui, obscuro tenetur carcere nepos uterq decora regni jam libet spondere sibi, soliumq fratris mortui Qualis feras odore longo sentiens sagax cunis, postqua vicina piæda

pcipit, cervice celeii pugnat, et presso vias, scrutatur ore tallis omnib⁹ modis optare dextris sceptra fratris dimicat, regnoq sperato prope Biitanniæ inhiat Regni futuri jacta jam sunt semina procerü cohors irata Regine nequit pferre stirpem poscit ad pœnā ferox dum lite pugnant anxii, clā pdere dum cogitat, quicunq cœptis obstredim

pant
Duce absq Buckinghamio, sed nectere
dolos sūos veretur, et fraudes timet.
Jussit ducis mentem supbā incendere
Et concitare prolis odiū regiæ,
ut sceptra parvis excidant infantib⁹,
patring Buckinghamius fraudes juvet,
Regnumq dux incensus acquirat sibi
Ut suspicentur interim proceres nihil,
hi de creando rege jussi consulunt
Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci
thronū

Huc fene Buckınghamıü video gradü anımo tumet supbus huic nectam dolos

Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis, Ft maximū quassæ Britaniæ decus, Quid otiū securus alis, imemor

propriæ salutis? quale vulnus accipit collapsus imperii status, si concitus temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciù Atatis haud mulcetui na fervidæ

Dux Bucking

At si quis excelsi potens auli, levis Imunis imperio dere suæ potest jactare fœlicem statū haud frigili loco, Excelsus id Buckinghamus heropotest

Quodnam sed omen istud ambiguus jacis

Dubio ore carceris nigit lecto specu an hostis in nostrum caput frustra tuit

Cates

Locus sed omni liber arbitito tacet

Buck

Nudate turba servuli vestia latus

Cates

Nil timet generosa magnanimi indoles, Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum negat

præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius heros, Grausq primus hic gradul mali Rex sceptra puerili manu quassans

furit,
Minatur olum non multas fore suas
injurias, nec dura fratris vincula,
nec avuncult tulit sui, mater comam
lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu
quicquid propinquis sit, sibi fieri putat
Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita
Nam si pepersit hostib⁹ manus tuis,
et traxerunt matiis propinqui spiritū,
Nunquā tuas cessabit in poenas furor
At si timori spiritū evomant tuo,
iramq justam sanguine extinguant suo
Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet
scelus

domusq cognatæ fremat dıram luem.

Buck

Futor brevis pueri statim testinguitui Nocete mortuus nihil gnatus potest

Cates

At ira piæceps est magis pueii levis

Buck

Minuet dies, vehemens quod est ruet illico

Cates

Nunquam sınıt parentis imensus doloi mori incitant matrem suorū vincula Lt filiū matris quærelæ

Ruck

Cuminis

pars istius Glocestrius fuit

Cates

Fulor satiatui ultione Sontem negligit punit scelus

Buck

Ducis potest authoritas ferociam pueri minuere

Cates

Dum puer

est

Buck

At suu semp timebit patruum

Cates

Ouenquam timeie nescit imperii decus

Ruck

Quod nos tueri salubie consilium potest

Cates

Quod principi necem vestram solum vetat

Ruck

Pulsabit usq matris ira filium

Cates

Buck

Muli medela sola tollere principem

Cates

Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit Ouoddam scelus honestum necessitas facit

Plagis tenetur capta dispositis fera Quasi vinculis uterq servatur nepos levi peribunt Claudii nutu ducis periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas Glocestrium munit satelles clam ducere mores notat secretos excubitor tuos qualem tuorum minimè falsam putes, adversus illum fortè si quicquam pares Nıhıl tımendü sı vıdes, tıme tamen ıncerta multorü fides constans nıhıl Inimica crede cuncta turbatus solet sımulare multa vultus, et finget dolos Fratii Thyestes liberos credens suos, mistum suoium sanguinem genitor

bibit [Buck]

Ouid nunc, cur hæres quodne consiliü

Vesane torques Carcen hæroas datos an pœnitebit? hoc mertis est viii Hinc regis ita terret an pueru times? An fœminā? nam fata cognatos premunt

Versantur illinc odia splendidi Ducis cujus potestas suma, quem cuncti tiemunt

Ouæris salutem? tutus hinceris magis confide sumis, et fidem præsta Duci

Cates

Properata Regem fata si vita eximant parabit hæres sceptra Richardus sibi Tu sola jactatæ columnia patriæ ambire regnü ope dux tua Glocestrius facile potest utriq vitam munies.

Buck

Nunça meo ludet ciuore regius puer Cujus minas satiabit ei eptū caput Jactura parva principis, vitam suā seivare si posses paium pueros de

decora regni matris hoc regnii invidæ

haud regis esset, cujus impulsu in necem solū suorū armatui iratus puer

Dux Buck Dux Glocest Catls-Brius

Buck

O Claudiane rectoi, Ebori domus spes una, nec non periculi consors mei

nobis gravem tuus paiat necem nepos Casus suorū mæstus Eduardo satus plangit, minasq fletib⁹ miscet graves Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris infausta proles Regis, an īra nece suæ domus litabit ultnees deos

Gloc

Horrere vindicis potentiæ faces cogunt trucesq regis irati minæ salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet Quò longius serpit malū robustius fien solet, brevisq consiliis moia datur

Buck

Medela tristis ingenti malo paratur en facilè scelus vinci nequit Sempq minatur ira cæca principis vindicta sceptro armata pugnat ace rime
Testor deum verū, sumumq cælorū decus, quodcunq consulas, sequor vitæ ducem

Gloc

Tremulos partus horror excurit vagus Juvenile novi regis, ingeniū, ferox indocile, flecti non potest? frangi potest

Si patiamur, exitiū paria nobis grave. redimere vitam vinculis regis licet, At heu pudet frateina regna demere undiq fiequens ildet Lancastriū genus, lapsamą gaudebit domu amuli sui Consulere sed vitæ quia proprie jus at, nec patriā decet onerare luctib⁹. fraterna posco sceptra jure sanguinis, vestræq fautores salutis vos voco Cceptis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem, Juro supiemos qui tonant cœlum deos.

natus meus solamen unicū, tuā gnatam maritus u\orem ducet sibi Quod vendicas Herfordiensis eris

comes,
aquis carebit Thamesis, æquor pisci,
bus

partes priùs quàm pfidus linquā tuas.

Cates

Nunc ergo ccepta vota demens pfice, primumq Regulos ad aicem transferas

famulosq substituas novos nepotibus, dicto tuo quos audientes autumas , Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat

populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares, et subditorum averte regi lumina, calcentą tua posthac clientes limina

Gloc

Quin Angliæ proceres latêre fraudem convenit

dum rapta nostris sceptra manib⁹ caderent.

Cates

vitæ Adhuc corona regiū cingi caput non posse dimissi docebut nuntri tuoq jussu confluat proceru cohors ut magna celebrentur comitia Britan niæ

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter, et uibe undati manebunt viiib⁹, et arma meditantes priusquā junger ent.

Incerta cū sit invicem fides sibi, ei epta puero sceptra tutus posside

Bucking

At nobilem non fallet Hastingū dolos Stanleius heros urbe quoq confidet, Antistes Eliensis astum intelligent Si clam coire sepatim senserint

Gloc

De reb⁹ Angliæ gravissimis ut consu lant

corre proceres singuli jussu meo, ne nostra cœpta intentus anim occupet

Bucking

At quis tui simul comes consilii erit Res magna paucis expediri non potest

Gloc

Quem non metu posessa sceptra compriment

Deesse nostro authoritas voto nequit

Buck

Pervince multis præmiis vulgus leve donisq cumula plurimis, qui partib⁹ ut hæreant tius facilè duci queant vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget timor

Cates

Difficile procerū animos statim cog nosceie

Gloc

Quasi publicis de reb⁹ anxius nimis quos suspicor solicitus usq consulă dum multa "proponă dubius, et volvimus secieta iegni, mens patebit abdita Hastingus unus principi palā studet, et debitos diffeit honores regulis hic giatus Anglis et potens multū

juvare sceptia, vel mori priùs decet

Cates

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis nunqua potest promissa convelli fides

Gloc

Tentare pversam decet mentem magıs Forsan virü frangas reluctantem metu, ego interim rebus Britannis consulă

Cate

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie? quin tibi consulas

nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes, dolos,

Totum Catsbeiū Thronū si particeps fiaudis Ducis procuret Hastingus fidem

tibi derogas, minusq posthac creditui si spiritti pemtus inimicus expuat, quasi plinax amor colat pueros minus: præesse solus tu potes Lecestriæ successor Hastingi duces ciedent

magıs hene est perat, ut nostra crescat gloria

Infausta dirus rumpat ensis viscera. Studeie fingam Regulis durū nimis, flecti nec ulla ptinax posset prece

STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.

Stan

Pectus stupet, dubioq pculsū metu agitatur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest se evolvere ominatur aliquod mens

divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt? dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio deliberat novit tonans patei ill quid disjunctus heros mente versat callide Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem nobis, vel insidias struere regi qu'eat Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis

Hast

Ponas metū Illustre Stanlei genus, nec torqueat suspitio mentem vana nihil in nos

grave patiare possunt, quamdiu meus simul Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam solet

abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo absens licet non audio

Stanl

fides et adultera non rarò tecta fionte blanda abscon ditui

Vututis umbra turpe pugnat vitiŭ falsumq vultū haud exprimunt pauci dies,

Hast

Cumulata mentis firma constitit fides Jussu meo Lecestri sume colunt, Multüq Northamtonus potens valet ierü mearü sumā in illo colloco

Stan

Serū est cavendi tempus in mediis malis,

libido regni cæca nullā vim timet, Imbellis ætas regis obruitur statum, In nosq secretū nefas post sæviet, quoscunq participes timet sceleris sui, in nuda præda pfidis sumus hostib⁸ repetamus at patrios lares celeri gradu ubi sepiat suis clientes viribus Incæpta fortè pfidus metuet furor

Hast

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem satis

verbis benignis alloqui, blandi Ducesolent, mihiq plurimum semp student Et ipse populi vota, rumores, metus comunicavi Catesbeio dudu meo Torquebit alios cura magna principis quærunt ducem cives, nepotem neg ligunt

Quòd ista me celavit, haud reque feto fugale lubet? nos arguet reos fuga atq revocatos no peteret magis.

Tutos manentes vita servat inocens Sin nos malū maneret, alterius velim scelesta mens, non nostra damnarct fuga

Fraus ista (crede) nulla quam demens

Rude prus in coelū chaos mutabitui, prius astra teiris hæreant, flamine salū,

quam fallat astrınctam fidem Cats.

Stan

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem debit

Dux Gloc, Catesbeius, Howaris' EQUESTRIS ORDINIS

Dux Gloc

Spes concutit mentem metusq tun bidā,

trepidumq gemino pectus eventu labat

Imago regni semp eriat ante oculos mihi,

et usp dubium impellit ambitio gravib turbatq pectus flama regni concita nescit quiescere sceptra nunc tantu placent

Non desinā dum sumā votorū attīgī Multum exagitat incerta nobiliū fides cui nostra ceitus consilia credam haud

Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes meæ.

Howard

Quid pectus anxiū tumultu veiberas? nescit timere quisquis audet magna,

regnu petis, fortuna fortes adjuvat ars prima regni posse te cives metu retinere qui cives timet, iebelles excitat

Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit et dura tiactat sceptra regali manu

Glac

Pectus nihil ptuibat ignavus metus Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates Tuetur ensis quicquid invitu tenes Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi via, mactetur hostis, quisquis obstabat mihi

Horvar d

Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes matris propinquos, nec mori tandem jubes?

Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit, et ultro pœnas mite supplitiu vocat Ferro perempti spiritum infestu ex puant

firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant

Gloc

Hostes simul perne præsentes volo, obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax, et unus omnes occupet panter metus Quorū dubia studio resistit meus levi Illos prement mox dura captos vin-

Quo flectit Hastingus animū

Catsb

Tantū in tuū

caput

Gloc

Meis adjutor esse ptibus

renuit

Catsb

Priùs profundat arctus Ithicü VOL IV fretu et rapax consistet aqua Siculi maris,

Noxq atta terris ante splendorem dabit Fraudes abominatur fetox quassans

Fraudes abominatur feiox quassans caput

Et semp Eduardı fidelem filus fore spondet, hostem 1egis hostib⁹ gravē

Glou

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet, iramq nostram sanguine extinguet

Discant parere principi metu sui, At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

Catsb

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shori, Flamas libido nec furentes continet Hanc arguas capiti veneficiis tuo mortem struere causam suæ sin pellicis

amore cæcus, et furore fervidus tuetur infœlix patronus, consciū sceleris nefandi suspiceiis illico, et proditoiem patriæ incusa sure mox amputet secuis infaustum caput.

Głoc

Proceses in arcem confluent jussu

statim faveie quos Regi scio palam opprimam, reumq criminis

arguă satelles abscindet bipenni mov caput nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens,

Catsb

Sin abstinet sacris comities callidus heros, novus quærendus est fiaudi modus

Gloc

At illico invise inclytum Howarde caput,

Ł

blandisq vocibus morantem concita sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

Catsh

Solumne poscis diræ Hastingū neci?

Gloc.

Stanleius heros, atq Cardineus pater, Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vinculis. animum ut fidelem carceris donet

Sin impotenti ptinax snimo abnuat quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes

ferrū secabit triste noxiū caput: Infida strictus ensis eruet viscera. Res et profecto stulta nequitiæ modus.

HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS HASTING9 MILES CALLIGATUS.

Hast. Heros.

Miror quid huc eunti equus humi turpiter

prosternitur, deus omen avertet malū sed vana sortis quid movent ludi-

bria ?

Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia. visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput, lacerare dente, mox fluit humeris

cruor. mihiq demens consulit, turpem fugam Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere rideta turbatos levi casu viros. quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

Howard.

propera nobile Hastinge caput, celera građu.

Hast. Hæ.

Fœlix ades tandem sacrate diis pater, secretas aures accomoda paululu mihi. Quid hæres.

Howard.

Omitte tandem: quid sacerdotem diu affare? confessore nil adhuc opus. nihil sui securus infælix videt mox quam sibi sacerdote damnato opus erit.

Mast Her.

Hastinge, nunqua excidet menti dies olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius quando sub arcis mænib⁹ totus tremens

diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

Hast. Miles Calligatus.

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus mihi

aut tristis excidit: tibi nullū tamen (Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū;

Æquata sors utrisq fuit.

Hast. Her.

Imo magis hoc diceres, secreta mentis nostræ si cognosces: quod singuli posthac scient.

At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nunqua quod sciem

vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die Nunc temporu mutata series. ad necem

hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die nostram cruore suo quitem sanciunt. Nunqua magis securus ex animo meo Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vacat jactata nullis fluctib9 vita.

Hast. Miles.

Id dens

faxit.

Hast. Her.

Hast Ma Id precor

IIast IIer

Scio satis

Horoar d

Quin rumpas heros nobilis segnes moras

Nam te diu senatus expectat sagix De 1eb9 ut tot consulant nobile caput Descescit heu nescit miser tristem sıbı

luem paran Ah quid nimis pueris faves?

Te te fefellit falsa Catsbei fides. captuq plagis piæda retineris miser

DUX GLOC DUX BUCK HAST HER EPISC ELIENS SATELLES

Dux Buck

Quam magna regni cura tutorem pre mıt. Ducemq vexat Claudianii, quis patres Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia, Suisq reb9 poscit authorem ducem Vestră seorsim selegit piudentiă quoru fidele consultant canu caput Lt ut procuset anxius negotia celebrate comitia regis anxius studet. Ouò regiù diademate caput cingeret, ut gratus esse mortuo fratu queat, cuius sepulti filiū exoinat pie

Glor

Veneranda o patiti cohors, et max-

Potentis imperii decus faustū deus ındulgeat nunc rebus ıstıs exitü Nec sommator ego nimis tardus fui. qui tam frequenti serus adsu cuire, Somnus negotiis consultor est gravis Qui nunc veneficus mihi exitu parant,

Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex | lutorq declaratus hujus insulæ

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies. Juvenem labor decet ferunt hortu decora fragia plurimu pioducere

Episcop Lliens

Nil tibi claudetui, hoitus quod meus producit esset lautius vellem mihi. quò sim tibi gratus

Gloc

Quid imperii status, Salusq regni poscat, et patriæ decus. vestris adhuc jactate consilus paires, Abesse cogunt paululū negotia nec sit molestus forte discessus, peor

Hast Her

Operam navare maximam, patres decet.

ut dum gerit rex sceptra puerili manu, pellamus omnem fortiter discordia, quæ scissa nup iegna diu exercuit. Hoe flagitat secura patriæ salus, clariq poscit mollis ætas principis, et ultimo fides sacramento data Regi sepulto majus hoc nullū fuit Eigo proceres si Regni satellitiü

mvicē consentiant, florebit hoc regnii diu Sin invicem dissentiant bievi ruet Purgare tandem patriam macula de-

et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo. Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio giadu. quassans caput torvo supcilio furit Dui o labellu dente comprimit ferox, et pectore irato tegit dirii malii

Gloc

Quas destinatis his patres poenas, suis qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,

Hast Hir.

Quas pature pfeire debet proditor Nec moior honorem, nec excuso decus

Gloc

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uvoi fas-

Flast

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt caput

Justas luat regina pœnas pessima parū tamen placet, quod aures hæc meas

adhuc latebant fraude captivi mea erant piopinqui matris hodie jam meis

hi Pontesiacti capite plectuntui dolis

Gloc

Comitata modò regina Shori conjuge Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit Fluit tabo coipus, occuli somnu negani.

Stomacho invidet lentü tibi fastıdıü, Venas hiantes deserit pulsus cruor, exangue brachiü exaruit, officiü negat

Hast

Heu, frigido cor palpitat tiemulū metu

Num pulcia-destinatur morti pallaca?
pereunt amores concubină conjugis
Regina nunquă consuleiet usquă sui
Timent loqui Securus alloquar
ducem

Si fecerint gravissimas pœnas lunat

Gloc

Si fecerint? itanae mihi? si fecerint? qua dico factu quod tuu luet caput, Sceleste proditor.

Satell

Let yo Protector give a blow on yo counsel table and let one of ym of yo gard break in thereat with his halbt and strike yo I Stanley on yo

proditi, proditio

Gloc

of ye gard break I e perduellionis esse in thereat with his halbe and strike ye I Stapley on ye

Epise Eliens

Percussit (hic) chi u Satelles Stanleu An occidit, stillans rigat genas cruor

$Glo\iota$

Vos pduellem date neci, servi, statim, Sacia morituro mox sacerdos finiet Juro sacrū Paulū, priùs non prandeo, Pcenas quàm mihi pendat abscissum caput

Patremq Cardineū, Eliensem præsulem.

Dominum Stanleium coerce vinculis Sceleris poenas Shoia pellex impudens

damnata psolvet, jubente judice

Hast

Quis nostra digne conqueii potest

heu, quas misei voces dabo? quæ lachrimis

nostris Aedon exhibet luctus graves?
O machinator fraudis et diri artifex sceleris, mearū prodidit fallax amor blandaq tectū fronte secretū malū, i cur invident seveia fata vitam in

quid morte tam potens erit veisutia? suuq cumulat gaudiu luctu meo? Sed parce demens lachiymis Testor

heu numen adversum mihi simul

quocunq defugistis intus inferi terris opacis inocens morti tralior, Simplex fides non intrat aula nec pie Dedicit supba pompa viveie, in meā cœleste jubar proditum repaians statım

Fortuna pœnā mutat inimicas dotes

Gloc

An luctus attonitos muliebiis como-

tantas moras suadere lachrymæ que-

non abripitis hunc? impio ferro caput auferte Quid cunctamini istu per dere

Hast

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spar-

nec solus in pœnam placet vestras

sævæ soraies impetrat ludunt genus mortale cæca fata præmonstiant malū

vitare, quod vetant tamen Perter ıtus

somno mhil Stanleus hæios comovet Heu visus est lacerare caput utriq aper

frendens cruento dente, longus de-

cruor p humeros insignia dederunt aprı

ter lapsus insinomen Glocestrio denti equus

cecidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem

Gloc

Isti malū sibi quærunt satellites qui dum moras faciunt inanes fletib9 demetere cessant impiū ferro caput

Hast

Her mihr, salutis nulla spes? nunc ad necem trahite, quib9 fortuna jus in nos dedit quid lachrimis miser moroi? pio manus ciuore spargite Ultımü solıs vale

diem

Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soroi Phœbi quieta longa jam nov obruet

DUX GLOC CIVES LONDINENS Nuntius

Gloc

Cives properate hic adestis prope licet. Serò nimis nobis, in aice quos modo

Hastingus impiiq consortes sui sceleris pmissent. Deus si non opem tulisset idq licet diu celaverint astu ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius pcepimus metuq subito pciti

quæcunq casus arma dedit (ut cern-1t15)

miseri induimus, ipsiq jam opprimuntur aut

Virtute nostra, gratia vel Cœlitü magis doli hujus principis in pessimos ac sceleris authores redundabit malū. Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo, imane quia constaiet omnibus nesas. p vos ut motesceret quærentib9

Cives

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulò O ptinax scelus mendacio cædem tegens

blandaq tantū fronte contentū malū? quis nescit imanes dolos sævi ducis. dubitato captū fraude nobilem virū? suu scelus plerung in authorem redit, priùs in alios postqua ciudelis sæviit.

Nunt

Corurcus Hastingi hausit ensis spiritu

Cives

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis expedi

Nunt.

Postquā ad locū durus satelles traxerit,

ad astra tollit heros lumina: Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces Quæcung nostra contumax supbia. supplitia meruit (inquit) ô numen

sacrū, utinam meo jam jam luatur sanguine. Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces quin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

Cives.

Extinguit Hastingū suorū ingens

favor. animusq lætis credulus rebus nimis, nec triste suspicatur integer scelus, authore donec miserè amico plectitur. Sed hic gradum confert ad arma serviens.

Quid civib9 clamare quærit publicè.

Serviens ad Arma.

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus proditor

Hastingus, horrendi caput primū mali

Et turba pjuro gerens morem duci, struxere tectos principis Glocestrii vitæ dolos, altiq Buckinghamii, Ultriq dum sacro senatu consident: Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ Rectoribe, sedis supremæ culmina Scandant supbi suma, celso vertice. quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera. Quis nescit Hastingum parentem principis

traxisse secu? turpiter quis regiu nescit malis fœdasse nomen morib⁹? Splendore vel spoliasse regnū pristino dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū? Quis nescit Hastingi libido pdita quot virginu passim pudorem pdidit? (Licet impudica mulier, et minus' Lectiq rupit conjugalis fœdera,

amplexus infames adulter pellices. Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile, hujusq cadis pticeps et conscia, Hunc nocte polluto suprema lectulo accepit amplexu parū castė suo Ut morte poenas jure pendat maximas, turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-

Ne si diu dilata damnati foret mors traditoris, marte funesto suā jurata poscat turba demens principem Quæ pæna festinata fallet singulis, Dirosq in tantū tumultus comprimet.

Cives.

Præceps agendi magna pturbat modus fœtuma festinans parit seru canis.

Civis alter.

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ spiritu

Nam tantulo qui tanta possent tempore vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi

Pulcræ mihi sanè videntur literæ. pulcrèq depingi videtur chartula, et pulcra postremò loquendi formula, Illud tamen mirū videtur maximė, tam pulchra tam pvo parari tempe.

Civis.

En Shora tremulu cereum gerens manu,

Induta pœnas linteo infames luit, ' Regum inclyta meretrix tyranno dat duci

pænas, pater descende Jupiter, et

tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape: nam tuā

Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere polü,

Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget, pudet:

proba)

Privare vita dum nequit Dux Claudius spoliare fora quærit matus tibi

PROCESSIO SOLENNIS

CHORUS

Preces Deo fundamus ore supplices, Ne sit nota polluta mens adultera

- I Fidem tuere conjugü Lectum probro libera Defende privatos thoros Furtiva ne lædat Venus
- 2 Quemcunq facti poinitet Purga solutum ciimine

Exempla sanent posteros Furtiva ne fœdet Venus

EPILOGUS

Quas diius admovit Richardus machinas,
quintisq regnandi libido luctibus
affecit afflictam videtis patiiam,
Ut celsa iegni scandat altus culmina
Fiendens aper, regni lues, Glocestrius,
Illustris Histingi ciuor defunditur,
quòd regulis vivus faverat pvulis
Regno repugnantes novo Riverius,
Vahanus et Giaius iepiessi caiceris
horrore, læthali piæmuntur vulnere

THE SHLWE OF THE PROCESSION

A Tipstaffe
Shore's Wife in her petticote, haveinge a tiper
burninge in her hand
The Verger
Singinge men
Piæbendaries
The Bishope of London
Citizens

ACTIO SECUNDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr PALMAR, Dux Glocestrensis

M1 STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamiæ

M1 BAYLY, Lovellus He10s

M1 ALMY, Prætor Londinensis Mr Webster, Fitz Willia, Recordor London, ut vulgo loquütur, Civis amicus Shawi

Mr CLAY ron, Doctor Shawe Ds Morrell, Civis Primus

Ds Fraunce, Civis secundus

Mr SMITH, Hospes

Nobilis
Servus unus et alter Buck
Foggs
Fugge
Ds Remer Duo Epis

Nobilis
Servus unus et alter Buck
Foggs
Fugge
Duo Epis

ARGUMENIUM

Postquā hos omnes in potestatem suā Richardus dux Glocestrensis rede gisset, quorū eiga regem fidem metuebat quorum Hastingū nobilem morte affect, cæteros in carcerem conjecisset, in id studiū sedulao incumbit, ut citò sui in Regni injustam possessionem veniat. Itaq ut Londinensis fraude induceret, ut ultro cum cæteiis nobilibus regnū sibi deferant, Regis ortū, fratrisq sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem, non ita multo antè defunctū, adulterii p ducem Bucking in Curia Prætoris accusavit, ned sui ipsuis matii Ducissæ quondā Eboi acensi pepercit. Tandem delatam sibi Majestitem, quam tantopeie inhiebat, ægre ut videbatur assumens solenibus comitus coionatur.

ACTUS PRIMUS

Dux Gioc Dux Buck Lovellus Sequi decet, natura quo præstans
Heros

Gloc

Illustris heroù propago, Ducù genus insigne Buckinghamiorù, particeps nostriq consilii Lovelle nobilis Quin iumpimus segnes moras strenuù decet fore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil habet

Isthæc periculi audire decet haud amplius quis influentis dona sortis respuit? Regem potest creare Buckinghamius donor ducis erat semp hic amplissimi virtute te natura firma roborat, et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus

Tibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-

rem.

nat
Sequi decet, natuia quo præstans
vocat
tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius
Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mili,

Nec te magis Mineiva quinqua lumi-

Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi, omnesa diri carceris vincula premunt, Regis favor quos armat in regnum meñ

Jubere cunctos voce licet una mon Hastingus interemptus heros occidit Stanleus heros continetur vinculis Et Eliensem Episcopū carcer domat reliqui jacent, tetia specu clausi, meis quicunq cceptis impii favent parū

Buck

Puerum levem regnare? fortunæ jocus lasciva ridens sceptra misčet litibus Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi Luo cogita quosnā stitus iegno dolos Nunqua tuos jussus relinqua ptinax. res expedire magnas nescit illico.

Gloc.

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis, animis oportet prævidere singula, res arduas nec aggredi temere decet. Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat Sapiens prius. [Gerenda cuncta provide.]

Lovel.

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia explicent

En temporis nimium premunt angustiæ.

quo regiū caput corona cingeret!
Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicè,
Ut non sacris statim comitiis confluant

Regni moras psuadet occasio gravis ne cingat antè caput corona Reguli, quam luceat secunda Novembris dies Hic destinatus est dies solennibus dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint sibi

Patrios lares procul relinquentes suis. dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles Incerta du dubios opinio torqueat, mutuāq suspicentur incerti fidem, agitata mente consilia nec digerant suam priusquā vim rebelles jungerent: tu rapta pueris sceptra tutus posside Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo invidia, du ferro repellat principem.

Buck.

Ferat licet decepta nobiliù cohors animusq prudens ferro tentaret nihil ad arma junget ptinax populi foror, motuq eœco rapitur, in præceps ruit, quocunq fertur: verba convenient feris

pjuste factis: victanec cedet metu

concepta rabies temere, qualis ferro Meander funditur rapiens, pati Neque scit resistentem sibi, et diră fremit.

Lorell.

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniu ferox decet, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitur At quem suorū civiu favor beat inter suos, nec parva micat authoritas, tractare mollius rudem mentem potest, tuū psuaderi regnū civilus, Urbs Angliæ præclara Londinu tuis. Inducta votis si faveret, vicimus: errore capti cateri cedent pari: Possessa regna facilė ferro munies, At quis color regni probetur civibus, ne decepi captos ragaces senserint? irata se plebs graviter illudi feret.

Buck.

Infausta gens tot lassa vincitur malis: stragemq majorem minantur parvuli Lasciva regna: Anglia novas lites

timet: et matris haud cessabit in pœnas furor. Tua regna luctus auferent teterrimos, qui natus es regū supbo sanguine, tantamq regni sustines molem sagax.

Lovell.

Istum facile plebs sentiet callida dolü, causamq regni credet injustam fore.

Gloc.

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris via Pala fratris dammentur infames thori pudica sceptra non ferunt probru: spurios vetant regnare jura filios. Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciæ etate tam calcante dum notas prius iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat et libido sævis nec modu flamis dedit, temere spospondit Luciæ regni thoros, illaq participem sui regni vocat.

Experta sepe Venus parit fastidiü sordent amores Luciæ tu principi, Nec furta lecto quærit obscuro impio

Decepit animű conjugi obstrictű sur, et possidet Regina promissos thoros Tum Lucia locu pulsa pellici dedit, adhuc rapaces nil timens fati minas Hinc filios generi suo infames pater genuit adultei (vulnus Angliæ grave) Nec adhuc thionus macula tulit solu

patris Lectu priorem lusit impudens amor Nostri parentis Eboracensis ducis Thalamis ducissæ turpe mentiti viri Vestigiū secietus invenit comes, Cortus nefandos nec dolus tegere po-

Socium tædæ sciunt, pudeta criminis fœdæg matris fæda proles rex fuit, Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio incesta sceptra detulit falsus pater Diversa fiatus ora patiem denegant, moresq degeneres fratir meus pater vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit, Imago dissimilis fratris stuprū docet Amoris hæres turpis, haud regni fuit

Buck

Et jure vendicas dolos quid quærimus? fatetur æquitatis istud plui imű Iter patet coeptis Quid utendu arti-

levi?

aut cujus in tantis dolis sequêris fidem?

Gloc

Nıl frigidus coi torqueat tiemulü metus fides?

Civem potentem facile Londinu dabit, ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Et qui dolos tegere sagay nostros po test,

animosq blandus comovere civiu Multisq vincere I ondinenses premis Inter suos Prator valet plurimum vanos honores ambit et iluxas opes, multūq avara mentis instigat furor Reddet fidelems pes honoris improba et pellit usq longi numoiù sitis

I ovell

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit plebem facile mentita ludunt numina Anımus statım devotus impetum dabit Si piæco scripturæ fidelis, dū sacia insculpit auribo pus oracula, divina vel piæcepta populo psonet, Comemoret olim fraude deceptos

thionos Lectiq probiū, vulnus et claiæ domus

Buck

Vii literis insignis est Doctor Shaue Piætori endem matre conjunctus frater Hunc laude ditarunt frequentes literæ Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit, cujus tamen menti facilè labes sedet, hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest

Gloc

Alıquı meorü accersat urbis Londini Prætorem, honore inter suos magno vırü.

quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt sumiq tinctu literis fratrem Shauiu Ubi Prætor animos civiū demulcerit, Et nostra regna civib9 psuaserit hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui Mıratur illustrem ducē vulgus rude Fulgore populus captus attonitus stupet,

lapsüq cælitus deŭ putat sibi Oux non secreto vincitur prælio Vultu tuo plebs victa succumbit statim dulci veneno mov stupentes opprime

Promitte libertatis alta pramia, urbem beabit lecta civit quies, et fine nullo crescet imensi decus, si vindicent lecti stupio infamem domu,

et sceptia nobis jure ieddant sanguinis

Lovell

Dum predicet coitus nefandos et

novos amores, matus et probiù ture, domusq regis dedecus sanctus pater, donec turu præco laudum maximis vintutib⁰ deconat intentus Shaus Quasi calitus repente lapsus advolt Te principem divinitus crearier populus levis putabit, atq sprintu ductu sacro, dictasse te Regë Shau credet levemq distrahet mentë stupor

Dux Glog Pration Lond Doci Shaa

Dux Gloc.

Piæclare prætor ui bis illustissimæ, et sancte præco, dusq sacratū caput en, magna molimui futura comoda, et maximā regno quietem quæi m⁹ Hujusq laudis magna vobis pars enit quos novimus regno precau prospera, uterq votis anxius si pureat Nunc ergo vestiā posco secretā fidem, tam magna quib⁹ arcana regni pan

Honorib⁴ magnis fidem pensabim⁹ laigisq fidos piæmiis ditabimus.

Prætor

Protector illustris, propago splendida Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā Quod impas, fidele munus exequar

Gloc

Contrita mutuis cædib⁹ Britannia Elizabetha serò regali face heu teriet, et majora suadent vulnera uxoi secunda, juncta principi fut.

infirma puesi sceptia, matris et furoi sceleii mederi quis facile demens potest?

potest r
deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,
et malè priebit regis imperio pudor,
viro potenti vera laus non contigit
Fortuna quos impellit, invitos malè
vetatq sepe faccie quod cupiunt piè,
Justus facile crit, cui vacat pectus
metu

Suadent mini decora regmi nobiles, regnate quem icgaha jubent stemata. Vos civiŭ suadete mentib⁹ velim in uibe, quorum fama tanta splendide celebratui, ut mini sceptia regni deferanti.

Præt

Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vendicas? ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet, ubi senserint spoliatū honore piinci pem

Gloc

Tain tuis clam spaige Prætor civib⁹
Lecti stupiati natus incestus fuit
Eduardus olim fiater, alienos thoros
dum matiis amoi avaius admisit, ducis
atq soboli falsos pepotes miscuit
Facti probiū pudibundus invenit
comes.

stupiūq secietū fatentur famuli Imago dissimilis patiis nothū vocant moresq degeneres fratris me filiū legitimė imago nota psuasa ducis, iidemą moies patris et voces pares neq tulit hanc solū labem infellix

Majore dedecore domū infamem gravat

matrem secutus fratei Eduardus suā Nam conjugali Luciæ junctus fide, repudia sponsæ nunciat amator novus, thalamisq primis ludit injunctā fidem Elizabetha serò regali face uxoi secunda, juncta principi fuit. Possidet iniqua mater alienos thoros, | piresagit assuetis malis animus? fides feedosq patri filios pellex tulit Dum populus ista cogitat secu, statim in curia cives tum dux inclytus corā docebit ista Buckinghamius Proceruq que sit omniu sententia Splendore populus raptus insignis

me fortè principem suis suffragus clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliæ Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog

mata populo simul divine præco edissere pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem metuisse fingens, laudib ubi nos tuis Quicunq Regis nuda calcat limina copiosus ornabis, subito quasi cœlitus Et principis servus fidelis veseret Princeps datus Britanniæ, laudes meas illu minus edocta vulnerat cohors Stipante pompa intercipia, miraculu dum creduli meditantur, illico no-

minis spes falsa seducit facilè, nunc exequi vos expedit fidelitei quod jussimus

Di Shau

Mox tua fidelis impata psequar nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem

ACTUS SECUNDUS

CIVIS PRIMUS CIVIS SECUNDUS

Crurs I

Quousne scinditur Britannia litib9 Luctusq cumulat luctib9 fatum grave? dirum premit recens malu? pene modü

severa fata nesciunt Nunqua domus Irata plena cædib⁹ pacabitur? hæresve nullus sceptra impune geret? At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas triā

Erepta ferro regna jam novū scelus ınfansta sıbı domus parat, quantu sordere fœdis moribus, doctor Shaa luem

Est nulla regni, nec suis parcere potest

ambitio domens Glocestriü ducem ambire regnü murmurat sccieta plebs Patrui nefis crudele, tetru, paivuli latent in obscuro nepotes carcere, en Comitus de certo ascriptus dies Glocestin tintum ducis frequens

Chens attuta pulsat limina - illic emicat illustris aulæ splendor, istuc con-

Sed turpe probiti matris invitus quosi mitioia quisquis supplici implorat

Came 2

Chara caput, duræq sortis pticeps fidelis, heu, qua nos piemut casus graves?

fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā, veresq triste reparat amissas malū

Civis I

Effare quæ cives manent lasos mala

Civis 2

Brevi scelus complectar horiens ımpıü. dum reb⁹ otiosus intentus novis vagarer, et comune regni gaudiu nevolvo præceps ecce fentum impetu insana plebs, cæco frequens cursu ruit Denso statim miscebar agmini stupens

Ad templa rapımur dubias aures porrigo

Expecto sacra cogitabundus steti Divinus ecce præco scandit pulpitu. quem literis lucere claru jactitant, Mox è sacris sic orsus est oraculis.

SEMEN BEATUM THORUS ADULTER DENEGAT

PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES DABIT

Postqua diu regni decus quam vulne-

Lecti probiti præmonstrat, et falsæ faces

thou fidem quantu beabunt numina Lectiq decepti scelestos filios peccata testantes patris quantu horreant

bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat

furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus, suog restituit sua hæredi bona Our posidebat regis infandos thoros fidemo lusit conjugale pelluca Elizabetha falsa mater, impio declamat ore quodq primu Luciæ promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit Ergo thoros hæc possidebat Luciæ Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos et polluit macula suos adultera nec filios mentita fædabat fides solū regis patris, polluta mater ar-

spureosq natales, suis dum liberis adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus summı ducıs, falsüq patrıs filiü diversa suadent ora solus exprimit Richardus effigiem patris ıegem

vocat. vultus ducis Nunc ergo jure vendi-|subducit ipse se clam

amissa patris regna Mox Glocestiiu in curia corona tanta civiu. ad astra laudibus ferebat Regis quod splendor hic lucebat, hic verus nitet.

vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū beat

hunc intueri jussit, hunc solu coli omnes stupent vultumq demittunt, fremunt.

mox intuentur invicem, venit Glocestrins

suns laudes serus amittit comes stipabat ingens Ubi ducem vidit Shaus.

Rex Angliæ, quasi lapsus esset cœlitus,

En (inquit) en chari Britanni, en principem

hunc intueri iuisus, hunc coli jubet Pernsse quasi frustra blanditias pudet jam tum prioies, dux pilus cu ab fuit

hæ vera imago patiis, hic vultus ducis.

Nescit moii pater Richardo sospitus Stipante pompa, spiritus altos geiens p densa pumpens viroiū, civib⁹ spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet

Crus Im

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

Carres 2d

Postquam Shaus pernsse laudes cerneret.

populū nec acclamare lætis vocib9 Rex vivat æternū Richardus stupet

tum populus, admıratur ınfandü ne-

coepti pudet, serog cognovit scelus. reparare vires quærit amissus pudor frustra piiùs spretaq virtutem timet . En civiu vultus miser fugiens, domū At hic oud vult sibi

Caus I

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos. de 1ebus ut nos consulat gravissimis Propago Buckinghamiorū nobilis,

Civis sec.

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus.

Dux Buck. Prætor Lond. No-BITIS, SERVUS UNUS ET ATTER Buckinghamii.

Dux Buck.

Amore vestso ductus (ô cives mei) de reb⁹ alloquar hodie gravissimis. Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia. Quos nunc beat fortuna lætos undiq Ouæ namo vestris expetita sæpiùs votis, diup frustra defessis erant sperata tempora, prætio quæ maximo parasse, vel labore sumo non piget, oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia! Si tanta, tamq optata quæ sunt quæ-

ritis. tranquilitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberū dulcis tutela, salusq conjugu. heu quis priùs tot explicatis sæculis vos pculit metus gravis? Nam p deos cœlumq quicquid possidet, quis tot dolis

tantisa tutò pfrui suis rebus potuit? quis esse liberis solatio? quis in suis regnare solus ædib⁹? Mens horret illam psegui tyrannidem. p ima quæ grassata regni viscera exhausit cedes neq pestis invida insontibus novit pcere. Quid expli-

exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius? extoria vi, quanta visa luxui? Nec grande civis ferre vectigal potest

Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum

pænaq gravis pcussit offensu brevem. meminisse Burdetti ārbitror (cives

caput

Rex jussit indigne, nefas judex licet horreret nefandū, locusq nobilis urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,

heu quam graves ppessus est pœnas miser. viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit

quos intimè rex invidebat impius? Non est necesse ut psequar adesse pene neminem vestrū puto qui tam cruenti tempis non sit me-

mor, metusa non sit ipse conscius sui. quem vel nefandus regis injecit furor, vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor. Rex namq ferro nactus imperiū grave: hunc victos iratus decora lædere regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine affinis esset aut amoris vinculo conjunctus his princeps, prius quos

oderat At huic malo quem majus accessit malii

vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli ex-

Qui vexat lucertus modo: sed (quod fœdius)

urget tumultus civiū esse maximus qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio invicem

tacito ardeant, nec optimates acriùs se maximis exulcerabut litib9 Quam, sceptra cum gestaret infesta

manu Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia sic æstuabant undig? ut tristi nece pars interiret maxima civiū.

hæc, hæc fuit tam fæda strages omniü.

qualem vidit devicta nunqua Gallia: Hæc præpotens exhausit Anglorū genus

hæc pristinis spoliobat illos virib Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū dubia minatur pax pares bello minas cui, quod jocatus est lepide, demi Numos luunt domini, atq agros quis-

quis tenet Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit? Jam nemo non timore languebat miser,

nec ulla non plena penclis erant magnanima, supplex ut nogaret patempa

At at quis illi charus esse cieditur, cui frater odio eiat suus? confidere quib9 potest, cui fiater esse pfidus videtur? aut quib9 pepercit mitior, fratii suo qui toties damnu intulit? At quos colebat intimus, nihil moror honore vei quales decoro pinxerat quis nescit una plus potnisse pelli

regni viios quàm totius primarios 🤊 Invitus ista sanè vobis affero Sed note quæ singulis quid attinet tacere, quo non impulit libidinis imanis æstus, amoris et cæcus furoi? Quæ virgo paulo pulchiior? quæ

fœmina plus cæteris decoia, matris è sinu quam non manti vel rapuit am plexib⁹?

ubivis at licet tyrannis ingiuat hujus tamen quæ cæteris sensit minas urbs nostra, cujus potius ornasset de

cus. quod prima regni sedes est, et piæmia defensus olum sæpe princeps debuit Majora benefacta vivus spreverat, nec mortuus referre giatia potest Alter en eodem restat ortus sangume, rex gratior surs futurus subditis, quiq mentis refere vestris debita, votisq respondere possit affatim Nec animus illa (credo) vestris ex-

cıdant. doctus sacroru præco quæ sparsit Nisi suo demens quis invideat bono. priùs

Nunquam fidem fefellit interpres Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu truci.

patruū sacerdos fratus ad regnū vocat, Glocestriù regnare quia jussit deus nec sceptra patris tractat impuius nepos.

aut polluat regni decus lecti probrū Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit huic civiù decrevit et proceiù cohors

Regni velit decus tueri principis, sumeret onus pollentis hæres insulæ. facturus est ægre, scro regni labor deteriet ingens, certat invidiæ rapax. Ingrata pacem sceptra negurqua co-

Quantis cietur fluctib9 fallax decor?

mihi ciede (cives) non potest tantū puer

onus tueri pulsat auies vox sacra, Infausta regna levis quib⁹ puer præ

Fœlix acumen invidü decet thronü, ætasq plena, patiā qualem vides, Si chara vobis ergo civiū salus, aut si juvent optata pacis fædera, tam fausta procerū vota laudetis

sımul uno creetur ore rex Glocestrius tantum laborem promptus assumet magis,

Si vox fatiget vestia nolentem piiùs, mens eigo quæ sit vestra, palā dicite Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur tacet?

Prator

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit

Ruck

affabor illos ergo iursus altiùs, Elapsa sunt iniqua (cives) tempa pax alma tandem sorte fœlici viget, Aut nescit uti, dü premebat Angliā Insula quib9 jactatur usq fluctib9? Non vita tuta civiũ, nunquã bona sunt clausa cuiq, dissipatq singula luxus, nefandi tum libido principis Quæ viigo fuit intacta? Quæ coniux labe

carebat injust; ? licet quicquid lubet. misera fuit cunctis potestas civib9

ed Londinensib9 longè miseirima, illis licet benigna psuasit locus Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindicet,

Dux ipse regio cieatus stemate, quem singuli colunt, Glocestriæ de

Regnare quem leges jubebant patriæ, hœiesq solus Regiæ manet domus furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris frustra sibi vendicat thronos adulteri Vir nup ista vos docebat optimus dum sacra vobis præco fundit dogmata

dıvına nullus ora dāmnabit pius Hic nobilis comota Magnatū cohors et magna civiũ corona, supplices Orace statuunt patruu, ut hæces suu capessat impeniu, decus nec patire falsus nepos corrumpat Id faciet

lubens si sponte id vos exoptare senseiit Clamore mentem publico ergo effun-

Y. Mayor and Quid hoc? adhuc tacet? Mırü nımıs to ye Duke

Prætos

Unus solebat ore jussus publico De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos Hinc forsitan responsa quærenti da-

Effare cives, urbis interpres tua

Fitzrenl Recor

Quam sorie fœlici cadant magis omnia quam fratie quonda rege, quis demens

Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi memoravit hæc dux omniñ claris-

Estis duoră facile testes temporă Quautu prior premebat ætas, postera Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit Nomen deinde sustinere principis.

magnanimus heios eigo nunc cognos-

regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem Quod singulos statuisse constat or-

Regemp proceses Angliæ veru vo

Vir ille quis, quantusve sit, quis ves

Quo jure poscat hæies imperia decus, Admonuit omnes doctus interpres dei et arte qui pandit polü, doctor Shaa Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the Mayor in 30 publica eare

Dux Buck

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū de 1ebus his (amici) longè maximis vos alloqui, non juie queror concitus Amor sed comotus, ignotü bonü vobis adhuc referie quod cupio lubens Hoc singulis erit salubre civibo manifesia mentis signa precor edite statım

Servus unus et Alter Rex vivat æternü Richardus

Prætor

Aula levi tota susurrit murmure, Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox fuit mırantur, acclamant nıhıl regnü duçı

Dux Buck

Vox hercule læta, clamor atq maximus.

dum nemo voce contrà quicqua mur muret

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū paritei mihi comites (precor) cras jungite

Nobiles

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser. dolos

Weeping behind juvato nefandos plangere haud pois tibi ve Duke tourning his face to- Furtu più si lachrywards ye wall marū, sed tamen læthale Solus fata mundi qui vides

tremende pater, insontib9 miseris necem

averte, tristem sed seguor comes ducë

ACTUS TERTIUS

Dux Buck CIVES

Ruck.

Let ye Mavor Veneranda cıvıü cocome first achors, quos affatım companied wth Urbs possidet præthen citizens. the Duke wth claia Londinu, en other nobles they assemble at Bernhardes Jam guisq sponte contulit faustū gradū. et quilibet confluxit

ordo civiti, ut dempta sceptra Adulteris nepolib Glocesti io gerenda reddant patruo Ne regiā mentita proles inquinet Sed tu priùs nostri ducem adventus mone

Ne tantus anxiŭ tumultus illico pturbet, Iliū supplices cives petunt quos Angliæ torquent graves casus, SUL

dignetur adıtū subditis fidelibus. de rebus illū maximis dum consulunt Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicit Statım bonos blandū venenū, quos

vexabit intestinus æternis minis En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos, et nulla cingunt tela principem satis, cautuq licèt, at seimo popularis pre-

Sed ista quorsu psequor? Ouod si อเนิ

onus coronæ cura comendat gravis nıhılq suspectū facıt ıllū fides at illu metuo deterreat, nepotibo vivis adhuc, infame regnü patrui honore plenus est latere dux cupit

a turbidus semotus His servant re tourneth and ınvıdıæ malıs eth to ye Duke Aditum negat Protector (o cives whome he send eth againe mei)

Tantāq turba suspicatur, nisi priùs Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat Ouod magna procerú turba supplex

cinctusq multo cive prætor, nuncia. Domestică torquet mală, quod aurib tantū suis solicita mandabit cohors At nos Glocestriū rogemus supplices Rogamus [mani] reluctante prece Ut sceptra regni justus hæres occupet Sed nunc duob cinctus esse Episcopis. apparet in suma domo princeps pius ah, sola dux divina fœlix cogitat

Caves

O fraude pugnas pjurax audacia colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet secura nescire cæteros putat tectum malum, sibiq blanditui nefas.

DUX BUCK DUX GLOC. CHORUS CIVIUM

Buck

Te civiù profusa flagitat cohors excelse præses, ut tua de re gravi piæsentia alloqui liceret Afferunt ignota regno bona, decus magnü tibi Non audet eloqui jüssus pios tamen, Id nisi licere voce testaris tua

Gloc

Quicunq mens jussit, licebit dicere publica juvat decreta scire civiti

Buck

Diu nimis ppessa plebs tyrannidē, lætatui hæc luxisse tandem tempa, se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret, vitaq grata sit sua securitas. De rebus ergo dū coiret publicis statumą regni plena civium cohors tractaret, hæies unicus, regni decus ut vendices, sanxere sacris jussib⁹ nec sceptra prolem fratris impurā

ferunt,
injusta quam matris Venus suæ pie
mit.

Nunc ergo turba civiŭ frequens adest, ut voce supplex publica mutu petat, ut pristino cives timore liberes, regnum et sagaci debitu tractes manu

Gloc

Quam vera cives sanxerint, licèt scia, fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei, nec in meos ferox nepotes patrius demens ero, verbisq nec populus feris pulsabit natus, thronū quod ambiā Fratris mei, nec exteræ piobris simul gentes lacessent, si dolis patriuis meis Nepotib⁹ legnum scelestus aufeia, aut sceptia tollam dubia cognati laris Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis, nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū satis premunt sceptri propinqui mu-

vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget Cogit potius amor referre gratiam Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc minis

cujus magis privatus imperiū ferā, Regnare qui puer licet novit parū Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen, Regni decus puer satis tuebitur Viguisse quod nup magis nemo nega tutela posiqua tanta regni traditur veterata cessat ira, fianguntur minæ bonoq languent pulsa consilio odia partim, Dei sed maximi nutu magis Nil sceptaa damnes regis (ô civis probe)

debet mihi nomen placere subditi

Buck

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ô dux inclyte)

regnaie non sinant nepotes subditi summi vetant pioceres vetat vulgus rude

Regnū student puigare adultera labe sin justa regni sceptra spernas ptinax At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece, qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas, audiant

Gloc

Quod invident iegnü paternü liberis, doleo, fratris qui honoio manes mortui Utinam queant nepotis imperiü pati! Sed regere populü nullus invisum potest

Hæc quia video statuisse consensu pari, iegnumq spuriis aurerunt nepotib⁹
Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem quod filius relictus unus sum patris, cum sit necesse civibus cedeie meis Vota sequar en, regna posco debita votis creari subditorū principem Magis reor Curā Angliæ accipimus, simul

Et Gallıæ rex gemina regna vendico Sanctiùs habænas Anglıæ princeps regā

Magis pacata civiū quies monet Tum nostra discet fræna victa Gallia' hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus Cujus miser si gloriā non quærerem utinam soroies filum rumpant pfidæ,

Charus

The Duke and no Richardus rex, Rich- Heumihi animus semet scelere plenus blemen go in to ardus rex, Richthe Kunge, the Maior and Ci ardus 1ex tizens departe Caves

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus pudet sui deforme vultus vitiū Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus Saolob

Et mille patiui machinas? quis sibi

Promissa fratris regna fraude non videt?

Dolis petitü publice regnü negat Inventa damnat sceptra ficta sanctitas, Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsi-

Talis sua iex sponte compulsus gerit erepta pueris sceptra Sed decit magis

Spectare tantas plæbeos tragædias, Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus Semp pus nec vota metitur sua Crebro juvat nescire, quod scias tamen

ACTUS QUARTUS

DR SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS

Cvvs

Cur sic pigio miser gradu moues stupens,

Dubiusq sese pes incerto tenet? corpus cupis referie progressū licet? Hæret animus, ponisq nolentem pe dem

Quid triste consiliū diu torques?

Nec invenis? quid civit vultus fugis Insane? vince quicquid obstitit, expedi

Mentem tuā, teq restituas tibi

Doct Shaw

fugit

vetat quæ sche pectus oneratü malıs, mentisq consciæ pavor, dolor æstuat, anımus non potest venenü expellere Scelerisq mordet sæva conscientia Quis, quis coegit dæmon adversus

fcedare stupro regis Eduardi thoros? heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi, et ore nuntio nefando adulteros tuā coronā possidet jussu meo Richardus, hei mihi, voce fœdavi mea

natos tuos mendatus sacra miscui et ore scripturas imani pollui

C27/25

Cui triste pœnis gravib⁹ infestus graves ? nutritus alias colligit dolor faces, renovatq durü molle sanarı malü. Frænos capit prudens dolor, et extinguitur,

vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere cupit,

et pfidu sanare conatur malu

Doct Sha

Psæceps monentem mens fugit, redit statım

concepta frustra concilia repeiens, sequi

cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet, Accendit ipse semet infestus dolor. lapsasq vires inregrat, nunquā meas cessabit in pœnas scelus, nunqua quies nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem die, semp memet fugio, non possū scelus.

Carres

Malū neguis sanare

D Sha

Si possim moli

Cams

At dedecus demi licet magnu potest

Dr Sha

Nisi turpis hæret usq vestigiu labis

Civis

Mois sola maculă demere infanda potest

Fœdata nescit vita crimen ponere

At poenitenti sera paicunt Numina

Dr Sha

Sceleus novi mater prius natu scelus

C12/25

Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?

Dr Sha

Sanare non potes facilè vulnus grave

Nulli parcet quisquis haud parcit sibi

Dr Sha

Priùs ipse crimen solus accusa tuū

Crvis

Absolve te quem judicas ultus satis

Dr Sha

Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest

Crus

Crimen nimis judex acerbus vendicas

D1 Sha

nera

C27725

Dum cogitas seveia, nil cuias reū

Di Sha

Dolor doloris est medela nescit pcere

cœlū cı ımen videt nefandū conscia tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga Ruma mentis fœda tam me disparem fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis, et factus infœlix mei sum pfuga, anımusq serü corporis divortiù precatur anxius, necat quisquis jubet viveie quisquis mori jubet vitam dedir

tantum potest placere quicquid dis

de me viri quid loquuntur futiles?

Cives

Te sceleris arguunt nefandi consciu

Dr Sha

Sed aud tumultus civiū istuc convolat ?

Cans

Ubi civium regnaie jussu cœperat princeps Glocestrius loco primü studet

rex prius ab illo subditis faii suis, Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet Nunc ergo ab aulā comigrat West minsteri

Rex ut prius legu pentis imperet Ne prava mens legu minas adulteret, discescit infœlix, pati nec civiù vultus potest huic veiba pandā plincipis

Dux Glocest

Tuvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus. et hoc tubunali tiemendo Minois. auro caput sepire primu fulgido, Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vul- Justaq cives lege iegere patriæ Rex providere debet id potissimū

ut urbiū columna lex firmissima in curio dominetur æquali potens vestrū domare pectus haud metū de

cet, quorù superbū claruit titulis genus Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia Nunc ense fessum miles exoneiat

Omnes amoris vincula jungeie juvat, contempta nec pati jaceb t stemata, Vos laudo patres jure doctos patrio, qui continetis legibus rempublica, ne jurgus lacerata mutuis Anglia languescat amplo vos honoie pse

quar, et mente cives gaudeāt lassa licet, ee sordidis qui nutiliuntui artib⁹, nec causa vos agitata judici piemet, nec fera clangor bella pstrepat tubæ Nam concidunt ies prosperæ discor-

Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur inte-

Hinc omne fluxit civitatib⁹ malū Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas, fides

his vinculis fœlix cohoiet Angliā, quæ nec furor contundet domesticus, Nec robur hostiū potest infiingeie Odli recentis pereat omnis memolia Statim mihi Foggū satelles libeiet, supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furoi, Sumo laborat impetu mens impia à subditis vultu benigno conspici IIeu quam velim fides vigeiet aurea, tantum vetustis nota quondā sæeulis, aut quæ fucos expeita viitus non finit

Mox sit decorū numen adveisū mihi, si lingua mentis fallat interpres suæ Noli timere (Fogge) concedas propè sociemus animos pignus hoc fidei

cape, conjunge dextram, et me vicissim de lige

ACTUS QUINTUS

HOSPES, CIVES

Hospes

Domesticum naiias malū, terū, giave Imensa regni moles invidize capax quantis cietur fluctib⁹? victū licet, potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen Giaves procellas concitat regni fames, Dum cæca quassavit libido principis Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera? Qualem maris salsi secantem gurgitem puppim benignam turbo concussit gravis

et volvit horrens concitü flatu fretü, dum latera scindit, et geminat minas Talis premit vehemens statım mu-

tatio
Affare (quæso) cur freqens huc con-

populus, notatq proximos occulis locos?

Theatra stupidus specta usq splendida et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis, i egale spendat atq soliū principis

Civis

Hospes fidelis mihi, corona cingitur Rex Angliæ Richardus · assensu para cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

Hospes

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigue,

Cives

Locus

Hic maximis datur comitiis, iminet hora

Hosp

Bona diū pius creatur rex mala,

Si nequioi rex si bonus sit, civiú salus

rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est

Czwzs

Qui regio natus supbo stemate, duos nepotes principes tutoi sua suscepit in fidem patrius en Angliæ iex ipse conventu creatur maximo

Hosp

Ubi reguli duo? nefas regere patruû hi dum supsint

Civis

Hoc facit regni sitis in aice regni caiceris cæci luem patiuntur

Hosp

O scelus!

Czzns

Sed principis tamen

Hosp

Magıs hoc nefandū

Civis

Propter imperiū simul

Hosp

Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet parare regnum pietio

Civis

Semp tamen imperia constant pretio bene quolibet

Hosp

Nunquam diu male pta succedunt

Ciris.

Satis

semel est regere

Hosp

Statım labı duplex malü fœlicitas bievis laboi regni giavis

Civis

Prout lubet, regendo minuitur labor

Hosp

Crescit magis odiū

Civis

Hoc metu restinguitur

Hosp

Potius fide

Civis

Quin deme tantos spiritus Lacerare dictis principem dilis grave

statimq suspectos sibi moii jubent Jam parce dictis tempori decet ob-

sequi nuper nimis blande salutat obvios abjicere se cogit mens mali conscia, regemq vultus pene servilis docet Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis, Et Stanleium emisit solutū carcere Hijus timebat filiū Lancastriæ, Ne sæva pati is vindicaret vincula At Eliensem præsulem clausū domi retinere Buckinghamiū jussit Ducem Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ Comites, Ducesq, Marchiones, Præ

sides, præne torquibus mirantes cernimus

Hosp

Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria aurata signant, quæ comes manu geiit

Crvis

Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia

Hosp

Baculū quid

Cans

Eduardı furt regis pir id illius nunc memoria pferant

Hosp

Sed absq cuspide gladius, quem fert caput

nudus, quid indicat?

Civis

Clementiã

Hosp

Aure9

Clavus, quid?

Civis

Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ Equitum magister publico hunc cœtu gerit

Hosp

Enses quid à dextris feruntur prin CIDIS et à sinistris fulgidi duo simul?

Cirns

scelus cleu Sunt arma justitiæ sımul

Laiciq puniunt salubii vulneie

Hosp

Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspide nullo

Cams

[Hiant Codices]

Hosp

Ouidnā loguuntui sceptra?

Civis

Pacē

Hosp Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem?

Outd Globus.

Civis

Monarchiam

Hosp

Ecce alius vagina conditu et arte suma fulgıdü gladıü gent itemą magnų

Czzzs

Suma dignitatis est honore sumo spatha.

Hosp

Ous locū splendore mediŭ maximo, radiis quasi nitidis micans, rubroq tinctus murice tenet

Czus

Iste fecialis est sui ordinis primus aiq regis ipse nomine.

Hosp

Virgula quid alba piæ se fert ducis?

Came

Hanc sumus Angliæ Archichamerinus gerit

Host.

Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat?

Hosp

Notat avis inocentia nihil noceus

RICHARDUS TERTIUS

THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION

Trumpetts Choristers Singing men Præbendaries Bishopps Cardinall Heralds Aldermen of London Esquires, Knights, Noblemen Gilt spuils boine by the Earle of Huntingdon St Edward's stafe Earle of Bedford The point of ye sword naked E of Northumberland The great mace Lord Stanly Two naked swordes, E of Kent L Lovell The grete scepter Duke of Suffolke The ball with the crosse E of Lincolne The sword of estate E of Suney Three togather The Kinge of heralds The Maioi of London with a mace On the right hand the gentleman usher on the left hand. The King's crowne Duke of Norfolke The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two Bishops The Duke of Buckingha win a white staffe caringe up the King's traine Noblemen The Oueen's scepter The white dove wth a white rod The Oueene's crowne The Queene with a circlet on her head under a Canopie The Lady Margaret bearings up the Queene's traine A Troupe of Ladies Knights and Esquires Northren Souldiers well armed

During the solemnity of the Coronation lett this songe followinge be songe wih instruments.

Festu diem colamus assensu pari quo principis caput corona cingitur Decora Regni possidet
Regis propago nobilis
Illustie principis caput
fulva corona cingitur
Nunc voce læti consona
cantū canamus principem
Regnū premebat dedicus
Libido Regis polluit

TERTIA ACTIO

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr PALMER, Richardus Rex Mr STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius D SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina D TITLEY, Filia Eduardi iegis major D PILKINGTON, Ancilla Mr STANTON, Epis Eliensis Mr FOXCROFT, Brakenburius præfectus arcis Mr SNLLL, Tyrellus generosus Mr Robson, Ludovicus medicus Mr GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxoi Richaidi Mr SEDWICK, Nuntius primus D HILL, Nuntius secundus HOULT, Nuntus tertus Mr BAYLY, Lovellus heros Mr ROBINSON, Catesbeius Ds Morrell, Nuntius quartus Nuntius quintus Mr HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondiæ Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxonu Mr HILL se Dux Norfolciensis Mr Linsell, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus Ds HARRIS, Nuntius Muller Alıa Mulier Anus

equestris ordinis

D HARRISON, Hungerford

Miles

M1 ROBINSON, Burchier

Mr Hodson, Stanleius heios Mr Constable, Gent Filius Stanlei Dominus Stiange

Centurio

Braa servus comitissæ Richmond

REDFERNE, Dighton cainifex, a big sloven Mr Ducket, Comes Northumbriæ

Mules

The yonge kinge and his biother lyinge dead on a bed Foure daughters of King Edward Souldiers unarmed and armed

ARGUMENTUM

FUROR

Ouorsum furor secreta volvis pectora minasq spiras intimas, nec expedis faces tuas? scelus expleas Glocestriū Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos et sceptra jactes, prætiu sane necis, dubiosa regni volve fraterni metus Decora spectant ora Eboracu stupens muetur excelsū decus vulgus leve Ouorsū moras tiahis lenes? totus miser fias, magisq sæviat nefas breve Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat, Regnug verset ultımu Regis scelus Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu nondū nepotes suffocantur Regu et frustra poscas neptis incestos thoros imple scelere domū patris tui. illico discat furor sævire Buckinghamius macta tyrannū, deme sceptra si potes sed non potes pænasq dignas pferes tantı tumultus En venit Richmondius, exul venit, promissa regna vendicat. regniq juratos priùs thoros age, stringantur enses, odia misce, funera dıraq stragem ımpone finem lıtıbus En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliü impetret, tuaq cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu Actum est satis paicam furor Britanniæ posthac, novasq jam mihi quæram sedes

ACTUS PRIMUS

Brakenb Ordinis equestris, Tirellus

Riak

O rectoi alme cœlitum et terræ decus, quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio Clemens furorem siste düri principis, pœnaq certam libera giavi fidem Horrere nunquā cessat imperii sitis, curis nec usquā solvitur ægia ambitio Regni metu Richaidus æstuat ferox, injusta sceptia possidet trepida manu, novasq suspicatur insidias sibi Stipante dum magna caterva rex suā inviseret Glocestriā, famam occupans incerta sortis cogitans ludibria, quàmq facili injusta ruit impetu potenia,

regniq ludibriū nimis statū tremens, dum spiritu vescatui ætherio nepos mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritū geminus nepos, et sanguine extin-

guant suo Regni metü pueri, ferox patruus studet Nuper Johannes Gieeñus intento sacris

Mihi, traditas à rege literas dedit Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem, Et principib⁹ adferre crudeles manus quos vinculis præfectus arcis comprimo

Solus potest mactare Brakenburius natos tuos Eduaide? solus pdere stripem tuā? mandata regis exequar Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas vetat

Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere, Solusq captivis ministrat carnifex. O principis dii ū nefas, tetrū, ferox Inter metū animus spemą dubius vol-

vitur,
inentema distractă tumultus verberat
Nunc regis horreo minas notus mihi
animus satis vetat timere conscius
nihil mihi, quò fata vellicant, sequor
Quid in tut Richarde subditti paras ?
crudele quid spiras ? quid atiox
cogitas ?

Prus fui cruore regem pollui nunqua manus meas quid incusas? fidem

tuebar ulcısı bonü imensü paras Testoi deorü numen inocens eram ınsons eram Solumne regnü uon

timet
maculā ? quid aula pimax fugis pūdor
humilemq casā quæris ? aulā deserat
quisquis piè vivet micans splendor

nimis
Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piū,
Et turpiter collisa mens impingitur
sin fata me moientur, adveniā lubens
tibi de tuorū cæde tristis nuntius
Eduarde, pculsus miser ferro simul
A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?
an non permus? heu metu cor pai

pitat Quā, quā parant pænā gravē fido

mihi? Ferrë libenter quicquid est, rua licet.

Tyrell

Ignava mens, quid jussa regis exequi dubitas? manes et metus fingis tibi? Haud leve timebit, tristis quisquis cogitat

Quid principi Tirelle gratari times? rex imperat. erit inocens necessitas

magna anxiū cura Richaidū liberas, et longa te regis beabunt præmia Principe suo Eborū domus contenta ent.

prolesq regræ spiritű inimicű expuant pro mortuis pugnare quis stulte cupit? aut principum demens tueii cogitat exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-

malus minister regis anxius pudor Equestus ordinis decus Biakenbuil. regis parentis adultei u vivit genus?

Brak

Tantü moratur ultımü vitæ diem

Tirell

Nihil hoirescis tremendā principis?

Brak

Sequar lubens, quocung fata me vocant

Tirell

An non decet mandata Regis exequi? Tua ecquid imbelles timet pueros

Reak

Nunquam decet jubere regem pessima

Trell

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps Hanc imemor regi reponis gratia odent?

Brak

Nesas eos odisse quos omnes amant

Tirell

Regni metu angi Principem nu æquu putas?

Brak.

Scelere meden vulneu scelus reor

Treell

Rink

Illis moituis invisum eiit

Treell

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā pati

Rrak

Quem sepè casus transit, aliquando opprimit

Treell

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus timet

Brak

Invisa nunquam imperia ietinentui dın

Tirell

Tua interest vivat puer vel occidat

Riak

Pai unisi ut occisore me non occidat

Tirell

manus?

Rrak

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen horreo.

Tarell

Brak

Quod in scelere nullă repono gratiă.

Tarell

Nil sævientis principis iram times?

Brak.

Generosa mens terrore nunqua concıdıt

Tarell

At multa rex tibi miniatur horridus Constare regnú illis nequit viventibus | En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo, Nudumq lustrandū sorom deserit cœlu? eigo sume negis ad te literas, claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi, hac nocte regis exequi jussa ut queā

Brakenb Tyrell, Johan Dighton.

Brak

O cæca regnandı lıbıdo, ô scelus Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patrui Nefanda sceptra, quæ suorū sanguine madent Propinquæ vos manus heu destruunt.

ô nobîles pueri, pupillos opprimunt Hostemq dare genus vestrum potest Amissa postquă tegna cognovit puei, et possidere rapta sceptra patruü Sic fatur infœlix lachrymis genas

ngans ab imo pectore trahens suspiria, Regnū nihil moroi precor vitā mihi hanc patruus ne demat Heu quis

Caucasus lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus

Nunquā deinde ornaie se miserū juvat

Nullo solutæ vestes difluunt nodo Imago semp errat ante occulos mihi tristis gementis principis, nec desimt pulsare mæstum animū quærela Reguli

Sed huc refert Tirellus ınfaustü gradü

Tirell.

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant Vastusq Dighton, et Forestus carnifex, Mortem morabor principū dū pferant

Brak

Uterq fato cessit inimico puer?

Tuell

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa

Brak

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

Tu ell

Regem metus non ıra crudelem facıt

B1 ak

Effare quo rex ore responsu tulit quod ense nunqua cæderent meo

Tirell

Ut ista primu novit, ingenti statim stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit, totusq cineri similis expallet simul suspiria imis efflat è peordis, " lævaq cordi proximu feriens latus, regale subitò deserit soliu, furens graditur citatis passibus, quassans

caput, tacttoq secum du us imungit sinu, ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo proruit adustus, fervidis toriet genas rubetq totus, puncio veluti mari imersus, aut minio fiusset plitus. Oculi scintillant fiamei obtuitu truci velutiq setis horret erectis coma

His tanqua Oiestes accensus facib

Nam de suoru cæde conveilunt pares utrumq furuæ discrepapt uno tamen, Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ ' gravi nepotu ast ille vivoru mebu. Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida, responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua. Coram tacendæ functionis assecia ingemuit et in hos mæstus erupit sonos

Proh, cui quis ulla sanus adjunget fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quove pietas ex-

Terras relinquens scelere pollutas dulcesq somnos caperet geminus puer

Vinis nec ullis jam licet confidere Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutilo si quando tristis uigeat necessitas Hi me pentem deserunt, violant fidem,

meoq jussu piorsus audebunt nihil Respondet illico principi astans as secla,

At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet (audacter istud audio nunc dicere) id esset arduŭ nimis, quod is neget unqua subire, placeat modò tibi Quü rex ab illo tū quis esset quæreret, me dixit ad cubile rapitur illico, ibi me fratremq offendit in lectū datos Rex tū jocosè, Tam citò (inquit) vos thoi o

componere juvat? tū seorsim me vocat panditq mentis triste consilitī suæ de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul ipse fuerim, lamentata nec regis ferens meā ultro iegi tū lubens opem tuli Quocerca primo mane mihi literas dedit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu Jussitq claves turns excelsæ mihi ut traderes, quò Regis exequar Fidele mandatū nocte comissū mihi

Dighton

Uterq suffocatur exangus puer

Brak

Hei mihi, p ārtus horror excurrit vagus

Tirell

Quo sunt perempti genere læthi paryuli?

Dighton

Cū triste cœlū stella lustraret vaga, serasq gallus cecınıt umbras pvıgıl en, dum nepos uterq lecto sternitur, dulcesq somnos caperet geminus puer cubile nos intramus occulto pede, fiatiesq subito stragulis convolvimus, sumis volutos viribi depressimus, Ubi plumeā clauduntur ora culcitra, vocemq prohibent pressa pulvinarimox suffocantu ademptouterq spiritu, qua perviū spirintibus non est iter, En, ambo cæsi lectulo strati jacent.

Brak

Videone corpora Regulorū livida? funestus heu jā cæde puerili thorus Quis lachrymas durus mahs vultus negat?

Hei mihi, perempti fraude patrui

Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tangens mare

gens mare gens audet? Atq sedis incertæ Scytha

Nunquā tuas Busiris aspersit ferox puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis epulanda parva membra Diomedes dedit

Tirell

Bene est fratrıs Rıcharde nunc solıü tene

securus, et decora regni posside, Sepelite tetri carceris giadu infimo satis profunda fossa fratres contegat, et saxeo mox obriunitur aggere, de morte passim sparge rumores

vagos, quod fato sponte trina condulsit soror, Periisse subita morte finge regulos Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulò, Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi]

Brak

O sæva nostri temporis credulitas ô regis animus dirus ! ô mens barbara, secura turbans jura naturæ ferox ! Tune mocentes principes, pueros pios monstrū Procustes, tune mactastrutrosq sævus mactat tuos?

ô tena, cœlū, mœstūq regnū Tantan, scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie ful

Acheronte toto merge Syderiū caput radiate Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,

adeo ut cruentet cæde puerili manus Tam Neio pius es? scelere materno

madens

nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos Jugulai e civem semp indignū fuit privare luce fœmina tetru nimis at mocentes, parvulos, infantulos, (qui vita quid sit, non p ætatem

sciunt) spoliare vita, facinus horiendū nimis Outd parcet aliis gursuos ferox necat? qui nocte pueros mulctat atia iñoxios, quos suma charos cura comendat sibi Heu, heu, quib9 jactaiis Angla flucti-

Discede pietas, et locu quærat fides, en longa sanguinis sitis regno iminet

REGINA. ANCILLA

Regina

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu gelidus pei aitus vadit exangues tremor.

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant, Et dira turbant inquietā somnia At tu pater qui clara volvis sydera. et igne flamiferu vago regis jubar, omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū Tam cuncta passim blanda straverat quies.

somnusq fessis facilis obrepsit genis vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū natosq frendens dente lamavititruci

Æthernæ potens

dominator aulæ, fata si quid filiis dirū minantur, in hoc caput ciescat furor,

matremq priùs jam fulmen irati petat

Ancella

Quis quo suo generi hostis infestus Quando vacabit tempus ullu cladibus? modüq ponit matris attonitæ dolor? Nam triste matii nunciù demens

taces? totas an anımus gaudet ærumnas suas tractare, longos et dolores claudere? O regio quonda tumens fastu, potens Regina

Resina

Misera voce quid media stupes? exire jussus non reperit via sonus? fusisq turpes lachrymis genæ madent

Ancilla

Sævit cruento dente frendens aper

Rep

Adhne

quicquane sceleii restat

Ancel

Ah, gnatı tur

Regina

Audire cupio miserias statim meas

Ancıl

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur principes.

Labefacta mens succumbit assurge: her mihi.

rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva. spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros fugit

Regina

Regnare nunc sceleste patrue potes, timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor

scelesta vibres sceptia adhuc unu | Piinceps, paru promitto sæveru fore deest

scelen tuo, jam sangumē nostrum pete.

tui fuioris miseia testis haud ero Quem defleā infœlix? propinquos? liberos?

anne malis superesse fata quem sinunt

tantis? Ego meos mater occidi, latus Eduarde quando comite nudavi tuo, et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer Te, te, piecor supplex mater genib9 minor.

qui vindicas flamas vibias tonans pa-

et hunc vibrentur tela pjuiū tua, Spolies Olimpü nate fulminibus tuis, et impiŭ cœli ruina vindicet

Ancella

Quin placida cogites, animuq mitiga, mentemą sana turbidā curis leva

Regina

O patrui monstrū nefandū, quale nec Dirus Procustes novit, aut Colchos ferox.

O Cardinalis impii fallax fides, cuı filiü vesana mandavı meü. O filu charissimi, ô liberi, quos patrui crudelis ensis eripit, suo nec unu sufficit sceleri nefas vestrumq matri funus invident mihi

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DUX BUCKINGHA EPISC ELIENSIS

Buck

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulæ, depone mæstitiä prius liber licet nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox

Parem tibi potius amicu possides Jam pristinæ vitæ status reminscere et non quis es quis fuisti cogita,

Eliens

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua) carcere quòd isto liberu me sentia Sed fata quid non graviter incusem

Quod mentis initiü benevolæ desinit virtus sed animi iebus afflictis tui solamen est quæ non potentis iespi-

tam copiā, quàm quæ voluntas indigi

Ruck

Gratu est voluntatis tuæ indiciu mihi. Adversa quamvis singula videntui tıbı

Cum sic amicè me colis indignü tamen.

conabor, ut quæ voce jactentur mea. hæc vera tandü expertus affirmes

Nec fata damnes dura, quin potius probes.

tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū Non esse quantū est gaudıū vıta frui duras tyrannus regni habenas dū tenet

Quin capite quod non plecteris lucru puta ·

vıtā dedit, dum non admit audax

Ouot cædibus cruentatinsanas manus? Ouot destinavit ad necem mentis

dicere nequeo, nec veiba sufficient mıhı

dolor tacere jussit O nullo scelus credibile in ævo, quodq posteritas negat

Patruus nepotes patris heu regno expulit

Tantu exuit regno? necem miseris que voluera Henrico iemansisse inte-

Frænos dolor vix patitui, ulcisci cupit

Flins

Piæclaia suades, inclytū duiū genus Hoc patribus percrebuit olim pristimis.

IMPERIA SCELERC PARTA SOLVUN TUR STATIM

Tanto medela vulneri nisi feceris. quæret lues secreta regni vulnera Perdere tyrannu laus vel hostem æqua lıs est

Buck

At sceptra tutus ut regat potiùs velım

(cuius furor paucis nocebat foisitan) quam sede dimoveri pulsü iegia Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sæviat Stimulo coegit na, quæ nescit modü Cujus tamen regno scio piudens ca

consulere, pax florebit æqua civibus Laudandus eigo, cuia quem regni

et cui suoi u civiu chara est salus

Eluns

Superbus eructat animus, nec continet

sese, secretā miscet nā laudībus Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita, ut te tamen sequi puteris nunc magis stultu est diu occultare, quod prodas statım

Nullā mihi fidem dabis ceitò scio. diversa modò si vellem juvare tibi. Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita Vota mea et Eduardo quod obtigit duci

Stetisset Henrico, stabile regni decus Henrice, partes non reliquissem tuas Sed cum secus tulere fatoru vices, sceptraq regi deferant Eduardo, magis VOL IV

non sic furore poitus miser fui, ut moitui patronus illudar pius Calcare victorem quis audet invidus? Post ego sequens victoris arbitriti

sagax, ın gıatıā receptus ıllıco fui, vivog nunguā fefelli tibi tu fidem Eduarde liberis precabor, et tuis decora regni sceptia longas Anglia tractent habenrs regre orti stemate At quæ deus contexuit, retexele non est meū, sed qui fuit regni modò

protector, is nunc regio fulget throno Colubebo me. quin sacra præsulem

senem magis, non studia iegni jam doctus malis satis at preces decent

modò

Buck

De rege fatus obmutescit audio lubens, sagax de rege quidna cogitat Quin perge pater, egressa verba ne piemas,

anımıq tutus vota psequere tur Hine non modo penculi nihil, sed gratius

votis tuis mox comodu eveniet tibi Consultor eris in rebus incertis milii Quod cogitaba, a rege cum preciba meis

umpetro tuā domi meæ custodiā Alterius esset foité cricer tibi magis molestus, hic te liberti potius puta.

Fliens

Factis parem habeo giatiā (dux inat non placet tracture gesta principiù Hic sæpe blanda tecta fronte fraus

N

latet

Quæ dicta sunt bene, sæpe torquent | culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet. non bene.

curamo fabula suadet Æsopi Phrigis Legem tulit princeps talem feiis leo passim necis pænā minatur horiidus, Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat tantū tumens vesana fronte bestia Tussus tremens 1egis, parat misera

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi, causag mirabundus exquiit fugæ Sylvam fugio Leonis (inquit) horreo mandata Ridet vulpes, affatui feiā, Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo tantum tumet frons tibi, genit coinu nıhıl

Satis (inquit) hoc ineimis et novi

Sin esse cornu dixerit fiendens Leo, quid tum perempta pulchiā sane dis-

Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent

Ruck

Nihil time, leo nil nocebit rugiens, aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi Nil audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu Quin seriò cum patre tremulo collo mihi

Narras secretus

Eliens

Heicle aures si suas hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat

Nıl tü tımerem, forsıtan grates daret Sin mala (quod auguror) potius nostras quod ornas præco virtutes, affectio

interpres esset, ventatis nec penditur utrıq verba grande conflarent malti

Ruck

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida vel obstat ut audias vanus timor, cupit

haud time

tantū meis moiem geias votis pater.

Eluns

Nihii herclè dico, sceptia quando possidet

Protector, hæc quo juie princeps ven dicat.

Præcaiei at suplex tamen, quod pa

salus requirit, cujus ille fiena jam moderatui, et pars ego fidelis extiti. dotes ad illas addat ut clemens deus (his licet abundat, laude nec nostra in-

Ouod in tuo numen benignü fusius spasserit honoie, dotibus abundat magis

regniq tractet melius habenas sui Cohibebo me hæc tacere me decet magis

Ruck

Miror quid hæiet, voce quid media stupet?

Venerande pater, anımü quid incertü tenes?

seseq vox egressa continet statim dum fundis interupta, concludis nihil et crebrò spiras Qua fide regem colas

neq scio, nec tuus amor in nos quis

(licet

ın me reperio laudibus dignü nihil) id me magis nunc mentis inceită tenet

sed tuā odio ardere mentem suspicor vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis, vel impedit pudor senem parū decens, Effare honorem pignoro dubio tibi tuti recessus, sui dus audiā

Ehens

Quid est

Promissa ceinis, dux nimis fastu tumet,

avidus honores hauiit, odit principem secretus huic aperiie mentem quid times?

aut regis exitiu paras, vel du faces accendas iraru duci, tua fuga Captivus ex quo Regis arbitilo tius fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua) Quanqua molesti carceris sentio nihil, libris levabam pectus attonitu malis, sententia dedici revolvens optima, quod nemo liber nascitur solu sibi Victurus, at partem parentes vendi

cant,
partem propinqui, maxime sed patiia
debet parens comunis allicere più
dem mente volvo, debitù patriæ

juvat præstare, cujus(heu) statūdum cogito, quantū micabat suma iegū gloria, tantū tyrannus nunc jugo premit

gravi Regni ruina sceptra piomittunt sua Sed magna miseris non deest spes civibus

dum corpus aspicio tuŭ, pulchrū de

ignis acumen, vimq dicendi paiem, sumas opes raramq virtutem ducis, præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus patriæ labanti gratuloi, cui contigit heios mederi quis malis tantis potest qui regni habenas tiactet æquali manu,

quas nunc tirannis opprimet Gloces

Retineat ille nomen antiquü, novü capesse regnü, sede pulsü deprime parum placet, quod juie sceptia non tenet.

Capesse regnü, sede pulsü deprime tyrannü, ademptü vindica iegni decus Nec justa dubiü causa teireat nims.

Nec invideo regnum, pios si non honor

Mores simul mutasset effiænis ducis, novamq mentem nomen acciperet novū.

O gravia passu nobile imperiu Angliae graviora passuru, tyrannus si imperet Imanis usq sceleia quid psequar? Agnosco qualem stravit ad regnu via, En optimatu cæde fædavit manus, obstare votis quos putabat improbis. O sacra regnandi sitis, quo animos trahis

mortaliū? scelestus at pgit fuior, quantuq libuit audet, sceleiis haud modū

ponit, patiavit majus et fide scelus Ætasne credat ulla, matrem filius quòd damnet insanus piobri solus sua?

Impius inurit criminis falsi notă, fiatiesq geminos spurios falso vocat, nec non nepotes impia notat labe, stirpemq fratris damnat ambiguă sui Hoc est familiæ nobile tueri decus Sed cur queroi? nu sceleris hic finis

gradus malı fuit, hactenus non stat

Jam regna fratus possidens non timet audire majora miser heu implet manus

funcie suoi patituis, insontes necans, Erumpat ergo vis coirusca fulminis: an paicet aliis qui suos mactat ferox? speiare quis meliora nunc demens ' potest?

Majora monstia triste præsagit nefas Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem

Per numen æternü, p Anglorü decus, tıtulıs superbü sı genus charü tıbı, succurre mıserıs, rumpe fatorü moras, capesse regnü, sede pulsü deprime tyrannü, ademptü vindica iegni decus Nec justa dubiü causa tereat nimis.

defende cives, chaia sit patire salus Comes laboris haud deesse jam potest

plebs tota defectü rebellis murmuiat magis subibunt barbaii Tuicce iegnü, quam rex suo impius cruore ludeiet Quanto magis nunc te cieaiet prin-

cipem, in quo genus refulget excelsu? meis quiesce votis, Anghæ oblatu thionum. Nec respuas, piodesse multis du potes, nec te labor deteireat, si quem putas inesse, sed sit arduu minime tamen pro pace patriæ deseiendu publici, Quod si iecusas ptinax, nec te sinas vinci piecibus adjuio p veru deu, p maximi ducis fidem, sancto simul quondam p astricta fidem Geoigio insignis ascitus eques oidinis Gaiteiu quando fuisti piimum, ut in nostiu caput

sermonis hujus culpa giassetur nihil Hoc publicis imploio precib⁹ civiū Sin alterius optanda sceptra dexteiæ quæiis thiono Lancastriæ pulsū ge-

nus
addas pateino, aut filiū Eduaidi patris
thiono superbo nobilis jungas viri
Sic impiū tyiannus exitiū feret,
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,
habes meā de rebus his sententiā
Cur sic tacet? miroi metuo multū
mihi
suspintū ducit fidemne decipit?

Buck

Video timore distiahi pectus pater doloris ansa (doleo) quod tacens dedi tu macte sis vitute non falla fidem O magne coeli rector, et mundi ai biter.

quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica? qui fluctuantem sæpiùs regni statu Clemens deus manu benigna protegis? Jam statue tandem giavibus æiumnis modū.

clementer anımı spiritü inspira pater. ut principem quæiamus auspiciis tuis. qui justa tractet scepti i regali manu. statimq rebus collocet lassis opem Reverende sedis præsul Eliensiü, specimen dedisti mentis erga me tuæ cluia satis amoiemą testoi patiiæ par culpa nostii, quare nil time dolos de rege mentis sensa proisus eloquar, vues cui illi adiutoi adiunxi meas ietineie postqua non potest fati colos Eduridus ejus nominis quaitus, moii sed fata cogunt liberis parū suis fui benevolus, ille quod meritis parum dıgnü referret pramıü, generis mer titulos nec altos estimavit invidus Eigo minus orbos tū colebā libeios Vulgo jactatur vetus patiis inimici dıctü facılè regnü labı, cujus tenet rex puei habenas. Copta tu comes

Richarde faveo, judicavi tū virū fuisse clementem, atq nunc video ferū hac fraude plurimum allicit mentes

ut publico Protectoi assensu Angliae ienunciatus esset, et regis simul accensa sic honoie mens fuit novo, ut cum secundu possidet iegni locu, tantim placere sceptra cœperunt statim

Regni decora poscit ad tempus sibi teneros nepos dum complet annos de

Dubitaie postquā nos videt, regni

nec fallimus, spurios nepotes tū pro bat

patruus scelestus credimus tandem sibi.

statimą nostii fræna iegni tiadimus damnavit hæredem duois Clarentiæ crimen pateinū, juia avita pdidit Regni thronū, Richarde sic paias tibi ruisą tandem, quò furoi traxit tius regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam nemmē æquü est metuere, nullus est hostis | Hec cogitanti subitò me logat obvia ferox.

obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis At quis minister funeris tanti fuit? Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patriæ luem, tu prole matrem sævus orbaris sua, nec abstines à cæde cognita miser. teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas Ouoi înecis cu fam i penetrasset meas aures, trementes horror occupat vagus artus, venas deserrt hrantes intimus cruoi, soluta membia diffluunt Nobis salubie pollicemur inscii, incerta dü sit propiiæ domus salus Mihi damnat injustü frequens injuria Avita si ad justus hæres prædia sumiq vendico munus comestabulis giaviter iepulsā læsus ingratā tuli Nunquid dabit nova, qui suu nunqua dedit

At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret Ope nama nostra possidet imperiil decus

Agnosco culpā, quū mea carens ope Nunqua feroci sceptia gestasset manu Fiatiis redundat in meu ciimen caput, manuq patriæ vulnus inflixi meæ Hoc expiabo si medela fecero. medeboi ergo, sicq decrevi priùs, justā queielā durus ubi tū respuit Non amplius me contineo dică ordine quodeung mente absconditu tacita latet,

Cum i egis animü scelei e plenü cernei ē m odium amor imutatur, ulcisci paro, Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim tuli moleste, ferre nec vultu queo Aulā ielinguo regiā, domū peto, dum cæpi iter, mea facile tunc dex-

erepta posse sceptra transfern puto, regnare postqua populus iratus jubet Quo mihi placeba ludicro titulo diu, et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ mihi falsò videor, ambiens regni thronū

Richmondiæ comitissa, redditū filio precaier exuli si iex benignus an-

nuat. tum 1egis Eduardi relictæ filiæ natū suū despondet ad castos thoros dotem nihil moiatur, una dos ent Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit Hic nostia pereunt regna tu mihi exciderat animo filio pi imü suo matrıq jus patêre 1egni 🛮 somnıü thionus fuit, regnuq frustra vendico Contemno primu vota Comitissæ pia Mens altius dum cogitat matris preces. tum spiritu impulsā sacro matiem, bonii

sensisse regni nesciā imensii puto. Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios. quæ sceptia jure dubia vendicat suo æterna fieret civib9 tranquillitas. solidamq pacis alliget rectæ fidem. hæresq dubiæ certus esset Angliæ

Eliens

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū respicere coepit mitis afflictos deus O sancta lecti jura legitimi, Anglia, tibi giatuloi, l'etare, solamen venit

Buck

Nunc tata quib⁹ arcana tuti pandim⁹ Matris priùs mentem decet cognoscere

Elrens

Iam nostra votis ccepta succedent satis

Servus fidelis ecce Comitissæ venit. ut nos licèt lentus juvas miseros deus ! Brai potentis servū Comitissæ, tuæ domine salutis gratus esto nuntius lactata pacis appulit portū ratis mox natus horæ sceptra gestabat

sı jure jurando suā astringet fidem face velit sibi jugali jungere quæ nata major regis Eduardi fuit. Nati eigo faustos mater ambiet thronos, ut sede pellatui sua iex impius

Bra

Tam læta domine, nuncius feiā lubens quamcunq vobis atq piestabo fidem

Buck

De rege tandem memet ulcıscar probè de sede malè parta triumphabit parū Nunc sævus infensū inveniet aper sibi fortem leonem, qui unguib⁹ tantū valet quantū ille dente jā scelere cumula scelus

Crudelis imple cæde funestas manus adhuc imquè juia detineas mulu dominare tumidus, spiritus altos geie sequitur superbos ultoi à teigo deus, Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas milii

Nuper superbus Eboraci fastu tumens, Cinctus coiona, vestibus claiis nitens spectanda piæbet ora stupidis civibus, diadema pariter cinxit uxonis caput, celebratą plebs honore divino levis portendit excelsus ruinā spiritus

Eliens

Tu tu tyiannū morte mulctabis feiox si liber essem, vinculis nudus tuis, meaq septus insula tota satis, mihil furentis horieā regis minas nunc ergo liceat pace discedā tua

Buck

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis, unita fortius minatur hostibus manus, morare paulum, milites du colligo desendet armatus tua miles via

Lodovicus Medicus

Comitissa matei læta Braii nuntia postqua sui nati de nuptiis acceperat, ut iegis Eduridi priori fili e si sacia lecti iuia sponderet comes Richmondius, speiaiet amissu thronu, adiie iegina jubet celeii gradu, tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsa

ut qui peritus aite medicoi fui, foedera medelis sacia misceiem meis, Lectumq piomissa comitis Rich mondii

Nunc eigo Lodovice, jussus exequi decet fideles, vince matrem, ne thoios comiti negaiet conjugales filiæ

EPÜS ELIENSIS FUGIENS

Desereie nolens cogoi hospitiŭ ducis tui bata magnŭ consilia suadent metü Nunc ergo consulă mihi celeii fuga Quàm nunc manus miser hostiŭ sævas

tremo?
sed cautus incedā, insulā petā meā,
sulcabo salsa nave mox et æquora,
sulopesq tutus bella spectabo piocul
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex
precor,

ab hoste seivű protegas sævo tuű

LODOVICUS, REGINA

Lod

Regina seivans conjugis casta fide lectu jugalem, siste misera lachimas, adesse speia jam malis finem tuis Parumper auie verba facilis peicipe vacato nostris precib⁹ inveni modu quo trux tyrannus debitas poenas luat, tiactento ruisus sceptia felici manu tui nepotes, rege dejecto truci proceiu sibi, plebiso concitat odiu

Richardus, invisti eximere regno stu dent

Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmuie, quam ferie possunt giavius imponi

an sceptra speremus benigna prin cipis?

neci nepotes patruus infantes dedit Querela civiti frequens pulsat Tovem amare nequiunt, quem execuantur publicè

servile collo populus excuteiet jugū si notus hæies esse imperii sibi Richmondiæ (nunc exul) Henricus

comes

hæres familiæ certus est Lancastiiæ huic filiæ sociale si thalamos jubes, nullus de regni juie hæses disputat

Regina

Ouod pepulit aui es nuntiū lætū meas? quid audio? nu misera mens est cie dula?

hæc facile credunt quod minis miseri volunt

Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax vetat Prona est timori semper in pejus!

fides Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus

comes,

est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi favor

Quæ filiæ facilis patet meæ via ad sceptia?

Loden

Voto tremulus obstabit timor Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus prudens familiæ consulas mater tuæ cædis recentis imemor sobolis jaces cur sic inultă te sinis? stimulet dolor Veniam, Richarde, sed malo tandem cædis tuoiū, et conjugis chari piobrū

Regina

Spem pollicetur animus invitam tia-

Dotāre thalamo filiā Flizabeth ve-

sed spernet illä forsan Henrici parens ıllam petas, sciutare nü maneat vetus domus simultas, exulis gnati potest Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens.

Lodov

Regina, peragam jussa

Reg

Respiret deus consilia læta, peige non dubio gradu

DUX BUCK AD MILITAS

Ultrice dextra, milites, sævus cadat' comunis hostis ille, tum quisquis comes

fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes Quid ira posset, durus expromat do

Utină cruoi e capitis invisi deo libaie possim! multa mactatur Jovi opima magis arasve tinxit victima quam rex iniquus faut tirannus im pius

Violenta nemo imperia continet diu, sperare tanti sceleris quis demens po

regnū salubie, vel fidem tutā đưi ? vobis scelestæ mentis exponā dolū. Bellu paiari du videt, mox literas mittit benignas, spondet agros, nil negat

sensi dolū, morā traho, veniā peto Ægre repulsā passus imperat statim venire? adhuc iecuso, sed venia ta

tuo

Et ultor adeio inimicus infensus tibi miseris Britannis pacis autoi publicæ Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius vim militū magnā Eboraci colligit Ducem sequentui Devoniensis Cuit

viresque fratris adjuvat saciū caput Episcopi Exetiensis infesto agmine Gilfordus impiū tyrannū eques petit, frequensq Cantii caterva militū Mactetui hostis, bella poscunt, im

pias
dirus suorū carnifer pænas luat
Ligo tyrannū patriæ pestem suæ
trucidate, cū sit giata civibus hostri,
præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes
student

nostras tueri, et patiiæ vitā dare, omnesq dux feiā lubens angustias, ut hostis peieat vestei ferox Neio Quid desidemus? arma cur cessant

cedendo vinci ut peifidos hostes putes stultè nimis votisq pulsando Jovem vibientur enses, copias jungi decet, ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet pugnate validi, vir viio infeiat manus tollantur altè signa, bellü tuba canat, et excitetui classico miles truci

ACTUS TERTIUS

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS

O sæva fata semper, ô sortem aspeiā cum sævit et cum parcit ex æquo

malā

Fortuna fallax rebus humanis nimis insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota Quos modò locavit parte suprema, modò

ad ima eosdem trudit et calcat pede Subitio labantis ecce fortunæ impetu

quis non potentem cernit eversã domū?

Ileu gnatus, heu pumò unicus pernt meus

(ô dura fata, et lugubrem sortem nimis)

qui clara patris iegna sperat mortui Ut ille magni paivus aimenti comes, piimisq vixdum coinibus frontem

gerens cervice subito celsus, et capite arduus gregem paternu ducit, et pecori im

perat.

O suave pignus, ô decus domus Regalis, ô Britanniæ fumus tuæ, O patris heu spes vana, cui demens ego

laudes Achillis bellicis, et Nestoris annos piecibai, luce piivavit deus Nunqua potenti sceplia gestabis manu felix, Britanno juri nec populo dabis, victasq gentes sub tuu mittes jugum Non Fianca subiges teiga, non Scotos

trahes
in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria
jacebis alto clausus in tumulo miser
Porro exul hæiens finib⁹ Britanniæ
dirū paiat bellū Comes Richmondius,
viesq cogit sceptia rapturus mea,
Domi cruoiem populus en nostrū
petit,

incendit animos ptinax nimiū furor, sceleris ministros armat in nostrā

necem

Quidā minantem vinb⁸ Richmondiū juvare, quida filma plæsidia arcibus locale? quidā clanculū armatos domi servare, quidā subditos, fidem ut suā fallant, logare plecibus infensi student Nescile velim, cuncta simulavi lubens dum cæca potul cæpta, concilia dolos sentire, militūq viles jungere

Hujus fuioris cu ducem Bucking-

hamıū

caput esse scuem, et totius fontem mali Vel marte aperto trahere, vel preci bus piè

allicere cepi, ne fidem muttat sua. Dedi benignas ad ducem magis literas. Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu Sentit dolos duy, texuit causas moræ stomachiq se dolore rudit premi,

Omnem statim moiā jubebā jumpere Ventui ū id hostem pati iæ sese negat Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus, in me nefanda bella demens comovit Quid facio? amicus qui mihi sumus funt

aufeire regna quærit odit maximè qui maxime colebat o scelus impiū et dux profundo devovende Tartaro At plebs velut procella ventis tur-

bida,

agmine scelesto principem neci petit Solus Richardus causa cantatur mali Quid nunc agendū restat? aut quem

consulă? Infecta facta reddere hand quivis po-

Si populus odit, neieo? sed populi favoi

servetur, isto macula tolletur modo. qua nomen ındui scelestus heu meü, ut in Britannos si quid erumpat malū damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,

pius, et uberalis civibus meis ero. et scelere vindicabo nomen impro Centū sacrifitus alta surgent mœnia, cuis soluti ut piecibus incumbant

Legesq patrıæ utıles ferā meæ fortasse nostras populus in ptes iuet, pietate falsa ductus auii montibus, blandisq verbis ducitur vulgus leve

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS Nuntrus

magnæq quid nunc dissipantur copiæ

Rich Rex

Quæ causa subitò terga veitendi fuit?

Nuntues

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manu, qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viã pandit superbus, et Sabrina nobile superare flumen properat, agmini suo ut Courtneord jungat agmen, at

dum spirat horrens impio dux ag mine.

nt non genus montale curant Numma? dum milites vicina speciant flumina altasq upas non datur adhuc tangere, subitò giavis terra ruma cœli verberat divesa pluviis laxat imbres humidus Auster, et agros altum tegit frequens aqua

En piscis ignotas in auras tollitur, Lectis jacentes arboribus hærent, agris eversa, tecta vagit in cums puer passim per agros, montibus natant feræ.

teirā diebus obruunt aquæ decem Stupet miles, cu Courtneioru copus jungere plusus agmen haud fluvius

At Wallicorü turba nulla piæmio invita serviens duci, carens simul mısera çıbarııs, statım ıllü deserunt Nullis minis gens Cambiia adduci potest

aut precibus, ut maneat simul belli comes,

aut pergat ultra Præda nudus hos-

suis relictus, cepit infœlix fugam.

Rex Ruh

Feelix ad aures nuntius nostras venit prius labantem fausta tollunt numina. Portus ad omnes miles undiq sepiat, Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamiū, duv exteras ne eiumpat ad gentesi Comes

Richmondius quidna parat, quæiat [Comitiq sese jungeret Richmondio sımul

nun cocepta linguat, an minetui am-

Princeps honorem testor, illū qui mihi captu ieducet, præmiu dignu feiet Si servus ille fuerit emitia manu sın lıber, ıllü mille ditabo lıbiis Classis Britannii armata sulcabit maie. ne perfidus piemat Angliā Rich-

mondius Aude scelera, ne crescat malū exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant preces

Ouicung sceleus socius in nostias manus

veniet, piabit sanguine inceptu nefas

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS

N241211245

Captus tenetur vinculis Buckinghamius

Rex Rich

Sacris colamus prospeiā votis diem O mihi propitios, sed tamen lentos dies [al deos]! hostis quib⁹ captus dolis sit, explica!

Nuntrus

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit. obstupuit illicò, atq sorte tā gravi pculsus, animu pene despondit suu consilii egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen. Banisteri tremens ad ædes clā fugit, cui dux amore eximio priùs favebat, et semp auxit dignitate plui mum hujus latere cla studebat ædibus. donec cohortem reparet, et belli nudusve mare fugeret secans Butannu, vues, malu ut tantu queat vindicale.

At male deor u si quis invisus duci fuerit, paratu non potest fugere malu Servus Banistei, seu vitæ timens suæ, tuisve ductus piæmiis, Salopiæ Proconsul, tum Mitton proditum

ducem Is militü stipante pgit agmine, servi piæhendit ab adib9 sui hrud

procul, dum fata sylvis dua solus cogitat. tıbıq vinctü fidus adducit viil

Richai dus

Si non fides me sacia regno continent,

tentabo mea stabiliie sceptra san

et regna duio sævus impelio iegā Nunc eigo dux pœnas gravissimas

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput. nullamq pene cainifex reddat mora Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia fides finit

Comes sitit Richmondius honores

Gener tuus sibi sceptra despondet

uxor suo comitissa quærit filio Victifice dextra lapta sceptra tradele. iapidis volabis giessibus Lancastriā ılla ıntımıs reclude mox penetralibus, pateat nec nullū fœminæ servoru iter, ad filiū nullas matei det literas. ne patriæ demens luem tristem paret. et sceptra mihi mulier i ebellis auferat, At Stiangeü præstantem honore filiü fider tuæ mecü relingues præsidem testabitui puei patris constantiā Natura mentem fœminæ pronā malo dedit, dolisa pectus instruxit, negat

Dux Buckinghamius

O blandientis lubiicū sortis decus! ô tristis hoi rendi nimis belli casus! heu, heu fatis mortale luditui genus Quisquane sibi spondere ta firmu

potest

quod non statim metuenda convellat

Cujus refulsit nomen Anglis inclytu modò, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudor

Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos spiritus?

Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos per didit?

Heu blanda nımıü dona fortunæ 🛚

non sic aquis refluentibus tinget, aut

ut cœca casus heu fortuna magnatū vocat

Funestus heu dirusq Richardi favor quid illa deplorem miser tempora,

quibus fretus meo consilio aper fiendens, sibi regnu cruento dente raptu comparat? En, hujus ictu nunc atroci corruo Natale solū, illustre decus ô Angliæ, horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent? feı ox

postquā jugo tyrannus oppressū tenet heu, heu, misei Stygeas ad undas deprimor.

Crudelis et collo securis immet

ACTUS QUARTUS

RICARD REX, NUNTIUS, LOVELL HEROS. CATESBEIUS

Ruchardus

Ould me potens fortuna fallaci nimis libi milites locasse Buckinghamium, biandita vultu giaviūs ut ruerem, edita ut comitis adventū maneiet exuks.

de supe tollis! finis alterius mali gradus est futuri dua conspuat manus

in me rebellis, torqueor metu misei disrumpor æstuante curarū salo Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes in tiansmarinis ambit (heu) iegnü

In cujus arma jurat tuiba civiũ inimica mox hujus mali tanti metu famulos cruenta morte mulctavi meos at fama vexat turgıdü pectus magıs thalamos jugales filiæ Richmondio Comiti studet regina mater jungeie O triste facinus, hostis in nostra

potens regnabit aula, meq fatis destinat

Nunt

turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes

Rex

O flenda fata! Gesta quæ sunt, explica

Nunt

Ubi ter, quatuor, implesset October dies.

Oculis profundū mane spectantes fretũ,

Vagas carınas vidimus appellere Portū petunt Dorcestriū, quem Polū vocant Dubia nos turba spectontes dıu

manemus ıllıc Nave tum prætoria comitem feroceni novimus mondiæ

Auxilia forsan alia sperantes manent aliquot diebus ut nos celsas vident ripas tenentes, littus appellant simul Num simus hostes, miles an chaius

ducı quærunt vafros nos fingimus vultu dolos

dubiuq mov ad castra deducant ducis Richmondii, nec filire Eduardi fices Junctee facile possent phalanges vin-celebrent jugales, si fiui voto vellis

Rex maximo sepultus obruitur metu Hi blanda verba suspicantes, carbasa complente vento lava comittunt man, velisq pansis advolant Britannia

Res

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserii nup locatū me levas suma rota.

aurag molli prosperos affers dies illico supinu lubrico affligis solo Quàm varia? quàm maligna? quàm levis dea?

T.ozuII

Cur vezat anımü cura vesanü gi avius? ubi prisca viitus? pellat ignavos metus

excelsus animus ffortis haud novit metum]

Mullo periculo nobilis virtus labat Quorsu ducis manes tiemiscis mortui? quorsu rebelles cæteros? an non ja-

terra sepulti? pulverem demens times? Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data illos fideles pacis officio tenent. Mandata legati duci Britanno tua deferunt, agros sıbı rebelliü promittis, armis sceptra si juvet tua Quem non movebunt ampla promittā i præmi

desine timere quod satis tutu est times

Cates

Si præmus dux pertinax ductus tuis non exeitetur aliud incæptű manet Richmondio disjunge promissos thoros neptis tuæ Lancastriis si non opem ferat domus Eborii (fremat licet ferox) frustra minatur differa connubiū

Rex

Rapietur illico, finieta nuptias districtus ensis. Tutaro nubet priùs

Lowell

At est asylı grande violati nefas meliora cogita ista non prodest tuo medicina morbo culpa non sanat 1eos.

nec est aperto scelere pugnandū scelus

Et nuper allectus tibi populus fuit quem plurimis dudă modis coleie studes

statim scelere pculsus mani, oderit

Cates

Quod impetrari mollibus piecibus potest, non est minis duris parandu, voce vel

sæva tyranni neq frigido metu

Rex

Tædasne demens patiar invisas mihi meog sceptro contrahi? nunqua ac cidet

Scelesta nostrū firmat impietas thionū audebo quodvis scelere vincendū scelus

violare iura facilè regnanti licet In rebus alus usq pietatem colas Stringatur ensis Regna tutatur cruor

Lovell

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest utring torqueii facilè, mox deferant jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias suas ın aulā adducı mateı sınat

Cates

Si socia thalami foitè moriatur tui. neptem statim vince ducenda tibi, illog pacto fracta spes comitis ent.

Rez

Placet, quod inquis! potius qua regnu iuat,

tentanda cuncta tuste consiliü tamen dum vivit uxor hanc decet lætho

Lovell

Frequentet illä iumor esse moituä

Rex

Cum salva fuerit illa, quid rumoi potest

Lowell.

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe monetur utq mois sit illi ceitioi, illico suborna qui susurret clanculū fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi Arcenda thalamis sterilis uvor tuis est Aulā beare sobole fœlici decet Regem doloris sæva ppetua lues matura timidæ fata fæminæ dabit

Ros

Mactabo potiùs, ense læthali, priùs tollam veneno, qua mea pestis thi oni cladesq fuerit vosq quos semp colo faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus, adite templū, tum meis verbis piè matrem salutantes, colere me dicite, vitæq sordes esse mutatas meæ contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū Populi favorem nequeo nancisci priùs quam fratris ut complectar olim filias, quorū duos miser fiatres neci dedi, natumq Marchionem honore prose-

amplos agros promitte, magnas et opes,

sı gıatus Anglıa exul illico venerit

RICHARDUS RLX SOLUS

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit regni metus, quiesceie nec usquā potest, sanaie nunc malū queo solū, face neptem jugali si maritus jungeiem Uxor sed obstat sceleia novimus

quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere? aude anime, nu peccata foimidas tuā? seið pudet peracta pars sceleiis mei olim fuit maxima più esse quid

juvat? post tanta miserū facinoia, nihil facis Paiat animus nefanda, paiva nec pla

cent Regnü tuemur omnıs ın ferro salus

LOVELL REGINA ELIZAB REX RICHARDUS

Lowell

O socia thalami regis olim, fœmina illustris, ad te nos legatos principis fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere aulā sequaris splendidam mater po-

tens
Nec moveat antè Regis imens i scelus,
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ pœmtet .
matura sanctè suadet ætas vivere
Vitā cupit mens lapsa spurcā ponere,

seiumq cepit vitii fastidiū Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant magis

nescit modū sibi strictus ensis ponere at placida victori magis pax expedit, quem civiū quivis tumultus territat Paitā priùs ne perderet iterū gloriā, a plebe rex quæsivit ardentei coh Hoc efficere priùs nequit princeps pius,

nisi te tuasq filias sancte colat, et splendidis illas locaret nuptus, cujus necavit filios heu turpiter, En concidit dolore confectus gravi, fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice: vitæ tantim corrigendæ definit, honos tuarū, filiusq marchio

Dorcettus heros, qui p oras nunc eterna vesanu ira? patiatu liceat vagus

incognitas peirat exul Si domű 1eversus, arma deserat Richmondu, florebit alto clarus imperio statim illustris heios, sibi patebunt omnia fulgentis aulæ dona mil frustia petet Nunc ergo quæras lumen aulæ splen-

In gratia, Regina cum principe redi nec regis anımü sperne tam charü tibi sed dulce pignus filias animi tui mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscuio

horreant loco, pius quas diligit rex unice Quid moesta terram conticescis intuens?

errore quid pectus vago veisas tuū?

Regina

Ergo filiorü sanguine madentes manus? non liberos crudelis occidit fratris? nostrosq conspersit thoros falsa labe? an non potest matri scelestus parcere, ınfame generi vulnus inflixit suo Sæviie ferrü cessat, ubi regnat furoi? Quisquamne putet ullu deesse nequitæ modu ?

Sævire cum iatione num quisqua po-

Strictus tuetur ensis, invitis tuis quicquid tenere te scias, quicquid

pepent, tuetur majus admissü scelus Haud dulcis aula, ciuore quæ meo

Quas nuptias meoi i meorii sanguine? An filiaru nuptias celebret? priùs, reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere funera meorū mater efflagito priùs, suis debetur atq mortuis honor

Lovell

Sepulta quid renovas odia? pectus premet

scelus expiaie quid juvat gemitu adeo

opplere colu? vel lamentis ethera pulsare? toties vulneri quid heu

adfers? medelā nec pati potes mali? Si quisq quoties peccat, illico Jupitei iratus ignes vindices jaculabitur orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ et tanta damna sobole turpis situ et tanta damna sobole repararet sua nunqua Venus cunctis petita viiis? adhuc

feirune teriet

Reg

Cuius ictu concidi

Lovel1

At melius infligens mededetur vulneri

Reg

Ad arma nova perrumpit ira sæpius

Lovell.

Despecta magis mascitur clementia

Reg

Veteratus at nescrt furor clementia.

Lovell

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extin guitur?

Reg

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi ex pleas

Lovell

At in cruoie quod est necesse sufficit.

At triste furioso necesse quod libet?

7 miell

At na vana luditur sine viribus. cceptiq mox timerarii nimis pudet Quod si furoie pectus attonitus times, Et regis horres impias adhuc minas hæc sola spes relicta pugnandű prece

Luctantibus nihil valebis viribur. Sed fortius comota mens ebulliet, nullamo vim patitur sibi resistere

Reg

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid infœlix agā?

anımus vacıllans fluctuat, timet omnia, sperare rursus jussit omissus thronus, Tradamne regi filias? egone meas honore privabo? aula filias decet At guid facis? cui ciedis? insontes tuos

mactavit, an parcit sorori? Jus idem Cujus heu thoro meas utriq regni Rex filias comendat, has qui turpiter matre editas mentitus est adulteia?

Lowell

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxiū? Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadeat, Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem somnias

quantū tibi natus minetur, cogita, Hujus benigna vota si contempseris

Reg

An morte quicqua minatur amplius?

T.oziell

Exosa vitā filias num destrues?

Reg

O filiæ charissimæ, heu, heu, filiæ dotare vos thalamis beatis rex parat, abite, vos fortuna quò miseras jubet, et supplices ad genua patrui sternite | Has nuptias uxonis invisu caput

dedisce regnü infausta proles princi

privata vos decent magis regnű nocet

facre juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet Omnia timore plena metuendū ta-

palam nihil nunquā preces speinit leo

timidæ feræ, nec supplices temnit sonos

Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en paiens vos ne sin crudele fatu pderet. Ulciscar ipse moite eadem me simul. meig pœnas mater incœpti ferā. Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ celeri gradu oias Galliæ mox advola. gnatoq Marchioni reditü suadeas, dubium nil ieiū exitū pavesceret, nec horreat minas ciuenti principis Sceleris sui regem nefandi poenitet. deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera, sibiq larga pollicetur præmia, magnoso honores, ato libera malis

prospera, charamq rursus patria reddat sibi

vitam

Rea Rich

Gemmas video sorores ô faustii diem

ergo piæceps vela pandat

Compone vultum, amplectar illas arctius

Neptes amandæ, quam libens vos os-

vestræ miseiandam doleo fortunæ vicem.

itaq sacro ægrè carcere inclusas tuli. Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū flebilem

ın gaudıü, atq veste præclara ınduä. vobisq magnatū parabo nuptias Jam gaudet animus, pace sperata fruor

perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem Illustre Britanniæ decus, rector po-

gradu:

ægraq verbis molliā mentem piis.

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD, REX, NUNTIUS.

Reg. Anna.

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus astuo? Ouid mihi horrendi præsagit animus mali?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces? et quærulis ferā corusca sydera planc- et sordidis regina civibus occidam. tïs?

Quid misera faciam? fata deplorā

En, rumor pcrebuit vitā oblata mihi. et garrula volavit fama funeris mei : ergo vivæ mihi sepulcru quæritur, Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro

funera.

cogorq jussa mihi nunc psolvere. Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus necem?

nihilq nostros amores crudelis æsti-

Cardinalis antistes mihi gravis pater fletu genis madentib9 nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudu saturavit amore, nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet Hos maximu decet ducem compesducia:

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-

Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt faces, Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū decus,

qui tenera patris sceptra gestabit manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib9 æstuat, Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetrū? rumoro vexat scelestus augur fați mei

Quid faciam misera? en quærunt neci Postqua sinus complente laxos vince-Nostræq vitæ ultimos claudere dies, vitæq rupta fila eripere sororibus.

tens.

Concepta mente scelera vultu contegă, quid misera merui? quid ad morte trahor:

En moitem pstrepunt garrulæ voces, et ad sepulciū funesta turba vocat.

Si non placet thalamis fides tuis data.

aut si tuu demens honorem læsi, in-

aut manibus pudica moriar tuis. et scelesta tuus fodiat ensis viscera. nec populi millies suis vulnerent vocibus.

Rex. Rich.

Nunquā miser chaiæ pararem coniugi

mortem, castasq tuo cruore manus spargerem.

Nec te minæ pturbent, cu futilis erroris esse populus magister solet : nec principi plebs novil garrula par-

Jam siste lachrymas, teq cura molliùs.

En nos graves premunt curæ Britanniæ,

motusq turbidos cives rebelles concitat :

cere:

Nuntius.

Fugit manus Comes Richmondius tuas.

Rich.

Nunt.

Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos.

littusq puppis tangeret Biitannicu. mandata monstramus duci statim tua Hujus dolor premebat aitus langui dos

nec rebus ullis æger animus sufficit. Hinc jussa reru cuia Thesaurano solı fuit, Peti ü vocant Landosi ü Huic mox agros promittimus re

fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit, sı patrıæ restituat exulem suæ Richmondiu, comitesq cæteros fugæ Promissa vincunt ampla thesauiariū, Anglisq tanti gaudet autor muneris. quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi Mox concito quærit gradu comité velox

at sensit astus callidos comes priùs. furtog se subduxit ille Parisiis Tum duia quos fortuna jungit trans-

fugas comites sequentur at dolet Lando

prædam sibi ereptam esse, sed sero

Cæleri cupit vi piævertere elapsū

terramq calcantes pede ruunt concito hastas vibrantes extra equites, si queant

tamen redeunt tardare fugientem statım

ıllısq tantus cessit incissü labor Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis, implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem Nec finis hic mali solutus carcere Oxonii fugit comes Callisiis Comitiq jungit supplier supplex comes

Rex

'O nuntium infestium! ô nitida pal passura graviorem exitu Oedipode An non est maiitus, inquit? heu domo !

O luce splendens principis falsa de-

O sois aceiba! ô fata Regnis invida !

Sed parce dus demens scelere quos

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcũ Chaos exangue vulgus, numen abstruxt Io-

et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite

dolos Vestias manus Richmondiū vocat

ut spuitus illico scelestos expuat, nisi gravioles expetat pœnas dolor

NUNTIUS, REX

Nuntius

Regina florens Anna dudū mortua

Rex

O dira fata! sæva nimis ô numina! ies possident mortaliü certi nihil . Consors unica vitæ, et chaia conjux, vale

Crudele tristis indica exitii genus

Nunt

Postqua lugubris sedisset mæsta din. suspina gravibus mista cū singultibus

heu sæpe fundit sæpe falsis lachry-

diris querelis conjugem ingrață pre-

landem inquietam capit attonitus furor.

nuncq huc et illuc currit erianii gradu, tanguā tumultū patiens in se turbidū Statimg quæiit (voces infractæ sono) Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis meū?

fidele cor

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro Postea pupillæ proisus occultæ litent, et solū aperta pallidė albugo micat vomitiones inde crebras extulit, animaq in altū sæpe deliquiū cadit Artus p omnes fugidus sudoi meat orisq subitò nitidus evanuit coloi frons flava maicet, livida aident tem-

pora et palpebraru omnes defluunt pili Cærulia turpi labia liquescunt situ, et lingua (visu horribile) specie lurida piominet hiante ex ole solito gran-

dioi,

unguesq nunc haud amplius clair nitent,

sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt

tandem misera luctata fatis fœmina

Rex

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia, neptisq fallam frustra promissos thoros Sed neptis huc dubio venit giadu

mea,

tentare procus hujus instituā thoros

REY, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR

Rex

O 1egia de stirpe derivans genus, et digna sceptris virgo postqua (proh doloi)

rapuere fata conjugem tam tustia quæ sit magis mihi juncta Regali face,

quam genere quæ 1eg1s superbo nas

Sociemus animos, et thori sponde fidem,

accipe maritu. Quid truci vultu siles?

Filia

Egone, ô nefandum scelus, expiandū 10gis nullis! egone manus misera conjux

meas

iubente moituoi usanguine imbua?
Olimpus uxoii deeiit ante sux,
Luanq gubernabit diem, noctemq sol
Piius Æina gelidas emittet ardens
aquas.

Nilusq vagus ignitas laminas vomet Egone silebo paivulos misera invidos tibi nepoles, at mihi charos fiatres crudelitèr tua pemptos devtera? Sceleste patrue? pinis ab extremo

sınu

Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi

lubrica,

sævus Procustes asperā pœna luit, quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (heu) tuos

nuper relictis fascus miser necas

Rich

Agedum efficinatas virgo voces amove, ne ob unu scelus corpoia pereant duo. Cruore soliu fateor acquini meu et inocentiu morte sic fatis placet Cecidere fratres? doleo, facti penitet Sunt mortui? factu prius nequit infici Num flebo mortuos? lachrymæ nil valent

Quid vis facerem? an fratrū geminā

hac dextera effuso 1ependā sangume? faciā? paratis ensibus pectus dabo et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem

Caucasū

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū ne-

atræ Stygis, nullū laborem desero si gratus essem tibi [virago regia]

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit iia, vel sit fides, non curo placet odisse, quicquid co

Tuus priùs penetrabit ensis pectora, libido quam cognata corpus polluat O Jupiter sævo pentus fulmine Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit face ?

Cur non hiulca terra devorat illico? Imane portentu ferocis principis. terrore superans Gorgoneū genus

Ruch

Pessima, tace solū silet in aimis fides

nihilne valet amor? nihil thorus movet regius? acerbæ neg lacyrymæ valent? est imperandi piincipi duplex via, Amoi et metus utrumq regibus utile Cogere

Filia

Si cogas mori sequor lubens

Rich

Morieie

Fılıa

Grata mors erit magis mihi et præstat ærumnis mori oppressä statım. quam luce curis obsită frui diu

Ruch.

Moriere demens

Filia.

Nil minaris amplius? mallem mori virgo, tyranno qua viro incesta vivere, dus, hominibusq invida Gerebat altos nup animos insolens

Rich

Hem quid agis infœlix? thoios spernet tuos Regina vivas, sis mea, miseros sile fiatres

Filia

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet,

Rich

Anne lubens? en nullus est ferro me strictusq nescit ensis unqua parcere

Filia

Neronis umbiæ, atg furiæ Cleopatiæ truces resurgite, similem finem date his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ

Nec sufficit fraties necasses tuos principes ?

Et nobili fœdare cæde dextera? quin et integră stuprare quæras viigınē

maritus? ô mores, nefanda ô tempora!

at sæva priùs evadat ales viscera in me feras prius tuas atrox nemus emitte, vel quod triste monstrum nu trias.

quam casta thalamos vugo sequor adulteros

Rich

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens thoros negligit amores stulia virgo regios. Nunc ista differam, minæ forsan cadent rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dü consulo

NUNTIUS, REX

Nuni

Richmondius, celso superbus vertice tumebat at cecidit misei tandem

serò pudet cœpti, atq fraguntur minæ

Rex

O grata lux, quæ sceptra confirmat mea!

Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides at cuncta narras nam spes miseros alit

Nunt

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget rex Galhæ, nec prima depinxit genas barba, nec sceptra puerilis manus satis tuetur, quin tenera tutoribus curanda datur ætas, virilis pòst vigor dum regna discat hos frequens pulsat

comes votis iniquis, rebus et fessis opem implorat ardens, nec preces frustia

smit
perire Dum multos fatigat anxius
multo labore, nec pati potest moias
mens lassa, planctus atq frustravi suos
ægre tulit tam sæpe, du longa pati
cogit repulsa multiplex proceru favor
desperat animus, optat exul vivere
potius, inanis et laboris pœnitet

Rex

Festü diem celebrare jam lætos decet, ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis! Jam sors beatis mitior iebus fluit. Quot_modò procellas concitat fiustia

Comes
et quam graves nuper minatur exitus?
Quin in suu redibit authorem scelus
Jam frustra placido classis incumbit
mari,

Richmondios jam falsò reditus excubat,

ergo rates hærete nunc ponto veta, milesq portū quisquis adversā cavet, deponat arma, finis hic malorū erit Tutò licet regnare jam cessit timoi, nisi quid timendū non sit, id timeas tamen

ACTUS QUINTUS

NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULILR, ANUS

Nunt

Quis me p auras turbo raptat concitus?

fuge, fuge, civis, hæret å tergo Comes

fuge, fuge, cıvıs, hæret à teigo Comes minatur horrendü furor Richmondius portü pedite Milfoidiü imanı premit totamq calcat pioditä sibi Wallia fuiens comes toti minatui Angliæ

Multer

Quo, quo fugis chaiā mante conjugem?

frustraq tot penne patieris preces uxoris, en fletu genæ multo fluunt miseiere, sin fugere lares dulces juvat, det simul conjux itineris pvū onus

Alra Mul

Heare let divers Te p deoiū numen et mutes run over datam fidem ye stage from dovers places thori, p annos filu for feare teneros precor,

ne deseras imitis ali

tristem domű

Anus

Matus tuæ solamen ô fili mane Sin hostibus domū relinques pſuga, scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio ubera, tuo mater penbo vulnere

HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOM & WALLICUS

Hen Com.

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ, miserisq nosco maximū exulibus bonū ô chaia salve teiia, sed salve diu, fiendentis apri dente lacerata impio Da (patria) veniam, bella si geiam in Wallicu agru messoi impius, ruam

da quæso venia causa comovit tua, dııumq principis nefas bellü vocat Rex est peremptus occupat regnu quin te sequetur

Neio cum rege fratie paivulus pernit puei Solū tuentui templa reginā sacia Regu cruous ultor advent plus pœnas dabit Richardus Henrico dedit,

si nostia clemens vota concedat Deus Rhesū Thomæ de stirpe video Wallica

Rhes Thom

O clare princeps regia stripe edite, honore præcellens Comes Richmondiæ.

heros Britannıæ gentis auxiliü unicü Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis

Henricus

Post multa vota, et temporis longas Quot per recessus labimur Hungernatale semper mente complector solū servile collo stienuus excutiam jugo

Rhes

Tu patriæ nunc columen, et verū ca

tu solus affers rebus afflicus opem Lt 1ege tanto læta gaudet Anglia

Hen

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo, hunc corde semp intimo cives colunt

Rhes

Deus trisulca qui quatit flama polos. et in profunda pfidos Proserpinæ detrudit anira, me premat vivu nigra tellure, sı datā fidem fallā tıbı

Si signa campis Cambine ponere nubes.

Quoscunq velles disjici muios, citò hac arres actus saxa disperget manu Nec miles ullus in meis castris eut

Hen

Rhese, grata est milii fides Si ccepta Numen prosperet mea, spondeo te præsidem toti futuru Walliæ

Burcher Hungerford Miles

Hungerf

Splendens equestri clare Buicher ordine. lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus agmeng lubens Duci Brakenburio p noctis umbias abstuli densas miser.

Burch

ford vagu huc usque nostro terga vertentes duci?

At ô quieta noctis almæ tempora, tuq miseris præbens opem Phœbi so-

adhuc tuere differas I itan diem, donec tyrannı tuti ab armıs, inclyti tentoria Henrici comitis attingimus.

Miles

Let heare allso divers mutes. armed soul the stage one after another to ve Earle of

Richmond

Fœlix tuas fugio p um bras cæca nox diers, run over mactetui ense quisquis obstabit mihi

Hen Rex [Comes]

Quis hie locus, quæ regio quæ regin plaga?

ubi sū? ruit nox heu ubi satellites

Inimica cuneta

quem quod rogabo? tuta sit fides, vide.

nativus artus liquit internos calor, 11go1e frigent membra vix loquor

metu tremesco solus, cuia mentem conco

Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi Stanleus ıllū tantæ quæ tent moræ? Dum varia soitis cogito ludibria, dumbiamą solus civiū volvo fidem, exercitum piæire jussi tum moias damnare tantas vitiici cœpi mei Postquā metus coi, spesq dubiū ver

berat. et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo

densas per umbias lapsus aspectū

exercitus, suo errat orbatus duce sum nudus hostib9 relict9 perfuga

Com Oxon

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes illustris) animos horror excussit gravis. dux milites quòd absens deseris, dum nocte cæca suma montiu juga vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit. Mox triste pectus mæror invasit gravis

nunc voce miles frustra compellat ducem

nunc civiu timemus incerta fidem, lætiq sero fruimur aspectu, licèt animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu

Hens 1

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus mesolū juvat secreta sæpe volvere

Hunger,

Sævi tyranni ereptus insidiis miser

fraude quis vacat supplex tuo vivere sub imperio, comes illustris, alq signa cupio sequi

Hinri

Piopago clara, equituq generosu ge iam vos sequetur digna factis gloria me grata delectat voluntas civiū, vestiamq tantā lætus amplector fidem At quas tyrannus cogias ducit, doce

Hunger f

Pauci sequentur sponte signa militis, et cogit aima jungere Richardi me-

sese magis dubius metuit exercitus. suis nil armis miles audet ciedere

Henri

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua

HENRICUS COMES, STANLLUS HEROS

Henri

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus. domus suæ Stanleius eximiü decus verumne video coipus? an fallor tua deceptus umbra? Spiritus vires ca-

exultat animus, et vacat pectus metu

Et nostra dulce membra recreat gau-สำห

generū juvat videre complexus mihi redde expetitos Sospitem qui te dedit.

det tua vicissim ccepta pficiat deus.

Henry

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

Stanl

Utına liceret quæ velim.

Hin

Quidni potes?

quid non licebit

Stanl

Sæpe quod cupis tamen non absq magno pfici potest damno

Henr

Quidnam times, dū patriā juvis tuā?

Stanl

Quod vita chara filii fuit mei

Henr

Seint Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ

Stanl

Ne te juvarem, pignori datü tenet

Hens.

O subdolū scelus, ô tyrannū barbarū!

amore quos fidos parti credit sibi, horti fidem crudelis exprimit metus

Stant

Isā coerce, pectus et nobile doma palā juvare si nequeo, furtim tamen subsidia nunquā nostia deerunt tibi

Henr

Discescit heu, me lenta vitiici fides pturbat hujus quanta spes fulsit mihi?

Frustra at quærelis pectus uritui anxium,

vanısq juvat implere cœlū quæstibus quin triste præcipitare consiliū decet

DUX NORFOLCIENS RICH REX

Dux Norf

Armatus expectet suü miles ducem bellü ciebunt æra, nec moras sinent. Richardus huc dubio venit princeps gradu

secreta solus volvit, et cure premunt Quæ subita vultus causa turbavit tuos?

quid ora pallent? mente quid dubia stupes

Richard

Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis, cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides, falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus Horrenda noctis visa terient prov-

Postquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat, altusq tenens sommus obrepsit genis v subitô premebant dira funarū cohors, sævòq laceravit impetu corpus tre mens.

et fæda rabidis præda sû dæmombus ; somnosq tandem magnus excussit tremor,

et pulsat artus horndus nostros me-

Heu! quid truces minantur umbræ Tartari?

Dux Norf

Quid somnia tiemis? noctes et vanas minas?

quid falsa terient mentis et ludibila? Jam strictus ensis optimu augunu canit

aude satis, nec vota formides tua I ibi rebelles spolia tot cives dabunt, vinctæ fatebuntur manus victoriā.

Richard

Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulū me, tus.

ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora audere didicimus priùs telis locos hostes vicinos jam premiunt, bellu vo-

acies in armis nostra ex adversis sta-

Dua Norf

Quid agimus? hem quid cœca fata co gitant?

quidnă parat suspecta civiu fides? Inventa nup scripta me taha mouent

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYFE
NIL COPPERIS AUDACIUS
NAM VENDITUS REX PRFFIO
RICHARDUS HLROS PERDITUR

At nulla nostram macula damnabit fidem

Richardi nunquam signa vivus deseram

ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES

Comites fideles, milites et subditi Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirū

scelus
olim patiavi lachrymis culpā pils
satis piavi, sceleris et pœnas dedi
satis doloie crimen ultus sum suo
vos tanta moveat ergo pœnitentia
Partū tueri melius est quā quærere
Pugnate fortes, regna paita viribus
vestris studete fortuter defendere
Non est opus cruoie multo Walli-

oppugant hostis, regna vendicat im-

pudens
Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorū manus sicarii nequā, genusq prodigū, vestræq flamma patriæ gens Gallica at civiū me credidit manibus deus, quorū fides spectata mihi semp fiut quorū paravi viribus regni decus orisq nisi decipiar interpres, truces victorā vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi] oculi diris necem minantur hostibus Vicistis, inquā, vicit Anglorū manus suo video cruore manantes agros simulg Gallos, Cambrios simul leves mox foeda victos stiages absumet mea?

Sed fata quid moror? cur his voci

vos uruentes teneo? mili veniā date Nunc quanta clemens ultro concedit

Si vincatille, vos minent diræ cruces ferrü, cathenæ, et duio collo serv

et nostia membra quæiit ensis hostiŭ me nil moiaboi — cui a sit vestri salus consulite vobis, liberis, uxoribus

prospicite patriæ hæc opem vestrā

estote fortes, victus hostes occidat, dubiūq martis evitum nemo horieat Nobis triumphi signa dantui maxima Non vos latet, suma ducis prudentia niti sālutem militū nullos habet En vultus Henrici minas fiustra times

et 10bur invictu ducis Richmondii Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant cursu citato miles infestus ruat, et hostis hostem vulneiet fei us feru vos, vos triumphus (nobiles socii) manent

Hac namq dextra spiritü ejus haureā, qui causa bellorü fuit civiliü Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā

Nuntius, Rex Richard Duy Norfol

Nunt

Magnanime princeps, jussa pfeci tua Respondet ore Stanleius duro nimis, si fihū mactes suū plures habet

Rex Ruch

Detractat ergo pfidus jussus meos ingratus hostis, et scelestus produtor? Mactabo guatū, vota psolvā statum te digna patre Tam diu cur filus vivit scelesti patris? ô patiens nimis, ô segnis ira post nefas tantū mea 1

Tu jussa page mitte qui velox mihi ejus pempti referat abscissū caput

Dux Norf

Anımü doma nec impius vexat pater jam bella poscunt, tempus alıud petit Signis vicina signa fülgent hostiü

Rex Rich

Parcamne gnato multus impii patris?

Dux Norf

Post bella gnatus patris expiet scelus

Rex Ruh

Eigo nefandi patris invisam piolem in castra ducite. Marte confecto statim capite paterni ciiminis pœnas dabit

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD MILITES

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris mea

Butanna gens, vanos metus nil somnies,

Sin ulla justus bella curet Jupiter, nobis favebit regis excusso jugo, quos liberam videre patria juvat En rapta fraude sceptia jure posci

Quæ causa belli melior afferii potest quam patriæ? Hostis regiæ stirpis

ergo tyrannus morte ciudeli cadat Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scythas

Te (Neio) vicit cæde matris nobilem Suos nepotes ense mactat impio matris probro nihil pepercit filius stupraie neptem audet libido patrui Sic fratris exhibes honores manibus? Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vulneres nıl arma metuas tanta media ducem Iinquent arena Quos sequi cogit

metus,
parum ducem tuentur inimici suū
At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem
pugnent acritèr, et millibus multis
ruant

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis victoriā potitur, et laudem feiet Hujus timebis arma, qui scelus timet nullū? nepotes moite confecit suos Asyla rupta, fratei occisus, stupro tentata nepiis, falsa cui denig fides Quid non patiavit patrize pestis suze adversus hostem corpus ense cingite In bella ruite, agmenq strenue ium

pite,

pite,

cocidatj

bello fidelis pfidos, pius impios,

placidus tyrannū, mitis imitem petis

Quòd si liceret (salvo honore prin-

cipis) ad genua vestia volverer supplex, petens

ut verus hæies Anglici Henricus

vincat Ricaidū, sceptra qui fuito tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus patria exulabit, aut luet pænas giaves et vos pudebit colla victori dare Petatur ultro du parat vires modò Heare ye battell Aut perdat, aut peribit, is joyned hoc certu est mihi.

Uppon his retourne, lett guins goe of, and trumpetts sound, with all stu of Souldiers with out ye hall, untill such time as ye lord Stanly be one ye stage ready to speake

STANLEUS AD MILITES

Properate, solvite patria tyrannide infesta ferte signa, pugna du calet, ut verus hæres regna teneat Anglæ Pugnabit adversus scelus viitus pia Pugnate tantum, vestra cum victoria

Si vincitis, patita tyranno libera medios in hostes iuite passu concito

Let heare bee the like novse made as before, as soone as ye Lord Stanley hath spoken, who followeth the rest to the feild Aster a little space, let the L Northumberland come with his band from ye feild. att whose speach let the novse cease

ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ AD MILITES

Northumbuorii illustre nil damnes

nostiamve luna (miles) ignava putes, quod tella fugiens hostiū terga dedi Immane regree exector tanve Battell dem scelus

horreo suorū sangume mandentes ma-

Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore victoria, manus prius si conferat Mutata quam sit luna. Luna nos

Mox ergo lună (milites) mutavimus, tyrannus ut dignas scelere pœnas luat

Let hear be the like noyse as before, and after a while let a captaine run after a souldier of two, with a sword drawne driveinge them againe to the feild, and say as followeth

Centurio

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis meo peribis ense

After the like noise againe, let souldiers run from ye feild, over the terrestriu qui pastor es fideliu,

stage one after the another, flinginge of then hamesse, and att length let some come haltinge and wounded After this let Heneryl. Earle of Richmoud come tryumph ing, haveing ye body of K Richard dead on a house Catesby and Ratliffe and others bound

Nuntrus

Tuditiū Mavors tulit, Sedata lis est Iacet Riculdus, at Duci similis jacet Postqua feroces mutuò sese acies vident.

et sıgnü ad arma classıcü cecinit tuba sævus paratū miles in bellū ruit fugiente tandem milite, comitem vi-

dens. eguo Richaidus admisso in illū ruit, Catulis Nemæus ut fuiens iaptis leo pei arva passim jugiens sævus volat Vexilla Comitis forte Brandonus tulit,

Ciuore cujus hastam tepefacit sua Hino se Richardo Chæneijus armis

valenc offert Richardus hic viribus unà ventū est ad hostem quem validè

solū petit.

In Comite solo como abatur ferox Contrà, potenti dextra sese Comes defendit. æquo Marte pugnatur diu, donec tot hostes convolent illò simul. ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat O laude bellica inclytu verè ducem, Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua, vel pfidus fallens datam Scotus fidem Sed sceleris ultor cœlitü potens pater est serò vitā, sed satis ultus tuā

Oratio Henrici Comitis

Rector potens Olympi, et astroiū decus.

et principă cujus est potestas cordiă tu læta Regibus trophæa collocas Nitida caput cingis corona regiu. Solus deorü falsa vincis numina. hostesq generi affligis invidos suo Ingens honor debetur et gratia tibi. qui splendidü triumphü indulseras Cedit tuis aimata jussibus cohors, Si straga quis sæviiet Astyages ferox Phrygiove Pelops rege natus Tan

talo expectet ille Cyrū, et ultoiem tie

Henricus audebat Richardū pelleie At tu nitentis ô gubeinator poli Ouem terra colit et vasta mundi fab-

dum corpus aura vescitur, nec ultimū diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ, teneros levis dum nutrit ai tus spiritus, te laude perpetua canemus, debitas tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus Tu belluā meis domandā viribus mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem suis At vos graves passi dolores milites, curate mox inflicta membiis vulneia, crudele ne quò serpat ulcus longius Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date Et inferis debetur excellens honor

S TRAUNGE HEROS PUER. HEN Comes, Stanleius

Straunge

tumet

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsat mare Non sempacies Æolus ventos ciet Nec semp humiles cæca calcat sois

Aliquando fluctus steinitur rabidi maris

Illico caput iadiatus et Titan micat, Pressosq tollet æqua sors tandem V11 OS.

ıex olım exul Gallıcıs et Britonü latens in otis, victor en potens suo 1egno potitur Regis ô charti caput salve, tuoq lætus in solio sede, multos in annos Angliæ verū decus felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis, fideig captivos tuæ hos clemens cape

Henricus Comes.

O Stanleiorū chara progenies mihi. O Straunge nobilis, en libens te conspicor quos mihi dedisti, ieddo captivos libi.

Stanl.

Redusse charü patrı salvü filiü crudelis elapsū tyranni dexterā, exultat animus lætus, ô fili, milii pericula post tam dira quod sospes venis

Hen Rex.

Regno mihiq gratulor regno, gravi' quòd sit tyranno liberu porro mili, quod sceptra regni tracto regalia mer. Non semp æquor fluctibus rabidis Quare supremo legna qui dedit deo laudes canamus ore supplices pro.

Let a noble man putt on ye Crowne upon kinge Henries head at the end of his oration, and ye Song sunge web is in ye end of the booke. After an Epilogue is to bee made, wherein lett bee declared the happy uniteringe of both houses, of whome the Queenes inagestic came, and is undoubted heyre, wishinge her a prosperous raigne

EPH OGUS

Extincta vidistis Reguloru corpora, horrenda magnatü furentem funcia funesta vidistis potentu piælia et digna quæ cepit tylannus plæmin Henricus illustris Comes Richmondius turbata pacavit Richaidi sanguine, Antistitis comotus Eliensiü sermone fœlici, sagaci pectore et glouosi maite Buckinghamii. tum Maigaietæ matris impulsu su e, ıllustıe guæ nostrū hoc Collegiü Christoq fundavit dicatū sumptibus Quæ multa regalis reliquit dexterv nunguam laudatæ satis mentis suæ præclara cunctis signa quondā sæculis Hic stiipe regali satus Lancastiiæ accepit uxorem cieatam sanguine Eboracensi sic duaru fædere finiunt æterna domorū jurgia Hine portus, hie Anglis quietis perditis finisq funestæ fuit discordiæ Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis hæresq certus, qui Butanni Cardinem regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo, Henricus Henrici parentis filius Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ. tum sıngulıs unü reliquit comodis præstantius multò, licèt quam pluimis, Cum tam potentem procreraet principem Elizabethā, patie dignā filiā. canosq vencentem seniles virginem Quæ regna tot Phœbi phractis cursibus comissa rexit pace feelix Anglia quam dextra supremi tonantis protegat illus et vitam tegendo protrahet



EDITIONS

The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Gordelions Base Sonne (vulgaly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) also the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe side of the Royall Exchange 1591. 4°

This play was reprinted in 1611, from which edition it has been republished by Nichols in his "Six Old Plays," 1779. The copy of the original 4° of 1591 in the Capel collection is the only one with which I am acquainted

On the title of the reprint of 1611 the bookseller placed the initials W Sh, ostensibly for the purpose of creating a belief that the play was Shakespeare's

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS

You that with friendly grace of smoothed biow Have entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine, And guen applause vnto an Infidel·Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesse) A warlike Christian and your Countreyman For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storme, And set himselfe against the Man of Rome, Vntill base treason (by a damned wight) Did all his former triumphs put to flight, Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort And thinke it was preparde for your disport



The Troublesome Raigne of King Iohn.

Enter K Iohn, Queene Elmor, his Mother, William Marshall, Earle of Pembrooke, the Earles of Essex and of Salisbury

 $Q \, \textit{El} \, \, B_{\text{Lords}}^{\text{ARONS}} \, \, \text{of} \, \, \, \text{England, and my noble}$

Though God and Fortune have bereft from vs Victorious Richard scourge of Infidels, And clad this Land in stole of dismall hieu Yet give me leave to 10y, and 10y you all, That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope, A King that may in rule and vertue both Succeede his brother in his Emperie

K Iohn My gracious mother Queene, and Barons all.

Though faire vnworthie of so high a place, As is the Thione of mightie England's King, Yet Iohn your Loid, contented vncontent, Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie yoke Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne My Lord of Pembrooke and Lord Salsbury, Admit the Loid Shattilion to our presence,

That we may know what Philip King of Fraunce (By his Ambassadors) requires of vs

O El Dare lay my hand that Elinor can gesse Whereto this weightie Embassade doth tend If of my Nephew Arthur and his claime, Then say, my Sonne, I have not mist my aime

Enter Chattilion and the two Earles

Iohn My Lord Chattilion, welcome into England! How fares our Brother Philip King of Fraunce? Chat His Highnesse at my comming was in health.

And wild me to salute your Maiestie, And say the message he hath given in charge

Iohn And spare not man, wee are preparde to heare Chat Philip, by the grace of God most Christian K of France, having taken into his guardain and protection Arthur Duke of Brittaine sonne & heire to Jeffrey thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the said Arthur, the Kingdom of England, with the Lordship of Ireland, Porters, Aniow, Torain, Main . and I attend thine aunswere

Iohn A small request belike he makes account, That England, Ireland, Poiters, Aniow, Torain, Main, Are nothing for a King to give at once I wonder what be meanes to leave for me Tell Philip, he may keepe his Lords at home, With greater honour than to send them thus On Embassades that not concerne himselfe. Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne Chat Is this thine answere?

It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message

Chat Then King of England, in my Masters name,

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And in Prince Arthur Duke of Britaines name, I doo defie thee as an Enemie,
And wish thee to prepare for bloodie warres

Q El My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene Elianor (his Giandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes
Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme
Next, wish him to forsake the King of Fraunce,
And come to me and to his Uncle here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands

Chat This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue Iohn Pembrooke, conuey him safely to the sea, But not in hast for as we are aduisde, We meane to be in Fraunce as soone as he, To fortefie such townes as we possesse In Aniou, Torain, and in Normandy [Exit Chatt

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of Salisbury in the eare

Sals Please it your maiestie, heere is the Shriue of Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your maiestie, beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them

Iohn Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,

Goe Salisbury and make prouision, We meane with speede to pass the Sea to Fraunce

[Exit Sals Say Shriue, what are these men, what have they done? Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shrieue. Please it your maiesty, these two brethren

vnnaturally falling at odds about then father's hung, haue bloken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of Iustice, vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous manner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes and here I Thomas Nidigate shrieue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall

John My Lord of Essex, will the offenders to stand

foorth, and tell the cause of their quairell

Essex Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your griefes, & doubt not but you shall have justice

Phil Please it your Majestie the wrong is mine yet wil I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth to vnrippe the shamefull slaunder of my parents, the dishonour of my selfe, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly

Rob Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall Robert

speake,

And tell your maiestie what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong
My father (not vnknowen vnto your Grace)
Receiud his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,
When as the walls of Acon gaue him way
His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,
His living did amount too at his death
Two thousand maikes revenew every yeare
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull herre to Robert Fauconbridge

Phal If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe, How should myselfe make any other doubt, But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge Iohn Fond Youth, to trouble these our Princely eares.

Or make a question in so plaine a case

Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne?

Ref. Places of your Cross with patience for

Rob Please it your Grace with patience for to heare.

I not denie but he mine Eldei is, Mine elder Brothei too yet in such sort, As he can make no title to the land

Iohn A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare, Thy Brother, and thing elder, and no heire

Explaine this darke Ænigma

Rob I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne, Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire, My father in his life did count him so And here my Mother stands to prooue him so But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre Both to my Mothers shame, and his reproach, He is no heire, nor yet legitimate Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy The huing that belongs to Fauconbridge And let him not possesse anothers right

Iohn Prooue this, the land is thine by Englands

law

Q El Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,

The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take, All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes, But gold I see doth beate downe natures law

Mother My gracious Lord, & you thrice reueiend Dame.

That see the teares distilling from mine eyes, And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart For honour and regard of womanhood, Let me entreate to be commaunded hence Let not these eares heere receive the hissing sound Of such a viper, who with poysoned words Doth masserate the bowells of my soule

Iohn Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Phil Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now, But for the honour of so braue a Man, Whom he accuseth with adulterie
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence

Rob Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I Charge thee before this royall presence here To be a Bastard to King Richards selfe, Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maiestie Thus bluntly, and—

Eliano Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,

Nor of thy Sire But forward with thy proofe *Rob* The proofe so plaine, the argument so strong.

As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords, And all (saue those that have no eyes to see) Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King First, when my Father was Embassadour In Germanie vnto the Emperoui, The king lay often at my father's house And all the Realme suspected what befell And at my fathers back-returne agen My Mother was deliuered, as tis sed, Sixe weekes before the account my father made. But more than this looke but on Philips face, His features, actions, and his lineaments, And all this Princely presence shall confesse, He is no other but King Richards Sonne, Then gracious Loid, rest he King Richards Sonne, And let me rest safe in my Fathers right, That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire

Iohn Is this thy proofe and all thou hast to say?

Rob I have no more, nor neede I greater proofe
Iohn First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My Brother often lodged in his house.
And what of that? base groome to slaunder him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vinto the next

Q El Thou saist she teemde sixe weeks before her time,

Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen, To make account of womens reckonings? Spit in your hand and to your other proofes Many mischaunces hap in such affaires, To make a woman come before her time

Iohn And where thou saist, he looketh like the King, In action, feature and proportion Therein I hold with thee, for in my life I neuer saw so lively counterfeit Of Richard Cordelion, as in him

Robert Then good my Lord, be you indiffrent Iudge, And let me haue my liuing and my right

Q El Nay, heare you Sir, you runne away too fast

Know you not, Omne simile non est idem?
Or have read in. Harke ye good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise
She lay with Sir Robert your father, and thought vppon
King Richard my Sonne, and so your Brother was
formed in this fashion

Rob Madame, you wrong me thus to lest it out, I craue my right King Iohn, as thou art King, So be thou lust, and let me haue my right

Iohn Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous, Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime. This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand Irreuocable, as I am King of England.

For thou knowst not, weele aske of them that know, His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife

And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe

Rob My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong, To give away my right, and put the doome Unto themselves Can there be likelihood That she will loose?

Or he will give the living from himselfe?

It may not be my Lord Why should it be?

Iohn Lords, keepe him back, & let him heare the

Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire?

Essex Ladie Margaret, Widow of Fauconbridge,
Who was Father to thy Sonne Philip?

Mother Please it your Maiestie, Sir Robert Fauconbridge

Rob This is right, aske my felow there if I be a thiefe

Iohn Aske Philip whose Sonne he is. Essex Philip, who was thy father?

Phil Mas my Lord, and thats a question. and you had not taken some paines with her before, I should have desired you to aske my Mother

Iohn Say, who was thy father?

Phil Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure he is my father that was neerest my mother when I was gotten & him I thinke to be Sir Robert Fauconbridge

Iohn Essex, for fashions sake demaund agen,

And so an ende to this contention.

Rob Was euer man thus wrongd as Robert is?

Essex Philip speake I say, who was thy Father?

Iohn Young man how now, what art thou in a traunce?

Elianor Philip awake, the man is in a dreame Phil Philippus ataus ædite Regibus.

What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient Kings?

Quo me rapit tempestas ? What winde of honour blowes this fuite foith? Or whence procede these fumes of Maiestie? Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound, That Philip is the Sonne vnto a King The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees. Whistle in consort I am Richards Sonne The bubling murmur of the waters fall, Records Philippus Regius filius Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings, Filling the avie with glorie of my birth Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards Sonne Fond man, ah whither art thou carried? How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heauen? Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts, These thoughts are farre vnfitting Fauconbridge And well they may, for why this mounting minde Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge Why how now? knowest thou where thou art? And knowest thou who expects thine answere here? Wilt thou yoon a frantick madding vaine Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne? No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy Sire. What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge

Iohn Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father was

Phil Please it your maiestie, Sir Robert
Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaues to thy lawes
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am Sonne vnto a Fauconbridge
Let land and living goe, tis Honors fire
That makes me sweare King Richard was my Sire
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than knights begotten, though legittimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King Richards Sonne

Rob Robert reuse thy heart, let sorrow die, His faltring tongue not suffers him to he

Mother What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonne?

Phil Philip cannot repent, for he hath done

Iohn Then Philip blame not me, thy selfe hath lost By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land

Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbidge, God give thee iov. greater than thy desert

Q El Why how now Philip, giue away thine owne?

Phil Madame, I am bold to make my selfe you nephew.

The poolest kinsman that your Highnes hath And with this prouerb gin the world anew,

Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire,

Let Philip liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a Sire

Elinor Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde

But cheere the boy, I will not see thee wante As long as Elinor hath foote of land, Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne, And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,

Who shall give honour to thy noble minde

Iohn Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly know

How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,

Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet King Richards Sonne.

Phil Graunt heavens that Philiponce may shew

himself

Worthie the honour of Plantaginet, Or basest glorie of a Bastards name

Iohn Now Gentlemen, we will away to France, To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates. Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme, And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lasse Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre
The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselues
With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightiely to Fraunce

[Exeunt Manet Philip and his Mother.

Phil. Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the hearing of a matter I long to impart to you

Mother Whats the matter Philip? I thinke your sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns in the bottom of my chest

Phil No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or

borrow,

But such a sute, as might some other grant, I would not now have troubled you withall.

Mother A Gods name let vs heare it

Phil Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well, How that my scandall growes by meanes of you, In that report hath rumord vp and downe, I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge This grose attaint so tilteth in my thoughts, Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease, That field and towne, and company alone, What so I doo, or wheresoere I am, I cannot chase the slaunder from my thoughts If it be true, resolue me of my Sire. For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge, His Father doubtles was as braue a man To you on knees, as sometimes Phaeton, Mistrusting silly Merop for his Sire. Strayning a little bashfull modestie. I beg some instance whence I am extraught Mother. Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,

And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse? Must I accuse myself to close with you? Slaunder myself, to quiet your affects? Thou mooust me Philip with this idle talke, Which I remit, in hope this mood will die

Phil Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet, For strong conceipt drives dutie hence awhile Your husband Fauconbridge was Father to that sonne. That carries marks of Nature like the Sire, The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach, And holds my right, as lineall in descent From him whose forme was figured in his face, Can Nature so dissemble in her frame, To make the one so like as like may be, And in the other print no character To challenge any marke of true descent? My brothers minde is base, and too too dull To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects, And his external graces that you view, (Though I report it) counterpoise not mine His constitution plaine debilitie, Requires the chayre, and mine the seate of steele Nay, what is he, or what am I to him? When any one that knoweth how to carpe, Will scarcely judge vs both one Countrey borne This Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare, As cursed Nero with his mother did. So I with you, if you resolue me not

Mother Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,

And vrge no further what thou dost require

Phil Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,
Or else she dies Ile not infringe my vow,

Mother Vnhappy taske must I recount my shame, Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die? Some power strike me speechlesse for a time, Or take from him a while his hearings vse Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am? The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute, I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute

Phil Mother be briefe, I long to know my name

Mother And longing dye, to shrowd thy Mothers shame

Phil Come Madame come, you neede not be so loth

The shame is shared equal twixt vs both Ist not a slacknes in me, worthie blame, To be so olde, and cannot write my name. Good Mother resolue me

Mother resolue me

Mother Then Philip heare thy fortune, and my griefe,

My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimd and staind by youths viruly sway
And when thou knowest from whence thou art extraught,

On if thou knewest what sutes, what threates, what feares,

To mooue by loue, or massacre by death To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt The mightines of him that courted me, Who tempred terror with his wanton talke, That something may extenuate the guilt But let it not aduantage me so much Vpbraid me rather with the Romane Dame That shed her blood to wash away her shame Why stand I to expostulate the crime With pro & contra, now the deede is don? When to conclude two words may tell the tale, That Philips Father was a Princes Son, Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror hee, For honours losse left me with childe of thee

Whose Sonne thou ait, then pardon me the rather, For faire King Richard was thy noble Father *Phil** Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee 109, My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt, There's something owing to Plantaginet I marrie Sir, let me alone for game, Ile act some wonders now I know my name By blessed Marie Ile not sell that pilde For Englands wealth, and all the world beside Sit fast the proudest of my Fathers foes, Away good Mother, there the comfort goes [Exeunt

Enter Philip the French King, and Lewis, Limoges, Constance, and her sonne Arthur

King Now gin we broach the title of thy claime, Young Aithur in the Albion Territories, Scaring proud Angiers with a puissant siedge Braue Austria, cause of Cordelions death, Is also come to aide thee in thy waires, And all our Forces ione for Arthurs right And, but for causes of great consequence, Pleading delay till newes from England come, Twice should not Titan hide him in the West, To coole the set-locks of his wearie teame, Till I had with an viresisted shock Controld the mannage of proud Angiers walls, Or made a forfet of my fame to Chaunce.

Cons May that be Iohn in conscience or in feare To offer wrong where you impugne the ill, Will send such calme conditions backe to Fraunce, As shall iebate the edge of fearefull warres If so, forbeatance is a deed well done

Arth Ah Mother, possession of a Crowne is much,

And Iohn as I have heard reported of

For present vantage would aduenture farie The world can witnes, in his Brothers time, He tooke vpon him jule, and almost raigne Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt, That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his Nephew I rather thinke the menace of the world Sounds in his eases, as threats of no esteeme, And sooner would he scorne Europaes power, Than loose the smallest title he enjoys, For questionles he is an Englishman

Lews. Why are the English peereles in compare? Braue caualiers as ere that Island bied, Haue liude and dide, and darde, and done inough, Yet neuer gracde their countrey for the cause England is England, yeelding good and bad, And Iohn of England is as other Iohns Trust me yong Arthur, if thou need my reede, Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede

Lym The Englishman hath little cause I trow, To spend good speaches on so proud a foe Why Arthur heres his spoyle that now is gon, Who when he hid outrou'de his brother Iohn But hastic curres that he so long to catch, Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch But newes comes now, heers the Embassadour

Enter Chattilion

K Phil And in good time, welcome my Lord Chattilion

What newes? will Iohn accord to our commaund? Chat Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all, He will approach to interrupt my tale For one selfe bottome brought vs both to Fraunce He on his part will true the chaunce of warre, And if his words inferre assured truth, Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,

Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demaunds,
The Mother Queene she taketh on amaine
Gainst Ladie Constance, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to Albion,
Coniuing Arthur with a Grandames care,
To leave his mother willing him submit
His state to Iohn, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good
More circumstance the season intercepts
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne

K Phil This bitter wind must nip somebodies spring!

Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis haruest weather But say Chattilion, what persons of accompt are with him?

Chat Of England, Earle Pembrooke and Salsbury, The onely noted men of any name
Next to them, a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolue
Then is there with them Elinor mother queene,
And Blanch her Neece, daughter to the King of Spaine

Enter John & his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c

These are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture

K Phil Me seemeth Iohn, an ouer-daing spirit Effects some fienzie in thy rash approach, Treading my Confines with thy aimed Troupes. I rather lookt for some submisse reply Touching the claime thy Nephew Arthur makes To that which thou vinustly dost vsurpe

K Iohn For that Chattilion can discharge you all, I list not pleade my Title with my tongue Nor came I hether with intent of wrong

To Fraunce or thee, or ony right of thine, But in defence and purchase of my right, The Towne of Angiers—which thou doost begirt In the behalfe of ladie Constance Sonne, Wheretoo nor he nor she can lay just claime

Cons Yes (false intruder) if that just be just, And headstrong vsurpation put apart, Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother, Without ambiguous shadow of discent, Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst

Q El Misgoueind gossip, staine to this resort, Occasion of these videcided iarres, I say (that know) to check thy vaine suppose, Thy sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes For proof whereof, I can inferie a Will, That barres the way he vigeth by discent

Cons A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will, Wherein the Diuell is an oueiseer, And proud dame Elinor sole Executresse More wills than so, on perill of my soule, Were neuer made to hinder Arthurs right

Arth But say there was, as sure there can be none,

The Law intends such testaments as voyd, Where right discent can no way be impeacht

Q El Peace Arthur peace, thy mother makes thee wings

To soar with perill after Icarus, And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake, I pitie much the hazard of thy youth

Cons Beshiew you els how pittiful you ale, Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne, Sorrow betide such Grandames and such griefe, That minister a poyson for pure loue But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame, That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe, For feare his Mother should be vide too well? I theres the griefe, confusion catch the braine, That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne

O El Impatient, frantike, common slanderer, Immodest Dame, vnnurtvred quarreller, I tell thee I, not enuse to thy Son,

But justice makes me speake as I have don

K Phil But heres no proof that showes your son a King

K Iohn What wants, my sword shal more at large set down

Lewis But that may breake before the truth be knowne

Bast Then this may hold till all his right be showne

Lym Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place

Bast Not you sir doughtie, with your Lions case Blanch Ah 10y betide his soule, to whom that spoile belong'd

Ah Richard, how thy glorie here is wrong'd Lym. Me thinkes that Richards pride & Richards fall,

Should be a president t'affright you all Bast What words are these? how doo my sinews

shake?

My Fathers foe clad in my Fathers spoyle, A thousand furies kindle with reuenge, This hart that choller keepes a consistorie, Searing my inwards with a brand of hate How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares? Delay not Philip, kill the villaine straight, Disrobe him of the matchles moniment Thy Fathers triumph ore the Sauages. Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slave,

What makst thou with the Trophie of a King? Shamst thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad, To grace thy carkasse with an ornament Too precious for a monarchs couerture? Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
Twice will I not reuiew the Mornings rise,
Till I have torne that Trophie from thy back,
And split thy heait for wearing it so long
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me Richards Sonne
Lym Nay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so soone.

Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win
And take this lesson at thy foeman's hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin

Blanch Well may the world speake of his knightly
valor,

That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour Bast Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with mee,

If shortly I present it not to thee K. Phil Lordings forbeare, for time is comming fast,

That deedes may trie what words cannot determine, And to the purpose for the cause you come Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre, Yeelding no other reasons for your claime, But so and so, because it shall be so So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength A Tyrants practize to inuest himselfe, Where weake resistance grueth wrong the way To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes, I, in the right of Arthur, Geoffreys Sonne, Am come before this Citie of Angiers, To barre all other false supported clayme,

From whence, or howsoere the error springs And in his quarrell on my Princely word, Ile fight it out vnto the latest man

John Know King of Fraunce, I will not be commaunded.

By any power of Prince in Christendome, To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne, More than to answere, that mine owne is mine, But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne, And heare them offer me allegeance, Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought

K. Phil Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I see it.

and when I see it, Ile soone change it

[They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare

vpon the walls

K Iohn You men of Angiers, and as I take it my loyall Subjects, I have summoned you to the walls to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of Fraunce, have beleagred your Towne vpon a false pretented title to the same. In defence whereof I your liege Lord have brought our power to fence you from the Usurper, to free your intended seruitude, and vitterly to supplant the foemen, to my right & your rest. Say then, who keepe you the town for?

Citizen For our lawfull King

Iohn I was no lesse perswaded then in Gods

name open your gates, and let me enter

Citizen And it please your Highness we comptroll not your title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashness to be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate triall wee answere not as men lawles, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull

Iohn I shall not come in then?
Cutzen No my Lord, till we know more

K Phil Then heare me speake in the behalfe of Arthur, Sonne of Geffrey, elder Brother to Iohn, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the Crown and Kingdome of England, with Angiers, and divers Townes on this side the sea, will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to intertaine you with all fauors, as beseemeth a King to his subjects, or a friend to his wel willers or stand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the sword

Citizen We answere as before, till you have prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remain firme subjects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loath to subscribe before we knowe. More than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doo

K Phil Then Iohn I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of Arthur Plantaginet, thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day ende, in a set battel make thee confesse, whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee

K John. I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

Excursions The Bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

Bast And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,

And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue, Besiedge his thoughts with dismal fantasies, And ghastly objects of pale threatning mors Affright him every minute with stearne lookes, Let shadowe temper terror in his thoughts, And let the terror make the coward mad, And in his madnes let his feare pursute, And so in frenzie let the peasant die Here is the ransome that allayes his rage, The first freehold that Richard left his sonne With which I shall surprize his liuing foes, As Hectors statue did the fainting Greekes

[Exit

Enter the Kings Herolds with trumpets to the wals of Angiers they summon the Towne

Eng Herolds Iohn by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c demaundeth once againe of you his subjects of Angiers, if you will quietly surrender vp the Towne into his hands?

Fr Herold Philip by the grace of God King of Fraunce, demaundeth in the behalfe of Arthur Duke of Britaine, if you will surrender vp the Towne into his hands, to the vse of the said Arthur

Citizens Herrolds goe tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers, require a parle of their Maiesties

Herolds We goe

Enter the Kings, Queen Elianor, Blanch, Bastard, Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembrooke, Salisbury, Constance, and Arthur Duke of Brittaine

Iohn Herold, what answer doo the Townsmen send?

Philip Will Angiers yield to Philip King of Fraunce?

Eng Her The Townsmen on the wals accept your Grace

Fr Her And craue a parley of your Maiesty Iohn You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes Haue made vpon the coward frawdfull French? And haue you wisely pondred therewithall Your gaine in yeelding to the English King?

Phil Their losse in yeelding to the English King But Iohn, they saw from out their highest Towers The Cheualieis of France and crossebow-shot Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast, And are resolu'd to yeeld to Arthurs right

Iohn Why Philip, though thou brauest it fore the wals.

Thy conscience knowes that Iohn hath wonne the field *Phil* What ere my conscience knows, thy armie feeles

That Philip had the better of the day.

Bast Philip indeede hath got the Lyons case, Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace Base Duke to flye and leaue such spoyles behind But this thou knewst of force to make mee stay It farde with thee as with the marriner, Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke Doth beare the waves like mountaines fore the winde, That throwes out empty vessels, so to stay His furie, while the ship doth saile away, Philip, t'is thine and fore this Princely presence, Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete, Being the first adventure I atchieu'd, And first exployt your Grace did me enioyne. Yet many more I long to be enjoynd

Blanch Philip I take it, and I thee command To weare the same as earst thy Father did Therewith receive this favour at my hands, Tincourage thee to follow Richards fame

Arth. Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute? Arthur or Iohn, say which shall be your King?

Citizen We care not which, if once we knew the right,

But till we know, we will not yeeld our right

Bast Might Philip counsell two so mightie kings,
As are the Kings of England and of Fraunce,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,
Pulling their battered wals about their ears
The Towne once wonne, then striue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both

Citizen Kings, Princes, Lords, & Knights assembled here.

The Cittizens of Angiers all by me Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake And as you like the motion they shall make, So to account and follow their aduice

Iohn Phil Speake on, we gue thee leaue
Citizen Then thus whereas the yong and lusty
knight

Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths The motion cannot chuse but please the good, And such as loue the quiet of the State But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit? Not to oppresse your subjects and your friends, And fill the world with brawles and mutinies But vnto peace your forces should be knit To live in Princely league and amitie Doo this, the gates of Angiers shall give way, And stand quite open to your harts content To make this peace a lasting bond of loue. Remains one onely honorable meanes, Which by your pardon I shall here display Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of Fraunce, A man of noted valor through the world, Is yet vnmarried let him take to wife The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine. Neece to K Iohn, the louely Ladie Blanch.

Begotten on his Sister Elianor
With her in marriage will her vinkle giue
Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match
The Kings thus loyind in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with Arthur Duke of Britaine,
Who is but yong, and yet vineete to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euerie way
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne

Arth A proper peace, if such a motion hold, These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right, And they shall share my lands to make them friends

Q El Sonne Iohn, follow this motion, as thou louest thy mother

Make league with Philip, yeeld to any thing: Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure Arthur shall haue small succour out of Fraunce

Iohn Brother of Fraunce, you heare the Citizens Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein Cons Why Iohn, what canst thou give vnto thy

Neece,

Thou hast no foote of land but Aithurs right

Lewis Byr lady Citizens, I like your choyce,

A louely damsele is the Ladie Blanche,

Worthie the heire of Europe for her pheere

Cons What Kings, why stand you gazing in a

trance?

Why how now Lords? accursed Cittizens
To fill and tickle their ambicious ears,
With hope of gaine, that springs from Arthurs losse
Some dismall Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes

K. Phil Ladie, and Duke of Brittaine, know you both, The King of Fraunce respects his honor more, Than to betray his friends and fauourers, Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne, If we vpon conditions could agree?

Bast Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman, Slaue as I was, I thought to have mooude the match Grandame you made me halfe a promise once, That Lady Blanch should bring me wealth inough, And make me heire of store of English land

Q El Peace Philip, I will looke thee out a wife,

We must with policie compound this strife

Bast If Lewis get her, well, I say no more:

But let the froelicke Frenchman take no scorne,

If Philip front him with an English home

Iohn Ladie, what answere make you to the King

of Fraunce?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch I thanke the King that likes of me so well,

To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince But give me leave my Lord to pause on this, Least beeing too too forward in the cause, It may be blemish to my modestie

Q El Sonne Iohn, and worthie Philip K of Fraunce,

Doo you confer a while about the Dower, And I will schoole my modest Neece so well, That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done

Cons I, there's the wretch that broacheth all this ill, Why flye I not vpon the Beldames face, And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes

Arth Sweet Mother cease these hastic madding fits.

For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech

Phil Biother of England, what downe wilt thou give

Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Neece?

Iohn First Philip knowes her downe out of Spaine, To be so great as to content a King But more to mend and amplifie the same, I give in money thirty thousand markes, For land I leave it to thine owne demaind

Phil Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main, Poiters and Aniou, these fiue Provinces, Which thou as King of England holdst in Fraunce Then shall our peace be soone concluded on

Bast No less than fiue such Provinces at once?

Iohn Mother what shall I doo? my brother got these lands

With much effusion of our English bloud And shall I give it all away at once?

Q Elin Iohn giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace.

And keepe the residue sans ieopardie

Iohn Philip, bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece, And here in mariage I doo give with her From me and my Successors English Kings, Volquesson, Poiters, Anjou, Torain, Main, And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

Citiz We to see so sweete a peace begun Lewis Lewis with Blanch shall euer liue content, But now King Iohn, what say you to the Duke? Father, speake as you may in his behalfe

Phil K Iohn, be good vnto thy Nephew here, And gue him somewhat that shall please thee best Iohn Arthur, although thou troublest Englands peace

Yet here I give thee Brittaine for thine owne, Together with the Earledome of Richmont, And this rich Citie of Angiers withall Q El And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle Iohn,

Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee

Iohn Now every thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the mariage rytes,
Which in S Maries Chappell presently
Shal be performed ere this presence part

[Exeunt Manent Constance & Arthur Arth Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments.

Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps, If heavens have concluded these events, To small availe is bitter pensivenes Seasons will change, and so our present griefe May change with them, and all to our reliefe

Cons Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene To looke into the bottome of these cares But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount, What roye, what ease, what rest can lodge in me, With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Art Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemne shows.

Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes Cons If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint, That from a wounded soule implores reuenge Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme, This cursed Countrey, where the traytors breath, Whose periurie (as prowd Briareus,) Beleaguers all the Skie with mis-beliefe. He promist Aithur, and he sware it too, To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride But now black-spotted Periure as he is, He takes a truce with Elnors damned brat, And marries Lewis to her louely Neece, Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift

Betweene these louers all betide the match And as they shoulder thee from out thy owne. And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares So heavens crosse them with a thriftles course. Is all the bloud vspilt on either part, Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth, Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feast? And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes? Poore helples boy, hopeles and helpeles too, To whom misfortune seemes no voke at all Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care. Why lookst thou pale? the colour flyes thy face I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth, And make it moodie with my doles discourse. Goe in with me, reply not louely boy, We must obscure this mone with melodie. Least worser wrack ensue our malecontent [Exeunt

Enter the King of England, the King of Frame, Arthur, Bastard, Lewis, Lymoges, Constance, Blanche, Chattileion, Pembrooke, Salisburie, and Elianor.

Iohn. This is the day, the long desired day, Wherein the Realmes of England and of Fraunce Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride, From whose sweete bridal such a concord springs, To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Cons Vngodly peace made by anothers warre Phil Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge, Rouze thee Plantaginet, liue not to see The butcher of the great Plantaginet Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes, Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale That carries me in furie to a deede

Of high desert, of honour, and of armes A boone (O Kings) a boone doth Philip beg Prostrate vpon his knee which knee shall cleaue Unto the superficies of the earth,

Till Fraunce and England grant this glorious boone

Iohn Speake Philip, England grants thee thy request

Phil And Fraunce confirmes what ere is in his power

Bast Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head, Too base a ransome for my fathers life Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke That braues it in dishonor of my Sire Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse The Princely promise that reuiues my soule, Whereat me thinks I see his sinnews shake. This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once Or life or death are pleasant to my soule, Since I shall liue and die in Richards right

Lym Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King, To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace, Let it suffice, I scorne to loyne in fight, With one so farre vnequall to myselfe

Bast A fine excuse, Kings if you wil be Kings, Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

Iohn Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight, Beeing a subject vnto neither Realme But tell me Austria, if an English Duke Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challendge?

Lym. Els let the world account the Austrich Duke The greatest coward living on the Earth

Iohn Then cheere thee Philip, Iohn will keepe his word.

Kneele downe, in sight of Philip King of Fraunce, And all these Princely Loids assembled here, I gird thee with the swoid of Normandie, And of that Land I doo invest thee Duke So shalt thou be in living and in land

Nothing inferiour vnto Austria

Lym K Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrongst mine honour and that thou maist see
How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compeld
And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,
Ile finde a time to match you for this geere [Exit

Iohn Stay Philip, let him goe, the honors thine Bast I cannot live unles his life be mine

Q El Thy forwardnes this day hath loyd my soule,

And made me thinke my Richard lines in thee K Phil Lordlings lets in, and spend the wedding day

In maskes and triumphs, letting quarieles cease

Enter a Cardynall from Rome

Car Stay King of France, I charge thee ioin not hands

With him that stands accurst of God and men

Know Iohn, that I Pandulph, Cardinall of Millaine, and Legate from the Sea of Rome, demaund of thee in the name of our holy Father the Pope Innocent, why dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holye Father the Pope) disturbe the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of Stephen Langhton, whom his holines hath elected Archbishop of Canteiburie this in his Holines name I demaund of thee?

Iohn. And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine own? Know Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest

Prelate in the world Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, Iohn of England said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or polling penie out of England, but as I am King, so will I raigne next vider God, supreame head both ouer spiritual and temrall and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse

K Phil What King Iohn, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

Iohn Philip, though thou and all the Pinces of Christendome suffer themselues to be abusde by a Prelates slauery, my minde is not of such base temper If the Pope will bee King in England, let him winne it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage to mine inheritance

Car Iohn, this is thine answer?

Iohn What then?

Car Then I Pandulph of Padoa, Legate from the Apostolike Sea, do in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy Father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery one of thy subjectes of all dutie and fealtie that they doo owe to thee, and pardon and forguenes of sinne to those or them whateuer, which shall carrie arms against thee, or murder thee This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person

Iohn So sir, the more the Fox is curst the better a fares if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope

and his shauelings curse and spare not

Car Furthermore, I charge thee Philip King of France, and al the Kings and Princes of Christendome, to make war vpon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doo in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing made with an heretike, how saist thou Philip, doost thou obey?

Iohn Brother of Fraunce, what say you to the Cardinall?

Phil I say, I am sorrie for your Majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome

Iohn And what say you to our league, if I doo not

submit?

Phil What should I say? I must obey the Pope Iohn Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

Phil The Legate hath absolu'de me of mine oath Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee heere

Iohn Why Philip, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and periured King of Fraunce, Unworthie man to be accompted King Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands? Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes, and Filers Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warres, Now will I take no more but all they haue Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells, And in despight Ile send them to the Pope Mother come you with me, and for the rest That will not follow Iohn in this attempt, Confusion light vpon their damned soules Come Lords, fight for your King, that fighteth for your good

Phil. And are they gone? Pandulph thy selfe shalt

see

How Fraunce will fight for Rome and Romish rytes Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas, Lets take him captine, and in triumph lead The K of England to the gates of Rome Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see What Philip K of Fraunce will doo for thee Blanche And will your Grace vpon your wedding

day
Forsake your Bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee

Lewis Sweete hearte content thee, and we shall agree

Phil Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the way,

Drums shal be musicque to this wedding day

Exeunt

Excursions The Bastard pursues Austria, and kils him

Bast Thus hath K Richards sonne performde his

And offred Austria's bloud for sacrifice
Unto his fathers euerliuing soule
Braue Coidelion, now my heart doth say,
I haue deserude, though not to be thy heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy Philips heart,
As to be cald the Duke of Normandie
Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine Ensignes vinderneath his feete,
So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,
And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food

[Exit

Excursions As thur, Constance, Lewis, having taken Q Elianor prisoner

Cons Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering arme

Dispearst the foes to true succession, Proud, and disturder of thy Countreyes peace, Constance doth line to tame thine insolence, And on thy head will now auenged be For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braine

Q El Contemptuous Dame, vnreuerent Dutches thou.

To braue so great a Queene as Elianor,

Base scolde, hast thou forgot, that I was wife And mother to three mightie English Kings? I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy, To set your Grandmother at libertie,

And yeeld to Iohn your Uncle and your King

Cons 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it

Ehanor Nor yet thy threates proud dame shal

daunt my mind

Arth Sweete Grandame, and good Mother, leaue these braules

Elianor Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall Cons My time is now to triumph in thy fall And thou shalt know that Constance will triumph Arth Good mother, weigh it is Queene Elianor Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe Sweete Grandame, beare with what my Mother says.

Your highnes shal be vsed honourably

Enter a Messenger

Mess Lewis my Lord, Duke Arthur, and the rest, To armes in hast, K. Iohn relyes his men, And ginnes the sight afresh and sweares withâll To lose his life, or set his Mother free.

Lewis Arthur away, tis time to looke about Elianor. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold?

Cons No Elianor my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to lead both Iohn and thee as slaues
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field [Exeunt.
[Excursions Elianor is rescued by Iohn, and Arthur
is taken prisoner. Exeunt Sound Victorie.

Enter Iohn, Elianor, and Arthur prisoner, Bastard, Pembrooke, Salisbury, and Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn. Thus right triumphs, and Iohn triumphs in right

Arthur thou seest. Fraunce cannot bolster thee Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall But if at last Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe Into the gardance of thine Unckle Iohn. Thou shalt be used as becomes a Prince

Arth Unckle, my Grandame taught her Nephewthis. To beare captivitie with patience Might hath preuayld, not right, for I am King Of England, though thou weare the Diadem O El Sonne Iohn, soone shall wee teach him to

forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe Iohn Mother, he neuer will forget his claime, I would he liude not to remember it But leauing this, we will to England now, And take some order with our Popelings there, That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands Philip. I make thee chiefe in this affaire. Ransack the Abbeys, Cloysters, Priories, Conuert then covne vnto my souldiers vse And whatsoere he be within my Land, That goes to Rome for justice and for law, While he may have his right within the Realme. Let him be judged a traitor to the state, And suffer as an enemie to England Mother, we leave you here beyond the seas, As Regent of our Prounces in Fraunce, While we to England take a speedie course. And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie Hubert de Buigh take Arthur here to thee, Be he thy pusoner Hubert keepe him safe, For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse Then Hubert, as thou shortly hearst from me, So vse the prisoner I have given in charge

Hub Frohck yong Prince, though I your keeper be,

Yet shall your keeper hue at your commaund

Atth As please my God, so shall become of me Q El My Sonne, to England, I will see thee shipt, And pray to God to send thee safe ashore

Bast Now warres are done, I long to be at home, To due into the Monkes and Abbots bags, To make some sport among the smooth skin Nunnes, And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers

Iohn To England Lords, each looke vnto your charge.

And arme yourselues against the Romane pilde [Exeunt

Enter the King of France, Lewes his sonne, Cardinall Pandolph, Legate, and Constance

Phil What, every man attacht with this mishap? Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of Fraunce? Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde, To lowre it for a checke or two of Chaunce Had Lymoges escapt the bastards spight, A little sorrow might have serude our losse Braue Austria, heaven loyes to have thee there

Card His sowle is safe and free from Purgatorie, Our holy Father hath dispenst his sinnes, The blessed Saints have heard our Orisons, And all are Mediators for his soule, And in the right of these most holy warres, His Holinese free pardon doth pronounce To all that follow you gainst English heretiques, Who stand accursed in our mother Church

Enter Constance alone

Phil To aggrauate the measure of our griefe, All malecontent comes Constance for her Sonne Be breefe good madame, for your face imports A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde, Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,

Deepe sorrow throbbeth misbefalne events. Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end A full Catastrophe of sad laments

Cons My tongue is tunde to storie forth mishap When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale? Must Constance speake? let teares preuent her talke Must I discourse? let Dido sigh and say. She weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy Two words will serue, and then my tale is done Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne

Lewis Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of

warre

He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong Cons Be it ner so soone, I shall not live so long Phil Despaire not yet, come Constance, goe with me.

These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe.

Exeunt.

Card Now Lewes, thy fortune buds with happie spring.

Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this Arthur is safe, let Iohn alone with him. Thy title next is fairst to Englands crowne Now stirre thy Father to begin with Iohn, The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine

Lewes Thankes my Lord Legat for your good

concerpt.

'Tis best we follow now the game is faire, My Father wants to worke him your good words Card A few will serue to forward him in this. Those shal not want, but lets about it then [Excunt

Enter Philip leading a Filer, charging him show where the Abbots golde lay.

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

Frier Benedicamus Domini, was euer such an iniurie?

Sweete S Withold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And heare vs for S Charitie, oppressed with austeritie In nomine Domini, make I my homilie,

Gentle gentilitie grieue not the cleargie

Phil Grey-gownd good face, consure ye,

nere trust me for a groate

If this waste girdle hang thee not

If this waste girdle hang thee no that guideth in thy coate

Now balde and barefoote Bungie buds,

when vp the gallowes climing, Say Philip he had words inough,

to put you downe with ryming,

Frier O pardon, O parce, S Frauncis for mercie, Shall shield thee from nightspels, and dreaming of diuells.

If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me, With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying, From black Purgatorie, a penance right sorie

Frier Thomas will warme you,

It shall neuer harme you

Phil Come leave off your rabble,

Sirs, hang vp this lozell

2 Frier For charitie I beg his life, Saint Francis chiefest Filer.

The best in all our couent Sir, to keepe a Winters fier

O strangle not the good olde man, My hostesse oldest guest.

And I will bring you by and by

Vnto the Priors chest.

Phil. I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is at libertie,

If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for companie. Fiver Come hether, this is the chest, though simple to behold,

That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in gold

My selfe will wairant full so much, I know the Abbots store.

Ile pawne my life there is no lesse, to haue what ere is more

Phil I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shall come,

But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay the sum

Breake vp the Coffer, Frier

Frier Oh I am vndun, faire Alice the Nun Hath tooke vp her iest in the Abbots chest

Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie

Fig Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.

Phil What haue wee here, a holy Nun? so keepe mee God in health,

A smooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the Abbots wealth

Is this the Nonnes chastitie?

Beshrewe me but I thinke

They go as oft to Venery as niggards to their drinke,

Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, ye shamelesse shauen crowne.

Is this the chest that held a hoord, at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

Well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'le take the paine to paye you home, and teach you to dissemble

Nunne O spare the Frier Anthony,

a beggar neuer was

To sing a Dirige solemnly, or read a morning masse If money be the meanes of this,

I know an ancient Nunne, That hath a hoord these seuen yeares,

did neuer see the sunne, And that is yours, and what is ours,

And that is yours, and what is ours so fauour now be shown,

You shall commaund as commonly, as if it were your owne

Frier Your honour excepted Nunne I Thomas, I meane so

Phil From all saue from Friers

Nunne Good sir, doo not think so

Phil I thinke and see so why how camst thou here?

Frier To hide here from lay men Nunne Tis true sir, for feare

Phil For fear of the laytie a pitifull dred

When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers bed

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney, To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much money

Nunne, Fane sir, within this presse, of plate & money is

The valew of a thousand markes, and other things by gis

Let we alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you know it

Phil Come on six Frier, pick the locke, this geere dooth cotton hansome.

That couetousnes so cunningly must pay ye letchers ransom

What is in the hoord?

Frier Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water help vs,

Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs Haud credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndone, and brought to discredence if thou be Friei Laurence Frier Amor vinit omnia, so Cato affirmeth, And therefore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth, Because he is moitall and made of mould,

He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should

Phil How goes this geere? the Friers chest filde with a sausen Nunne

The Nunne again lockes Friar vp, to keep him from the Sun

Belike the press is Purgatorie,

or penance passing grieuous

The Friers chest a hel for Nunnes! how doo these dolts deceive us?

Is this the labour of their lines, to feede and line at

To reuell so lasciniously as often as they please? Ile mend the fault or fault my ayme,

if I do misse amending,

I is better burn the Cloisters down, than leaue them for offending

But holy you, to you I speake, to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,

to quite you for your euill?

Nunne I crie Peccavi, parce me, good Sir I was beguild

Frier Absolue Su for charitie,

she would bee reconcilde *Phil* And so I shall, sirs binde them fast,

this is their absolution, go hang them vp for hurting them,

haste them to execution

Fr Lawrence O tempus edax 1 erum, Gue children bookes they teare them O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning ætatis At threescore wel-neere, to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to dye like a dog
Exaudi me Domine, si uis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pounds sterling, for my liues sparing

Enter Peter a Prophet, with people

Peter Hoe, who is here? S Frauncis be your speed, Come in my flock, and follow me, your fortunes I will reed

Come hether boy, goe get thee home, and clime not ouer hie.

For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt

Boy God be with you Peter, I pray you come to our house a Sunday

Peter. My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my boy.

For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwell,

But thou shalt scape them all, and doo full well

Boy I thanke you Peter, theres a cheese for your labor my sister prayes ye to come home, & tell her how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l gue you a rib of bacon.

Peter My masters, stay at the towns end for me Ile come to you all anon I must dispatch some busines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes Phil How now, a Prophet! Sir prophet whence

are ve?

Peter I am of the world and in the world, but line not as others, by the world what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know If thou knowest me now, be answered if not, enquire no more what I am

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue,

that deludes the people with blinde prophecies—you are him I looke for, you shall away with me—bring away all the rabble, and you Filer Laurence, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon ior your selfe, and the rest come on—Sir Prophet, you shall with me, to receive a Prophets rewarde—[Exeunt

Enter Hubert de Burgh with three men

Hub My masters, I have shewed you what warrant I have for this attempt, I perceive by your heavie countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe, leave me, and be readie to attend the adventure stay within that entry, and when you hear me crie, God save the King, issue sodainly foorth, lay handes on Arthur, set him in his chayre, wherein (once fast bound) leave him with me to finish the rest

Attendants We goe, though loath [Exeunt Hub My Lord, will it please your Honoui to take the benefite of the faire evening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh

Arth Gramercie Hubert for thy care of me, In or to whom restraint is newly knowen, The 10y of walking is small benefit, Yet will I take thy offer with small thankes, I would not loose the pleasure of the eye But tell me curteous Keeper if you can, How long the King will have me tarrie here

Hub I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long. God send you freedome, and God saue the King

They issue forth.

Arth Why now sirs, what may this outrage meane? O help me Hubert, gentle Keeper helpe, God send this sodaine mutinous approach Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltless life

Hub So sirs, depart, and leave the rest for me Arth Then Arthur yeeld, death frowneth in thy face, What meaneth this? Good Hubert plead the case

Hub Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe, Harmfull and harsh, hells horror to be heard

A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue

I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound

Arth What, must I die?

Hub No newes of death, but tidings of more hate, A wrathfull doome, and must valuckie fate Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast, Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest Arth Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of

Arm Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,

Tis hell, tis horior, not for one to heare What is it man if needes be don, Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon

Hub. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue, Yet must I act the outrage with my hand My heart, my head, and all my powers beside, To aide the office haue at once denide Peruse this Letter, lines of treble woe, Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet

Arth. Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath infects the elements
Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens Of great injustice, that the miscreant Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong Ah Hubert 1 makes he thee his instrument. To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph? Heaven weepes, the Saints do shed celestiall teares, They feare thy fall, and cyte thee with remoise. They knock thy conscience, mooning pitie there, Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell Hell, Hubert, trust me all the plagues of hell Hangs on performance of this damned deede This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse. Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule Subscribe not Hubert, give not Gods part away, I speake not only for eyes priuiledge, The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine, Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack: A cause internall, and eternall too Adulse thee Hubert, for the case is hard, To loose saluation for a Kings reward

Hub My Lord, a subject dwelling in the land Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund

Arth Yet God commands whose power reacheth further,

That no commaund should stand in force to murther *Hub* But that same Essence hath ordained a law, A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe

Arth I pleade, not guiltie, treasonlesse and free Hub But that appeale, my Loid, concernes not me

Arth Why thou art he that maist omit the perill Hub I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

Arth His quarrell is vihallowed false and wrong Hub Then be the blame to whom it doth belong

Arth Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede, Conclude their judgement with so vile a deede.

Hub Why then no execution can be lawfull, If Iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull Arth. Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time.

The offender is connicted of the crime Hub My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation.

Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse. For this I know, and so resolude I end, That subjects lives on Kings commaunds depend I must not reason why he is your foe, But doo his charge since he commainds it so

Arth Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy soule

With wrongfull persecution done this day You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent Send foorth the terror of your Moouers frowne, To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers That rob me of your faire reflecting view Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee) Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guylt, And let the black tormenters of deepe Tartary Upbraide them with this damned enterprise, Inflicting change of tortures on their soules. Delay not Hubert, my orisons are ended, Begin I pray thee, reame me of my sight: But to performe a tragedie indeede. Conclude the period with a mortal stab. Constance farewell, tormenter come away, Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day

Hub I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist Faint did I say? fear was it that I named My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free. But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings. That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge, He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart

Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt, Cheere thee young Lord, thou shalt not loose an eye.

Though I should purchase it with losse of life Ile to the King, and say his will is done, And of the langor tell him thou art dead, Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so

Arth Hubert, if euer Arthur be in state,
Looke for amends of this received gift,
I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate
But now procrastination may offend
The issue that thy kindness vndertakes
Depart we, Hubert, to prevent the worst
[Exeunt

Enter K Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke

Iohn Now warlike followers, resteth ought vn-

That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?

The French haue felt the temper of our swords,
Cold terror keepes possession in their sowles,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an ouermatch,
The Arche prowd titled Priest of Italy,
That calls himselfe grand Vicar vnder God,
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
Masse and months minde, dirge and I know not what.

To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory, That have miscarried in these bloudy warres Heard you not, Lords, when first his Holines Had tidings of our small account of him, How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes, He urgde a reason why the English asse Disdaignd the blessed ordinance of Rome?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
The slauish weight of that controlling Priest
Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past
(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
Haue run into a thousand acts of shame
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we have proynd the more than needfull braunch
That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,
It resteth we throughout our Territories
Be reproclaimed and invested King

Pemb My Liege, that were to busic men with doubts,

Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause

Your Citie streetes have ecchoed to the eare, God save the King, God save our Soveraigne Iohn, Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State, Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes, What it should meane to have you crownd againe Iohn. Pembrooke, performe what I have bid thee doo.

Thou knowst not what induceth me to this. Essex goe in, and Lordings all begon About this taske, I will be crownd anon

Enter the Bastard

Philip what newes, how doo the Abbots chests?
Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil My Lord, I have performd your Highnes charge

The ease bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monkes, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth
Till I had tythde and tolde their holy hoords
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride

Tohn Why so, now sorts it Philip as it should This small intrusion into Abbey trunkes, Will make the Popelings excommunicate, Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons, As thick as hailestones fore the Springs approach But yet as harmeles and without effect, As is the eccho of a Cannons crack Dischargd against the battlements of heauen But what newes else befell there Philip?

Bast Strange newes my Lord within your territories Nere Pomfret is a Prophet new sprong vp, Whose difference volleys wonders foorth To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts, He sets a date vnto the Beldames death, Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last, Distinguisheth the mooning of the headens, Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes, Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats, With such assurance, scruples put apart, As if he knew the certaine doomes of headen, Or kept a Register of all the Destines

Iohn Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst brought the man.

We might have questiond him of things to come Bast My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist, And brought the Prophet with me to the Court, He stayes my Lord but at the Presence doore Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

VOL IV.

Iohn Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon, A thing of weight is first to be performd

Enter the Nobles and crowne King John, and then cry God save the king

Iohn Loidings and friends supporters of our State Admire not at this vnaccustomd course, Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours Once ere this time was I inuested King, Your fealtie sworne as Liegmen to our state Once since that time ambicious weeds have sprung To staine the beauty of our garden plot But heavens in our conduct rooting thence The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace, Haue to our 10y, made sunshine chase the storme After the which, to try your constancie, That now I see is worthie of your names, We craude once more your helps for to muest us Into the right that envie sought to wrack Once was I not deposde, your former choyce, Now twice been crowned and applauded King? Your cheered action to install me so, Infers assured witnes of your loues, And binds me ouer in a Kingly care To render loue with loue, rewards of worth To ballance downe requitall to the full But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

Essex A boon my Lord, at vauntage of your words

We ask to guerdon all our loyalties

Pemb We take the time your Highnes bids vs aske

Please it you graunt, you make your promise good, With lesser losse than one superfluous haire That not remembred falleth from your head.

Iohn My word is past, receive your boone my Lords,

What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours

Essex We craue my Loid to please the Commons
with

The liberty of Lady Constance Sonne
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue
Dismisse him hence, your Highnes needes not
feare,

Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King

Pemb This if you graunt, were all vnto your good

For simple people muse you keepe him close

John Your words have searcht the center of my

ohn Your words have searcht the center of my thoughts.

thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties, Dismisse your counsell, sway my state, Let Iohn doo nothing, but by your consents Why how now Philip, what extasie is this? Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

[There the five Moones appeare Bast See, my Lord, strange apparitions, Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head, From foorth a gloomie cloude, which courtainelike Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte Gan they appeare, holding the course you see

Iohn What might portend these apparitions, Unvsuall signes, forerunners of euent, Presagers of strange terror to the world Beleeue me Lords, the object feares me much Philip thou toldst me of me of wizzard late, Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pemb The heavens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,

When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder
Essex Before the ruines of Ierusalem,
Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,
That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne

Enter the Bastard with the prophet

Iohn Is this the man?
Bast It is my Lord

Iohn Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art, That calculates of many things to come Who by a power repleate with heauenly gifte, Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee, Decide in cyphering, what these flue Moones Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see Thy diunation take a true effect, Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men

Peter The Skies wherein these Moones have residence.

Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe
Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure foorth this Island Albion,
Who gins to scorne the See and State of Rome,
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope
This showes the heauen, and this I doo auerre
Is figured in the apparitions

Iohn. Why then it seemes the heavens smile on us, Giving applause for leaving of the Pope

But for they chaunce in our Meridian, Doo they effect no private growing ill To be inflicted on vs in this clyme?

Peter The Moones effect no more than what I said

But on some other knowledge that I have By my prescience, ere Ascension day Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height. Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie, Thou shalt be cleane dispoyld and dispossest

Iohn False Dreamer, perish with thy witched newes.

Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies If it be true, die for thy tidings price, If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose Hence with the witch, hells damned secretarie Lock him vp sure, for by my faith I sweare, True or not true, the Wizzard shall not live Before Ascension day, who shall be cause hereof? Cut off the cause, and then the effect will dye Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime my selfe, The roote doth live, from whence these thornes spring vp,

I and my promise past for his delivery Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall, The brat shall dye, that terrifies me thus Pembrooke and Essex, I recall my graunt, I will not buy your fauours with my feare Nay murmur not, my will is law enough, I love you well, but if I lou'de you better, I would not buy it with my discontent

Enter Hubert

How now, what newes with thee? Hub According to your Highnes strict commaind. Young Arthurs eyes are blinded and extinct.

Iohn Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but never see it

Hub Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine, Within one hower gaue he vp the ghost

Iohn What is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord

Iohn Then with him dyes my cares

Essex Now 10y betide thy soule

Pemb And heavens revenge thy death

Essex What have you done my Lord? was ever heard

A deede of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge
Unkindly rage, more rough than Northern winde,
To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,
As you have done, so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth
[Exeun

Iohn And are you gone? the diuell be your guide. Proud Rebels as ye are, to braue me so Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will Your tongues give edge vnto the fatall knife, That shall have passage through your traitious throats But husht, breathe not buggs words too soone abroad. Least time prevent the issue of thy reach. Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes. But while he liude, the danger was the more, His death hath freed me from a thousand feares, But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes. Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game, To whome the druell owes an open shame His life a foe that leueld at my Crowne, His death a frame to pull my building downe My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end. Who living aymed shrowdly at my roome But to preuent that plea, twice was I crownd.

Twice did my subjects sweare me fealtie, And in my conscience lou'de me as their liege, In whose defence they would have pawnd their hues. But now they shun me as a Serpents sting, A tragick Tyrant, sterne and pitiles, And not a title followes after Iohn. But Butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer What Planet gouernde my natiuitie, To bode me soueraigne types of high estate, So interlacte with hellish discontent. Wherein fell furie hath no interest? Curst be the Crowne, chiefe author of my care, Nay curst my will, that made the Crowne my care Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe That yeelded me aliue into the world. Art thou there villaine. Furies haunt thee still. For killing him whom all the world laments Hub Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale.

Hub Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale. Charging on lives regard to doo the deede

Iohn Ah dull conceipted peazant, knowst thou not It was a damned execrable deede? Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell Under the warrant of that cursed Seale Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell That I am comming for a kingdome there

Hub My Lord, attend the happie tale I tell, For heavens health send Sathan packing hence That instigates your Highnes to despaire If Arthurs death be dismall to be heard, Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth He lives my Lord, the sweetest youth alive, In health, with eysight, not a hair amisse. This hart tooke vigor from this froward hand, Making it weake to execute your charge.

Iohn What, lines he! Then sweete hope come home agen,

280 THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF KING IOHN

Chase hence despaire, the purueyor for hell Hye Hubert, tell these tidings to my Lords That throb in passions for yong Arthurs death Hence Hubert, stay not till thou hast reueald The wished newes of Arthurs happy health I go my selfe, the ioyfulst man aliue To stoile out this new supposed crime. [Exeunt.

THE ENDE OF THE FIRST PART

Second part of the troublesome Raigne of King Fohn, conteining the death of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysoning of King John at Swinstead

Abbey

As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the

Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho
nourable Citie of

LONDON

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

The changeles purpose of determinde Fate
Gives period to our care, or harts content
When heavens fixt time for this or that hath end
Nor can earths pomp or policie prevent
The doome ordained in their secret will

Gentles we left King John repleate with blisse That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine, And Hubert posting to returne those Lords, Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act Our Act of outrage, desperate furie, death, Wherein fond rashness murdereth first a Prince, And Monkes falsnes poysoneth last a King First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie, And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie



The Troublesome Raigne of King Iohn.

THE SECOND PART

Enter yong Arthur on the walls

N OW helpe good hap to further mine entent, Crosse not my youth with any more extreames I venter life to gaine my libertie, And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolue, My holde will faile, and then alas I fall, And if I fall, no question death is next Better desist, and liue in prison still Prison said I? nay, rather death than so Comfort and courage come againe to me, Ile venter sure. tis but a leape for life

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from his traunce, speakes thus

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp Where is my mother? let me speake with her. Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone? Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone Why cald I mother, how did I forget? My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Motheis sonne
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst
Sweet Jesu saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe
My heart controules the office of my toonge,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunck,
I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady Mother all good hap to thee.

[He dies

Enter Penbrooke, Salsburie, Essex

Essex. My Loids of Pembroke and of Salsbury, We must be carefull in our policie, To vindermine the kepers of this place, Else shall we neuer find the princes graue

Penb My Lord of Essex, take no care for that, I warrant you it was not closely done But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre, Who in his life shin'de like the Mornings blush, Cast out a doore, denide his buriall right, A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon

Sak O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deede! My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.

Essex Leaue childish teares brave Lords of England, If waterfloods could fetch his life againe, My eyes should conduit foorth a sea of teares If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne, My heart should vollie out deepe piercing plaints. But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers sunne, Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost. Let not the tyrant causer of this dole, Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres, Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes, Tis Gods decree to wreake ys of these harmes

Pemb The best aduice. But who commes posting heere?

Enter Hughbert

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
The King entreates your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and cursse his birth, himselfe and me,
For executing of his strict commaund
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assuide him of his cousins being safe,
Whome pitie would not let me doo to death
He craues your company my Lords in haste,
To whome I will conduct young Arthur streight,
Who is in health vinder my custodie

Essex In health base villaine, wert not I leaue the

To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs, Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point Cal'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends, And all that are of thy condition

Hugh My Lords, but heare me speake, & kil me then,

If heere I left not this yong Prince aliue, Maugre the hastie Edict of the King, Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes That God that gaue me liuing to this howre, Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place And as I tendred him with earnest loue, So God loue me, and then I shall be well

Sals Hence traytor hence, thy counesel is hereein Exit Hughbert

Some in this place appointed by the King, Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue, And sure the murther hath bin newly done, For yet the body is not fully colde Essex How say you Lords, shal we with speed

dispatch

Vnder our hands a packet into Fraunce,
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his cursse,
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto Iohn,
This hatefull murder, Lewis his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiv'd from Rome,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reede,
To make vs all perseuer in this deede

Pemb My lord of Essex, well haue you aduis'de,

I will accord to further you in this

Sals And Salsbury will not gainsay the same But aid that course as far foorth as he can

Essex Then each of vs send straight to his allyes To winne them to this famous enterprise And let vs all yelad in Palmers weede, The tenth of April at Saint Edmonds Bury Meete to confer, and on the Altar there Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise Meane while, let vs conucigh this body hence, And give him buriall, as befits his state, Keeping his months minde, and his obsequies With solemne intercession for his soule How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb The tenth of Aprill at Saint Edmunds Bury,

God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex Then let vs all conuey the body hence [Exeunt

Enter King Iohn, with two or three, and the Prophet

Iohn Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill, Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes, Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,

Confound my wits, and dull my senses so. That every object these mine eyes behold, Seeme instruments to bring me to my end Ascension day is come, John feare not then The produgies this pratting Prophet threates. Tis come indeede ah were it fully past, Then were I careles of a thousand feares The Diall tells me, it is twelve at noone Were twelve at midnight past, then might I vaunt, False seers prophecies of no import Could I as well with this right hand of mine Remove the Sunne from our Meridian, Unto the moonsted circle of th' antipodes, As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen, Then Iohn, the date of fatall prophecies, Should with the Prophets life together end But Multa cadunt inter calicem supremague labra Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame, And by the Crowne of England heere I sweare. To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin Peter King Iohn, although the time I have pre-

scribed

Be but twelue houres remayning yet behinde, Yet do I know by inspiration, Ere that fixt time be fully come about, King Iohn shall not be King as heeretofore Iohn Uain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce so soone.

To set a King beside his regall Seate? My heart is good, my body passing strong, My Land in peace, my enemies subdew'd, Only my Barons storme at Arthurs death, But Arthur liues, I there the challenge growes, Were he dispatcht vnto his longest home, Then were the King secure of thousand foes Hubert, what news with thee, where are my Lords? Hub. Hard newes my Lord, Arthur the louely Prince. Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite

Iohn Is Arthur dead? then Hubert without more words hang the Prophet

Away with Peter, villen out of my sight, I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word Now Iohn, thy feares are vanisht into smoake, Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death Sweet Youth, but that I striued for a Crowne, I could haue well affoorded to thine age, Long life, and happines to thy content

Enter the Bastard

Iohn Philip what newes with thee?

Bas The newes I heard was Peters prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground

John There let him hang, and be the Rauens food, While Iohn triumphs in spight of Prophecies But whats the tidings from the Popelings now? What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings? Or where's the Barons that so sodainly Did leaue the King vpon a false surmise?

Bas The Prelates storme & thurst for sharpe reuenge

But please your Majestie, were that the worst, Is little skild a greater danger growes, Which must be weeded out by carefull speede, Or all is lost, for all is leueld at

Iohn. More frights and feares t what ere thy tidings be.

I am preparde: then Philip, quickly say, Meane they to murder, or imprison me, To give my Crowne away to Rome or Fraunce, Or will they each of them become a King? Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be

Bast Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad The nobles have elected Lewis King, In right of Ladie Blanch, your Neece, his Wife His landing is expected euery hower The Nobles, Commons, Cleigie, all Estates, Incited chieefly by the Cardinall, Pandulph that hes here Legate for the Pope, Thinks long to see their new elected King And for vindoubted proofe, see here my Liege, Letters to me from your Nobilitie, To be a partie in this action Who vider shew of fained holines, Appoynt their meeting at S Edmonds Bury There to consult, conspire, and conclude The ouerthrow and downfall of your State

Iohn Why so it must be one hower of content, Matcht with a month of passionate effects Why shines the Sunne to favour this consoit? Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates, And scatter all these persured complices, With all their counsells, and their damned drifts? But see the welkin rolleth gently on. Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them, The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all, Conspire with those confederates my decay Then hell for me, if any power be there, Forsake that place, and guide me step by step, To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps These traitors oh that name is too good for them. And death is easie is there nothing worse, To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew? What saist thou Philip? why assists thou not?

Bast These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season Help must descend from heaven against this treason?

Iohn Nay thou wilt proove a traitor with the rest, Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all Bast I would be loath to leave your Highnes thus.

Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe

Iohn Ah Philip, whither goest thou? come againe

Bast My Lord, these motions are as passions of a
mad man

Iohn A mad man Philip, I am mad indeed, My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone And Iohn of *England* now is quite vindone Was euer King as I opprest with cares? Dame Elianor my noble Mother Queene, My onely hope and comfort in distresse, Is dead, and England excommunicate, And I am interdicted by the Pope, All churches curst, their doores are sealed vp, And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest. The seruice of the Highest is neglected, The multitude (a beast of many heads) Doo with confusion to their Soueraigne. The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes. Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe. And more than this, elect a forren King O *England*, wert thou euer miserable. King John of *England* sees thee miserable Iohn, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable, Ourc quid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King, So show it now post to S Edmonds Bury, Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts, Confound their diuellish plots, and damned deuises Though Iohn be faultie, yet let subjects beare, He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs A Mother though she were vnnaturall, Is better than the kindest Stepdame is Let neuer Englishman trust for aine rule

Then Philip shew thy fealtie to thy King,
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King
Bast I goe my lord see how he is distraught,
This is the cursed Priest of Italy
Hath heapt these mischiefes on this haplesse Land
Now, Philip, hadst thou Tullyes eloquence,
Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe

[Exit Iohn And ait thou gone? successe may follow thee

Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall, Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope Say that the King desires to speake with him Now Iohn bethinke thee how thou maist resolue And if thou wilt continue Englands King. Then cast about to keep thy Diadem, For life and land, and all is leueld at The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause. He curseth thee, he sets thy subjects free From due obedience to their Soueraigne He animates the Nobles in their warres. He gives away the Crowne to Philips Sonne. And pardons all that seeke to murther thee And thus blind zeale is still predominant Then Iohn there is no way to keepe thy Crowne. But finely to dissemble with the Pope That hand that gaue the wound must give the salue To cure the hurt, els quite incurable Thy sinnes are faire too great to be the man T'abolish Pope, and Poperie from thy Realme But in thy seate, if I may gesse at all, A King shall raigne that shall suppresse them all Peace Iohn, here comes the Legate of the Pope, Dissemble thou, and whatsoeie thou saist. Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph

Pand Now Iohn, vnworthie man to breath on earth.

That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church

Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe?

Iohn Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope. The holy Vicar of S Peters Chuich, Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee, And doo submit me to the Sea of Rome. And yow for penaunce of my high offence. To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ, And carry Armes in holy Christian warres Pand No Iohn, thy crowching and dissembling

thus

Cannot deceive the Legate of the Pope, Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away, And thou art curst without redemption

Iohn Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge, And get no help with thy submission, Unsheath thy sword, and sley the misprowd Priest, That thus triumphs ore thee a mighty King No Iohn, submit againe, dissemble vet. For Priests and Women must be flattered Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know. No time to late for sinners to repent. Absolue me then, and Iohn doth sweare to doo The vttermost what euer thou demaundst

Pand Iohn, now I see thy harty penitence, I rew and pitty thy distrest estate. One way is left to reconcile thy selfe. And only one which I shall shew to thee Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes And where his Holinesse hath kindled Fraunce, And set thy subjects hearts at warre with thee, Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe, That seeke the discontentment of the King

Iohn From bad to woorse, or I must loose my realme.

Or give my Crowne for penance vnto Rome
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power
What? shall I give my Crowne with this right hand?
No with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee
What newes with thee?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your maiestie, there is discried on the Coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the French fleete, vinder the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Countrie in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour

K Iohn How now Lord Cardinall, whats your best aduse?

These mutinies must be allayd in time, By pollicy or headstrong rage at least O Iohn, these troubles tyre thy wearyed soule, And like to Luna in a sad Eclipse, So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes Well may it be, when Kings are grieued so, The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthiow

Card K John, for not effecting of thy plighted vow.

This strange annoyance happens to thy land But yet be reconcild vnto the Church, And nothing shall be grieuous to thy state

Iohn Oh Pandulph, be it as thou hast decreed, Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise, Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow, My Realme shall florish, and my Crowne in peace

Enter the Nobles, Pembrooke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe, Clare, with others

Pemb Now sweet S Edmond holy Saint in heauen, Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemd on earth, Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts To prosecute this act of mickle waight, Lord Bewchampe say, what friends have you procurde

Bewch The L Fitz Water, L Percy, and L Rosse, Uowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre

Essex Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage, By that same houre on warrant of their faith, Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing, Lord Eustace, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord Mowbrey.

Appointed meeting at S Edmonds Shine

Pemb Until their presence, ile conceale my tale, Sweete complices in holie Christian acts, That venture for the purchase of renowne, Thrice welcome to the league of high resolue, That pawne their bodies for their soules regard

Essex Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke, In Pilgrims habit comes our holie troupe A furlong hence, with swift vinwonted pace, May be they are the persons you expect

Pemb With swift vinwonted gate, see what a thing is zeale.

That spurrs them on with feruence to this Shrine, Now toy come to them for their true intent And in good time, heere come the warmen all, That sweate in body by the minds disease Hap and heartsease braue Lordings be your lot

Enter the Bastard Philip, &-c

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke, And all that trauell in a Christian cause Essex Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly stock.

A right Plantaginet should reason so But silence Lords, attend our commings cause The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle, On strong instinct hath framed this conuentickle, To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt. Should I not name the foeman of our rest. Which of you all so barraine in conceipt As cannot levell at the man I meane? But least Enigma's shadow shining truth. Plainely to paint, as truth requires no aite Th' effect of this resort importeth this, To roote and cleane extirpate tirant Iohn. Tirant. I say, appealing to the man, If any heere that loues him, and I aske, What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne, Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach? First I inferre the Chesters bannishment For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes. Was speciall notice of a tyrants will But were this all, the diuil should be saud, But this the least of many thousand faults, That circumstance with leisure might display Our private wrongs, no parcell of my tale Which now in piesence, but for some great cause Might wish to him as to a mortall foe But shall I close the period with an acte Abhorring in the eares of Christian men. His Cosens death, that sweet viguilty childe, Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes, Heere is my proofes, as cleere as grauell brooke, And on the same I further must inferre. That who vpholds a tyrant in his course. Is culpable of all his damned guilt To show the which, is yet to be described My Lord of Penbrooke, shew what is behinde,

Only I say, that were there nothing else To mooue us, but the Popes most dreadfull curse, Whereof we are assured, if we fayle, It were mough to instigate vs all, With earnestnesse of spuit, to seeke a meane To dispossess Iohn of his regiment

Penb Well hath my Lord of Essex tolde his tale, Which I auer for most substanciall truth, And more to make the matter to our minde, I say that Lewis in chalenge of his wife, Hath title of an vincontrouled plea, To all that longeth to an English crowne Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolick, Hath offerd dispensation for the fault If any be, as trust me none I know, By planting Lewis in the vsurpers roome This is the cause of all our presence heere That on the holy Altar we protest, To ayde the right of Lewis with goods and life, Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England What say you Lords?

Sals As Pembrooke sayth, affirmeth Salsburie Faire Lewis of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch, Hath title of an vincontrouled strength To England, and what longeth to the Crowne, In right whereof, as we are true informd, The Prince is marching hitherward in Aimes Our purpose, to conclude that with a word, Is to inuest him as we may deuise, King of our Countrey, in the tyrants stead And so the warrant on the Altar sworne, And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bast. My Lord of Salsbury, I cannot couch My speeches with the needfull words of arte, As doth beseeme in such a waightie work, But what my conscience and my dutie will, I purpose to impart.

For Chesters exile, blame his busic wit,
That medled where his dutic quite forbade
For any private causes that you have,
Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a King in their revenge
For Arthurs death, King Iohn was innocent,
He desperat was the deathsman to himselfe,
With you, to make a colour to your crime, innustly do
impute to his default,

But where fell traytorisme hath residence, There wants no words to set despight on worke I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe, To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right, Against a King annoynted by the Lord Why Salsburie, admit the wrongs are true, Yet subjects may not take in hand reuenge, And rob the heauens of their proper power, Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride, Giue charters for the lines of lawfull Kings? What can he blesse, or who regards his cursse, But such as give to man, and takes from God? I speake it in the sight of God aboue, Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe, But sels his soule perpetually to payne Avd Lewis, leave God, kill John, please hell, Make havock of the welfare of your soules, For heere I leave you in the sight of heaven, A troupe of traytors, foode for hellish feends. If you desist, then follow me as friends, If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors For Lewis his right, alas tis too too lame, A senslesse clayme, if truth be titles friend In briefe, if this be cause of our resort, Our Pilgrimage is to the Diuils Shrine I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doo, Nor will I counsaile in so had a cause

Please you returne, wee goe againe as friends, If not, I too my King, and you where traytors please

Per A hote yong man, and so my Loids proceed, I let him go, and better lost than found
Penb What say you Loids, will all the iest pro-

ceed,

Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altai,
That you wil to the death, be and to Lewis & enemy
to John?

Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord,

Well then, euery man to armes to meete the King, Who is alreadie before London

Enter Messenger

Penb What newes Harrold?
The right Christian Prince my Master, Lewis of Fraunce, is at hand, comming to visit your honors, directed hether by the right honorable Richard Earle of Bigot, to conferre with your Honors

Penb. How neere is his Highnesse? Mess Ready to enter your presence

Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lewes Faire Loids of England, Lewis salutes you all

As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale At whose request, from plenty flowing Fraunce, Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale, He is in Person come at your commaunds, To vndertake and gratifie withall, The fulnesse of your fauours proffred him But worlds braue men, omitting promises, Till time be minister of more amends,

I must acquaint you with our foitunes course The heavens dewing fauours on my head, Haue in their conduct safe with victorie. Brought me along your well manured bounds, With small repulse, and little crosse of chaunce Your Citie Rochester, with great applause, By some dinine instinct layd aimes aside And from the hollow holes of Thamesis, Eccho apace replide, Viue la roy From thence, along the wanton rowling glade To Troynouant, your fayre Metropolis, With luck came Lewes, to shew his troupes of Fraunce. Wauing our Ensignes with the dallying windes, The fearefull object of fell flowning waire, Where after some assault, and small defence, Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe, Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe Within the compasse of their high built walles. Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes. Meanes of content, in lieu of former guefe And may I live but to requite you all, Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours

Salts Welcome the balme that closeth vp our wounds.

The soueraigne medeine for our quick recure, The anchor of our hope, the onely prop, Whereon depends our lines, our lands, our weale, Without the which, as sheep without their heard, (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe) We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes No merualle then, though with vinwonted roy, We welcome him that beateth woes away

Lewes Thanks to you all of this religious league, A holy knot of Catholique consent I cannot name you Lordings, man by man, But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,

In generall I promise faithfull loue
Lord Bigot brought me to S Edmonds shrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,
That this assembly came deuoted heere,
To sweare according as your packets showd,
Homage and loyall service to our selfe,
I neede not doubt the suretie of your wills,
Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
The townes have yeelded on their owne accords
Yet for a fashion, not for misbeliefe,
My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare
Your oath ypon the holy Altar sworne,
And after march, to end our commings cause

Sals That we intend no other than good truth, All that are present of this holy League, For confirmation of our better trust, In presence of his Highnes, sweare with me, The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere

I Thomas Plantaginet, Earle of Salisbury, sweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints, homage and allegeance to the right Christian Prince Lewes of France, as true and rightfull King to England, Cornwall, & Wales, and to their Territories in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altars sweare all forwardnes

[All the Eng Lords sweare

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all

Lewes I rest assured on your holy oath And on this Altar in like sort I sweare Loue to you all, and Princely recompence To guerdon your good wills vnto the full And since I am at this religious Shrine, My good welwillers give us leave awhile, To vse some orisons our selves apart, To all the holy companie of heaven, That they will smile vpon our purposes, And bring them to a fortunate event

Sals We leave your Highnes to your good intent [Exeunt Loids of England

Lewes Now Uncount Meloun, what remaines behinde?

Trust me these traitors to their Soueiaigne State, Are not to be beleeude in any soit

Meloun Indeed my Lord, they that infringe then oths.

And play the Rebels gainst their natiue King, Will for as little cause reuolt from you, If euer opportunitie incite them so For once forsworne, and neuer after found, Theres no affiance after periury

Lewes Well Meloun, well, lets smooth with them awhile.

Untill we have as much as they can doo
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Il hang them for the guerdon of their help
Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson,
To yndeitake the issue of our hope

Fr Lord Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes With merry smiles, and promise of much waight But when your Highnes needeth them no more, Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede They prooue to you as to their naturall King

Meloun Trust me my Lord, right well haue you aduisde.

Venyme for vse, but neuer for a sport Is to be dallyed with, least it infect Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all

Lewes That so I meane, I sweare before you all On this same altar, and by heavens power, Theres not an English traytor of them all, Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire Englands King, Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day, But I will crop it for their guilts desert

Nor shall their heires intoy their Signories,
But perish by their parents fowle amisse
This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope
Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me
[The French Lords swear

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire, A smile of France will feed an English foole Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be But in the hart like traitors as they are

Enter the English Lords

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world, Haue we solicited with heartie prayer The heauen in fauour of our high attempt Leaue we this place, and march we with our power To rowse the Tyrant from his chiefest hold And when our labours haue a prosperous end, Each man shall reape the fruite of his desert And so resolude, braue followers let vs hence

Enter K Iohn, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many Priests with them

Thus Iohn, thou art absolude from all thy sinnes, And freed by order from our Fathers curse Receive thy Crowne againe, with this proviso, That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope, And carry armes in right of holy Rome

Iohn I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope, And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showne Phil. A proper lest, when Kings must stoop to Friers,

Neede hath no law, when Frier must be Kings

Enter a Messenger

Mess Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of Fraunce, With all the Nobles of your Graces Land Are marching hetherward in good aray Where ere they set their foote, all places yeeld Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out But Dover Castle, which is hard besiegd

Pand Feare not king Iohn, thy kingdome is ye Popes,

And they shall know his Holines hath power, To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo

Drums and Trumpets Enter Lewes, Melun, Salsbury, Essex, Pembrooke, and all the Nobles from Fraunce and England

Lewes Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge, So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes, And wonne the greatest pait of all this Land But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall, Thus to converse with John that is accurst

Pand Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror, Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear, Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome, Shall be remunerated to the full But know my Lord, K. Iohn is now absolude, The Pope is pleasde, the Land is blest agen, And thou hast brought each thing to good effect It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers, And quietly returne to Fraunce againe For all is done the Pope would wish thee doo

Lewes But al's not done that Lewes came to do Why Pandulph, hath K Philip sent his sonne And been at such excessive charge in warres, To be dismist with words? king John shall know, England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

Pand Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse, That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe, And yeeld vp London and the neighbour Townes That thou hast tane in England by the sword

Melun Lord Cardinall by Lewes princely leaue, It can be nought but vsurpation In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome, Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome, Now with a word to make them carie armes, Then with a word to make them leaue their armes This must not be Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,

Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full

Bast My Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince To England and the Crowne of Albion, But such a title as the Pope confirmde
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime
Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land
Will leave the French, and cleaue vnto our King
For shame yee Peeres of England suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall
But with resolued thoughts beate backe the French,
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salis Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,

And we will follow him vnto the death

Pand Then in the name of Innocent the Pope, I curse the Prince and all that take his part, And excommunicate the rebell Peeres As traytors to the King and to the Pope

Lewes. Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selues

Prepare thee Iohn, Lords follow me your King.

[Exeunt

Iohn Accursed Iohn, the Diuell owes thee shame,

Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Fraunce Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest

Pand Comfort thy selfe K Iohn, the Cardnall

goes

Upon his curse to make them leave their armes

Exit

Bast Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall, Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest To answere Lewes with a lustic shocke The English archers haue their quiuers full, Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push God cheere my Lord, K Richards fortune hangs Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme Then let them know his brother and his sonne Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes

Iohn Philip, I know not how to answer thee But let vs hence, to answere Lewes pride

Excursions Enter Meloun with English Lords

Mel O I am slaine, Nobles, Salsbury, Pembrooke. My soule is charged, heare me for what I say Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State Listen, brave Lords, a fearfull mourning tale To be deliuered by a man of death Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie Mars Are harbingers from natures common foe, Cyting this trunke to Tellus prison house? Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end, Bids me give Phisicke to a sickly soule. O Peeres of England, know you what you doo? There's but a haire that sunders you from harme, The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made, And simply you runne doating to your deaths But least I dye, and leave my tale vntolde. With silence slaughtering so braue a crew.

This I auerre, if Lewes win the day, There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand Against King Iohn to plant the heire of Fraunce, But is already damnd to cruell death I heard it vowd, my selfe amongst the rest Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift, The greatest for the freedome of my soule, That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt. The other on a naturall instinct, For that my Grandsire was an Englishman Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse, No frenzie, noi no brainsick idle fit, But well aduisde, and wotting what I say, Pronounce I here before the face of heauen, That nothing is discouered but a truth Tis time to flie, submit your selues to Iohn, The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death. Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French. Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks. Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme, Your seate, your nurse, your birth days breathing

That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in aimes. Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers grave, Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe My soule hath said, contritions penitence Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne. Farewell my Lords, witnes my faith when we are met

ın heauen,

And for my kindnes give me grave roome heere My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell

Sals Now 10y betide thy soule wel-meaning man, How now my Lords, what cooling card is this? A greater griefe growes now than earst hath been. What counsell give you, shall we stay and dye? Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King

Pemb. My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes What have we done? fie Lords, what frenzie moued Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of Fraunce? If we perseuer, we are sure to dye If we desist, small hope againe of life

Sals Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man, That made vs wretched with his dying tale, And stand not wayling on our present harmes, As women wont but seeke our harmes redresse As for my selfe. I will in haste be gon And kneele for pardon to our Souereign Iohn

Pemb I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him, Than to the French that would confound vs all [Exeunt

Enter king John carried betweene 2 Lords. Iohn Set downe, set downe the load not woorth your pain,

For done I am with deadly wounding griefe Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good, The world hath wearied me, and I have wearied it It loaths I liue, I liue and loath my selfe Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde? But to a few, a few will pitie me Why dye I not? Death scornes so vilde a pray Why live I not, life hates so sad a prize I sue to both to be retaynd of either, But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere, Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Phil How fares my Lord, that he is caryed thus? Not all the aukward fortunes yet befalne, Made such impression of lament in me Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart With any object mouing more remorse, Than now beholding of a mighty King, Borne by his Lords in such distressed state

Iohn What news with thee? If bad, report it straite

If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me Phil. Such as it is, and heavy though it be, To glut the world with tragick elegies, Once will I breath to agrauate the rest, Another moane to make the measure full The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side. But that a rumor went throughout our Campe, That Iohn had fled, the King had left the field At last the rumor scald these eares of mine. Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars. Than ignominious scandall by retyre I cheerd the troupes, as did the prince of Troy His weery followers gainst the Mermidons, Crying alowde, S George, the day is ours But feare had captiliated courage quite, And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe, So hartlesse fled our warmen from the feeld Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest, Was faine to flie before the eager foe By this time night had shadowed all the earth With sable curteines of the blackest hue, And fenct vs from the fury of the French, As Io from the realous Iunoes eve. When in the morning our troupes did gather head, Passing the washes with our carriages, The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable, Came raging in with billowes threatning death, And swallowed up the most of all our men, My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well paced. Out stript the flouds that followed wave by wave, I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

Iohn. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe

Was euer any so infortunate,

The 11ght Idea of a curssed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to Sminsteed, tell me, do you know?
Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire
My sicknesse rages, to tirannize vpon me,
I cannot liue unlesse this feuer leaue me

Phil Good cheate my Lord, the Abbey is at hand, Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meete you

Enter the Abbot and certayne Monkes

Abb All health & happines to our soueraigne Loid the King

Iohn Nor health nor happines hath Iohn at all Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abb Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,

Your maiestie shal be assured of

Phil The King thou seest is weake and very faint, What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

Abb Good store my Lord, of that you neede not feare.

For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds Were neuer fatter, not in better plight

Iohn Philip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,
The Friers fasten on it streight
But let vs in to taste of their repast,
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholden to such Abbey groomes [Exeunt

Manet the Monk.

Monk Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier? Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope? Is this the man that robd the holy Church? And yet will flye vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeys lands? Is this the man whom all the world abhories, And yet will flie vnto a Friorie? Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friers, Monks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein, If wicked Iohn escape aliue away Now if that thou wilt looke to ment heauen, And be canonized for a holy Saint To please the world with a deseruing worke, Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free, And murder him that seeks to murder thee

Enter the Abbot

Abb Why are not you within to cheere the King? He now begins to mend, and will to meate

Monk What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abb What, at thy Mumpsimus? away,

And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King Monk Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,

And with a mallet knock him on the head

Abb Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me? Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place

Monk Ile poyson him, and it shall neere be knowne,

And then shall I be chiefest of my house

Abb If I were dead indeed he is the next But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad, And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Monk My L I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not

Abb Alas good Thomas, do not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks

Monk I murther you! God sheeld from such a

thought

Abb. If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers

Monk I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord
but if you please,

I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all

Abb Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on Monk You know, my Lord, the King is in our house

Abb True

Monk You know likewise the King abhors a

Abb True

Monk And he that loues not a Friei is our enemy Abb Thou saist true

Monk Then the King is our enemy

Abb True

Monk Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King being our enemy, why then should we not kil the King

Abb O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monk Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede.

Ile free my Country and the Church from foes, And merit heauen by killing of a King

Abb Thomas kneel downe, and if thou art resolu'd.

I will absolue thee heere from all thy sinnes, For why the deede is meritorious Forward, and feare not man for euery month, Our Friers shall sing a Masse for Thomas soule.

Monk God and S Francis prosper my attempt, For now my Lord I goe about my worke Exeunt

Enter Lewes and his aimie

Lewes Thus victory in bloudy Lawrell clad, Followes the fortune of young Lodowike, The Englishmen as daunted at our sight, Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes, Only two crosses of contrary change Do nip my heart, and vexe me with virest.

Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule, A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce The other griefe, I thats a gall indeede To thinke that Douer Castile should hold out Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable Yee warlike race of Francus Hectors sonne, Triumph in conquest of that tyrant Iohn, The better halfe of England is our owne And towards the conquest of the other part, We haue the face of all the English lords, What then remaines but ouerrunne the land? Be resolute my wailike followers, And if good fortune serue as she begins, The poorest pesant of the realme of Fraunce Shall be a maister ore an English Lord

Enter a Messenger

Lewes Fellow, what newes?

Mess Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of Salsbury, Penbroke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodeine fled with all their powers, to joyne with Iohn to drive thee back agains

Enter another Messenger.

Mess Lewes my Lord, why standst thou in a maze? Gather thy troups, hope not of help from Fraunce, For all thy forces being fiftie sayle, Conteying twenty thousand souldiers, With victuall and munition for the warre, Putting them from Callis in vinluckie time, Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sands, The men, munition, and the ships are lost

Enter another Messenger

Lewes More newes? say on

Mess Iohn (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword, As Pharaoh earst within the bloody sea, So he and his enuironed with the tyde, On Lincolne washes all were ouerwhelmed, The Barons fled, our forces cast away

Lewes Was ever heard such vnexpected newes?

Mess Yet Lodowike reviue thy dying heart,
King Iohn and all his forces are consumde
The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieve thy Nauies wracke,
And follow tymes advantage with successe

Lewes Braue Frenchmen armde with magnani-

mitie,

March after Lewes, who will leade you on To chase the Barons power that wants a head, For Iohn is drownd, and I am Englands King Though our munition and our men be lost, Philip of Fraunce will send vs fresh supplyes

[Exeunt

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

Frier Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate, Would a might eate his last for the loue hee bears to Churchmen

Frier I am of thy minde too, and so it should be and we might be our owne caruers

I meruaile why they dine here in the Orchard

Frier I know not, nor I case not The King coms Iohn Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Abb Pleaseth your Grace sit downe

Iohn. Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and friends may come, where Necessitie keepes the house, curtesie is bard the table, sit downe, Philip

Bast My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to ye prouerb, honors change manners a King is a King, though Fortune do her worst, & we as dutifull

in despite of her frowne, as if your highnesse were

now in the highest type of dignitie

Iohn Come, no more ado, and you will tell me much of dignitie, youle mar my appetite in a surfet of sorrow

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frowne like an host that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abb No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a

guest as your Maiestie

Bast I thinke, rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being heere, when I went in progresse for powtches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me

Abb Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest fol-

lower of his maiesty, are hartily welcome to me

Monk Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to Swinsted

Iohn Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast

taster to a King.

Monk As much helth to your Highnes as to my own hart.

Iohn I pledge thee kinde Monke

Monk The meriest draught y euer was dronk in England

Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

Iohn Not a whit, all friendes and fellowes for a time

Monk If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any proofe why so it workes

Iohn Stay Philip, wheres the Monke?

Bast He is dead my Lord

Iohn Then drinke not Philip for a world of wealth Bast What cheere my hege? your cullor begins to

change.

Iohn So doth my life O Philip, I am poysond The Monke, the Divill, the poyson gins to rage, It will depose my selfe a King from raigne

Bast This Abbot hath an interest in this act At all aduentures take thou that from me There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuill March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell How fares my Lord?

Iohn Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes, To tumble on and coole this inward heate, That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote To burne the holy tree in Babylon, Power after power forsake their pioper power, Only the hart impugnes with faint resist The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings, Help God, O payne! dye Iohn, O plague Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous sinnes Philip, a chayre, and by and by a graue, My leggs disdaine the carriage of a King

Bast A good my Liege, with patience conquer guefe.

And beare this paine with kingly fortitude Iohn Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne, Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters, The least enough to loose my part in heaven Me thinkes the Diuill whispers in mine eares, And tels me, tis in vayne to hope for grace, I must be damned for Arthurs sodaine death, I see I see a thousand thousand men Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth, And there is none so mercifull a God That will forgive the number of my sinnes How have I liu'd, but by anothers losse? What have I loud, but wracke of others weale? Where have I vowd, and not infring'd mine oath? Where have I done a deede deserving well? How what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day, That tended not to some notorious ill?
My life repleat with rage and tyranie,
Craues little pittle for so strange a death,
Or, who will say that Iohn deceasd too sonne?
Who will not say, he rather liud too long?
Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,
And shame attendeth Iohn vnto his death
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dyde not by the temper of their swoids?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scornd by my foes, disdained of my friends

Bast Forgue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend
Iohn My tongue doth falter Philip, I tell thee
man

Since Iohn did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,
Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse
But in the spirit I cry vnto my God,
As did the Kingly Prophet Dauid cry,
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall build the Lord a house,
Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth
But if my dying heart deceive me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly braunch
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,
And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets
pride.

That sits vpon the chaire of Babylon
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
And in the faith of Iesu Iohn doth dye

Bast See how he striues for life, vnhappy Lord, Whose bowels are divided in themselves
This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and

Enter a Messenger

Mess Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land, Which all this while bare arms against the King, Conducted by the Legate of the Pope, Together with the Prince his highnes Sonne, Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King Bast Your Sonne, my Lord, yong Henry craves to see

Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside The Barons that revolted from your Grace O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth, His speech doth faile—lift vp your selfe my Loid, And see the Prince to comfort you in death

Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers in their hands

Prince O let me see my Father ere he dye O Uncle, were you here, and sufferd him To be thus poysned by a damned Monke? Ah, he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake

Bast His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end Pan Lords, give me leave to joy the dying King, With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here With daggers in their hands, who offer vp Their hues for ransome of their foule offence Then good my Loid, if you forgive them all, Lift vp your hand in token you forgive

Sales. We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie, And vow to fight for England and her King And in the sight of Iohn our soueraigne Lord, In spite of Lewes and the power of Fraunce, Who hetherward are marching in all hast, We crowne yong Henry in his fathers sted.

Hen Help, help, he dyes, ah Father looke on mee

Legat K. Iohn, farewell · in token of thy farth,

And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord, Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnes here, Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauiour Christ. Now ioy betide thy soule what noyse is this?

Enter a Messenger

Mess Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward With Ensignes of defiance in the winde, And all our armie standeth at a gaze, Expecting what their Leaders will commaund Bast Lets arme our selues in yong K Henries

Bast Lets arme our selves in yong K Henries right,

And beate the power of Fraunce to sea againe

Legat Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,

And bring him face to face to parl with you

Bast Lord Salsbury, your selfe shall march with

me.

So shall we bring these troubles to an ende King Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne, Let not a stone of Swinsted Abbey stand, But pull the house about the Friers eares For they have killde my Father and my King

Exeunt

A parle sounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salsbury, &c.
Pan. Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry Englands
King

Requires to know the reason of the claime That thou canst make to any thing of his. King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone, See where his breathles trunke in presence lyes, And he as heire apparant to the crowne Is now succeeded to his Fathers roome

Hen Lewes, what law of Armes doth lead thee thus.

To keepe possession of my lawfull right?

Answere, in fine, if thou wilt take a peace, And make surrender of my right againe, Or true thy title with the dint of sword I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not, For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King. And what thou hast in England they did get

Lewes Henry of England, now that Iohn is dead, That was the chiefest enemie to Fraunce, I may the rather be induced to peace But Salsbury, and you Barons of the Realme. This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath That you on Bury Altare lately sware

Sals. Nor did the oath your Highnes there did take Agree with honour of the Prince of Fraunce

Bast My Lord, what answere make you to the King?

Dol Faith Philip this I say it bootes not me. Nor any Prince nor power of Christendome, To seeke to win this Island Albion, Vnlesse he haue a partie in the Realme By treason for to help him in his warres The Peeres which were the partie on my side. Are fled from me then bootes not me to fight. But on conditions, as mine honour wills, I am contented to depart the realme

Hen On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld? Lewes. That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice Bast Then Kings & Princes, let these broils have end.

And at more leasure talke vpon the League Meanwhile to Worster let vs beare the King, And there interre his bodie, as beseemes But first, in sight of Lewes, heire of Fraunce, Lords take the crowne and set it on his head, That by succession is our lawfull King

They clown yong Henry

Thus Englands peace begins in Henryes Raigne, And bloody waries are closde with happie league Let England line but true within it selfe, And all the world can neuer wrong her State Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France, For neuer Frenchman got of English ground The twentith part that thou hast conquered Dolphin, thy hand, to Woister we will march Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne With obsequies of honor to his graue If Englands Peeres and people 10yne in one, Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them wrong

KING HENRY V

VOL IV X

EDITION

The Famous Victorius of Henry the fifth Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598 4° Black letter

THERE was a second edition in 1617, and the drama was licensed in 1594. The Malone copy of 1598 here replinted is, however, the earliest impression known, as well as the only copy of that impression which has yet been found. The second 4° was included in "Six Old Plays," 1779



The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, Conteining the Honorable Battell of Agincourt

Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom

Henry V COME away Ned and Tom Both, Here my Lord

Hen V Come away my Lads

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?

Ned Faith my Lord, I have got five hundred pound

Hen V But tell me Tom, how much hast thou

Tom Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound Hen. V Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads

But tell me sus, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers Receueis?

Ned Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth

Hen V Faith Ned, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

Tom My Lord, we are now about a mile off London

Hen. V But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-Castle Comes not away. Sounds see where he comes

Enters Iockey

How now Iockey, what newes with thée? *Iockey* Faith my Loid, such newes as passeth, For the Towne of Detfort is risen, With hue and crie after your man, Which parted from vs the last night, And has set vpon, and hath robd a poole Carrier Hen V Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to spie

Out our booties

I my Lord, even the very same

Hen V Now baseminded rascal to rob a poore carrier,

Wel it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life

I, I may but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the Receivers?

Iock Faith my Lord, they are hard by,

But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a foote,

So we may escape them

Hen V Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone with them.

But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?

For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines

So beland me about the shoulders,

As I shal féele it this moneth

Iock Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound

Hen V A hundred pound, now bravely spoken Iockey

But come sirs, laie al your money before me, Now by heaven here is a braue shewe But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags, Here comes the Receivers, let me alone

Enters two Receivers

One Alas good fellow, what shal we do?

I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd

But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo?

Hen V How now you vilaines, what are you?

One Recer Speake you to him

Other No I pray, speake you to him

Hen V Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?

One Forsooth we be Pray speake you to him Hen V Sowns, vilains speak, or il cut off your heads

Other Forsooth he can tel the tale better than I One Forsooth we be your fathers Receivers

Hen V Are you my fathers Receivers?

Then I hope ye have brought me some money

One Money, Alas sir wee be robd

Hen. V Robd, how many were there of them?

One Marry sir, there were foure of them

And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie, And your blacke Nag

Hen V Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey? Blood you vilaines my father robd of his money abroad.

And we robd in our stables

But tell me, how many were there of them?

One Recei If it please you, there were foure of them, And there was one about the bignesse of you But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders, That he wil feele it this month

Hen V Gogs wounds you lamd them faierly, So that they have carried away your money But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

¹ [This word is omitted in first 4°]

Both Recei I beséech your grace, be good to vs Ned I pray you my Lord forgrue them this once Well stand vp and get you gone, And looke that you speake not a word of it,

For if there be, sownes ale hang you and all your kin [Exit Purseuant

Hen V Now siis, how like you this?

Was not this brauely done?

For now the vilaines daie not speake a word of it, I have so feared them with words

Now whither shall we goe?

All Why my Loid, you know our old hostes at Feuersham

Hen V Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal we do there?

We have a thousand pound about vs,
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house
No, no you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,
There is good wine besides, there is a piettie wench
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their
tongies,

As any part about them

All We are readie to waite vpon your grace Hen. V Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogither, We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King My father were dead, we would be all Kings, Therefore come away

Ned Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Hairy

Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawnence Costermonger

Iohn Cob All is well here, all is well maisters
Law How say you neighbour Iohn Cobler?
I thinke it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
And we will watch here at Billinsgate ward
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?

Rob Marry well neighbours

I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end But neighbors, and you heare any adoe about me, Make haste and if I heare any adoe about you,

I will come to you Exit Robin

Law Neighbor, what newes heare you of ye young

Iohn Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young Prince,

For if he met any by the hie way,

He will not let to talke with him,

I dare not call him théefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellowes

Law Indéed neighbour, I heare say he is as huely

A young Prince as euer was

Tohn I, and I heare say, if he vse it long, His father will cut him off from the Ciowne

But neighbour say nothing of that

Law No, no, neighbour, I warrant you

Iohn Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sléepe, If you will, we will sit down,

For I thinke it is about midnight

Law Mairy content neighbour, let vs sléepe

Enter Dericke roung

Der Who, who there, who there? Exit Dericke

Enter Rohin

Rob O neighbours, what meane you to sléepe, And such ado in the stréetes?!

Ambo How now neighbor, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe

Der Who there, who there?

Cob Why, what ailst thou? here is no horses.

Der O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?

Rob Hold him neighbor Cobler.

Cob Why I sée thou art a plaine Clowne

Der Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters,

Do Clownes goe in silke apparell?

I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant goe so

Well sownes you know clownes very well

Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be speake?

For I will not take it at his hands

Iohn Faith I am maister Constable,

But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here Der Is not maister Constable here?

Der Is not maister Constable here?

Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands

Iohn Nay I pray you do not take the law of
vs

Der Well, you are one of his beastly officers

Iohn I am one of his bad officers

Der Why then I charge thée looke to him

Cob Nay but heare ye sir, you séeme to be an honest

Fellow, and we are poore men, and now its night And we would be loth to have any thing adoo, Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

Der First, thou saiest true, I am an honest

fellow,

And a proper hansome fellow too,

And you seeme to be poore men, therfore I care not
greatly,

Nay, I am quickly pacified

But and you chance to spie the théefe,

I pray you late hold on him

Rob Yes that we wil, I warrant you

Der Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knaue

Is, now I have forgiven him.

John Neighbors, do ye looke about you? How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe

Theefe Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the

Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

Der Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

Theefe I know thée for an Asse

Der And I know thee for a taking fellow,

Vpon Gads Hill in Kent

A bots light vpon ye

Theefe The whorson vilaine would be knockt Der Maisters, vilaine, and ye men stand to him.

And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you Iohn My friend, what make you abroad now?

It is too late to walke now

Theefe It is not too late for true men to walke Law We know thee not to be a true man

Theefe Why what do you meane to do with me?

Sownes I am one of the kings liege people

Der Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theefe I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

Der Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings filching people

Cob Come, come, lets have him away

Theefe Why what have I done?

Rob Thou hast 10bd a poore fellow,

And taken away his goods from him,

Theefe I neuer sawe him before

Der. Maisters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy

Boy How now good man Coblen?

Cob How now Robin, what makes thou abroad At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue béene at the Counter.

I can tell such newes as neuer you have heard the

Cob What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Plince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a novse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they diew their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part them vntil such time as the Major and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lord Major and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not

Cob. Here is newes indéede Robert

Law Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first

Theefe What meane you to do with me?

Cob We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day

Theefe. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is

Cob Nay thou must go to ye country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away

Theefe I prethie be good to me honest fellow

Der I marry will I, ile be verie chantable to thée, Foi I wil neuer leaue thée, til I sée thée on the Gallowes

Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter and the Lord of Oxford

Oxf And please your Maiestie, héere is my Lord Maioi, and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie

K Hen IV Admit them to our presence

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe

Now my good Lord Maior of London, The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I have learned of my Councell Herein I viderstand, that you have committed my sonne to prison without our leave and license What althogh he be a rude youth, and likely to grue occasion, yet you might have considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by every subject

Maior May it please your Maiestie to give vs leave

to tell our tale?

K Hen IV Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vneqall Iudge, having more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull judgement

Mator Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then

any anger

K Hen IV Go too, say on

Maior Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwint two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, and into the streete they went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part, and some tooke the other, but betwint them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an

houre, that nevther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much adoo we staied them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing subjects theieabouts and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do justice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safegard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne And thus most humbly beséeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answere

Hen IV Stand aside vntill we have further deliberated on your answere [Exit Maior Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry, That hath gotten a sonne, which with gréese

Will end his fathers dayes

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in déed, And to deserue imprisonment.

And well haue they done, and like faithfull subiects

Discharge them and let them go

L Exe I beséech your Grace, be good to my Lord the yong Prince

Hen IV. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone

L Oxf Perchance the Maior and the Sheiffe haue bene too precise in this matter

Hen IV No they have done like faithfull sublects

I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go Exit omnes

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler, Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe

Judge. Iayler bring the prisoner to the barre

Den Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner

Iudge Hold thy hand vp at the baire

Theefe Here it is my Lord

Iudge Clearke of the office, reade his inditement

Clearke What is thy name?

Theefe My name was knowne before I came here

And shall be when I am gone, I wairant you

Iudge I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before thou go

Der Sownes and you do but send to the next Iaile, We are sure to know his name,

For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you

Clearke What is thy name?

Theefe What need you to aske, and haue it in writing

Clearke Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe What the Diuell néed you to ask, and know it so well

Clearke Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and having beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him

De Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Bess with the iolly buttocks should have had, that greeues me most

Iudge Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or

not guiltie?

Theefe Not guiltie, my Lord

Iudge By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom

Hen V Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you heere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here

Theefe Why my Lord, they have bound me, and

will not let me goe

Hen V Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord

Iudge I am glad to sée your Grace in good health

Hen V Why, my Loid, this is my man, Tis maruell you knew him not long before this, I tell you he is a man of his hands

Theefe I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare Iudge Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man

Hen V Why my Lord, what hath he done?

Iudge And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier

Der Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hoblings man of Kent

Hen V What wast thou butten-breech?

Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest

Der Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob

Der Heare you sir, is it your mans qualifie to rob folks in iest?

In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest

Hen V Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

Iudge And please your grace the law must passe on him,

According to justice then he must be executed.

Der Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest

Hen V Well my Lord, what meane you to do with

my man?

Iudge And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed

Hen V Why then belike you meane to hang my

man?

Iudge I am sorie that it falles out so

Hen V Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

Iudge And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne

Hen V You say true my Lord

And you will hang my man

Iudge And like your grace, I must néeds do

Hen V Tell me my Loid, shall I have my man?

Iudge I cannot my Loid

· Hen V But will you not let him go?

I am some that his case is so ill Hen V Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my

man?

Iudge I cannot, nor I may not my Lord

Hen V Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?

Iudge No

Hen V No then I will have him

He grueth him a boxe on the care

Ned Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

Hen V No, I charge you draw not your swords,

But get you hence, proude a noyse of Musitians,

Away, be gone

[Execut the Theefe

Iudge Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands

Hen V Nay and you be not, you shall have more Iudge Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Hen V You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Iudge Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely but also your father whose lively person here in this place I doo represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatives meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill wee have spoken with your father

Hen V Why then belike you meane to send me to

the Fléete?

Iudge I indéed, and therefore carry him away

Execut Henry V with the Officers

Iudge Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe, vntil the next Sises

Iayler At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done

Enter Dericke and John Cobler

Der Sownds maisters, heres adoo, When Princes must go to prison Why Iohn, didst euer sée the like?

Iohn O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like Der Why Iohn thou maist sée what princes be in chollei.

A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thée John, O John, I would not have done it for twentie shillings

Iohn. No nor I, there had bene no way but one for vs.

We should have been hangde

Der Faith Iohn, Ile tel thée what, thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire, And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thée a box on the eare,

And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete

10hn Come on, Ile be your Iudge,

But thou shalt not hit me hard

Der No, no

Iohn What hath he done?

Der Marry he hath robd Dericke

Iohn Why then I cannot let him goe

Der I must néeds haue my man

Iohn You shall not have him

Der Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare

How say you, shall I not have my man?

Iohn No marry shall you not

Der Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn No Dericke

Der Why then take you that till more come,

Sownes, shall I not have him?

Iohn Well I am content to take this at your hand, But I pray you who am I?

Der Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy selfe?

Iohn No

Der Now away simple fellow,

Why man, thou ait Iohn the Cobler

John No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England Der Oh John, Masse thou saist true, thou art indéed

Iohn Why then to teach you what prerogatives

mean I commit you to the Fléete

Der Wel I wil go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue, Ile course you. Exit And straight enters again Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chaire, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thée a box on the eare, and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fléete, I thinke that thou art one of these Worenday Clownes.

Iohn But I maruell what will become of thee?

Des Faith, ile be no more a Carrier Iohn What wilt thou doo then?

Der Ile dwell with thée and be a Cobler

Iohn With me, alasse, I am not able to kéepe thée,

Why thou wilt eate me out of doores

Der Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great péeces of béefe and brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such little thing serues me

Iohn A Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of

rootes

Der Rootes, why are you so good at rooting? Nav Cobler, weele haue you ringde

Iohn But Dericke, though we be so poore, Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire, With nut-browne Ale, that is full stale,

Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire

Der A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can

Execut

Enter the yong Prince, with Ned and Tom

Hen V Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned, Didst thou not sée what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord chiefe Iustice

Tom By gogs blood it did me good to sée it,

It made his teeth jaire in his head

Enter sir Iohn Old-Castle

Hen V How now sir Iohn Old-Castle? What newes with you?

Ioh. Old I am glad to sée your grace at libertie, I was come I, to visit you in prison

Hen. V To visit me, didst thou not know that I

am a Princes son, why tis enough for me to looke into a prison, though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now adayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuell and all but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will have no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings

Ioh Old Hée is a good olde man, God take him

to his mercy the sooner

Hen V But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Iustice out of office And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Ned Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?

By gogs wounds Ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice

That euer was in England

Hen V Then Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into Fence Schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to maintaine them withall then I wil haue a bout with my Loid chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses, and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that wil stand by the highway side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow gue him commendations, beside that, send him to me, and I will gue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life

Ich Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a

mery world til the old king be dead

Ned But whither are ye going now?

Hen V To the Court, for I heare say, my father hes verie sicke

Tom But I doubt he wil not die

Hen V Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head

Iock Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so ful of néedles?

Hen V Cloake, ilat-holes, néedles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I wil weare it

Tom I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

Hen V Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head

Iock Or that every needle might be a prick to

their harts that repine at your doings

Hen V Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yoong Prince will bee a well toward yoong man and all this geare, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here too long, I must needs speake with my father, therfore come away

Por What a rapping kéep you at the Kings Courte

gate?

Hen V Heres one that must speake with the King Por The King is verie sicke, and none must speak with him

Hen V No you iascall, do you not know me?

Por You are my lord the yong Prince

Hen V. Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him

Ned Shall I cut off his head?

Hen V No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I have nothing to doo here, what you are in my father's Court.

Ned I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office

The Trumpet sounds

Hen V Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes, Lets all stand aside

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter

Hen IV. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne

is already sent to the Fléete? Now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other, I had thought once whiles I had hued, to have seene this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my soone, but now I see it goes to ruine and decare

He wepeth

Enters Lord of Oxford

Oxf And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,

That commeth to speake with you,

He saith, he must and wil speake with you,

Hen IV Who my sonne Harry? Oxf I and please your Maiestie

Hen IV I know wherefore he commeth.

But looke that none come with him

Oxf A verie disordered companie, and such as make

Verie ill rule in your Maiesties house Hen IV Well let him come.

But looke that none come with him

He goeth

Oxf And please your grace, My lord the King, sends for you

Hen V Come away sirs, lets go all togither

Oxf And please your grace, none must go with you

Hen V Why, I must néeds have them with me, Otherwise I can do my father no countenance, Therefore come away

Oxf The King your father commainds

There should none come

Hen Well sirs then be gone,

And prouide me thrée Noyse of Musitians.

Exeunt knights

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand

Hen IV Come my sonne, come on a God's name, I know wherefore thy comming is,

Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene, That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and

Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly

Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Wil end thy fathers dayes

He weepes

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence of thy sick father, in that disguised soit, I tel thee my sonne, that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to my heart, & neuer an ilathole, but it is a hole to my soule, and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not, but by conjecture

He weepes

Hen V My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point, That is, whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger shall be armde against your life no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne said I, an vnworthie sonne for so good a father but farre be the thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe. and I most humbly render it to your Maiesties hand, and live my Lord and soueraigne for euer and with your dagger arme show like vengeance upon the bodie of your sonne. I was about say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, sweet father, because I am vnworthie, and those wilde & reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolish their company for euer Pardon sweete father. pardon, the least thing and most desire and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischiefe Pardon me, sweet father, paidō me good my Lord of Exeter, speak for me pardon me, pardō good father, not a word ah he wil not speak one word A Harry, now thrice vnhappie Harry But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil lay me downe and die

Exit

Hen IV Call him againe, call my sonne againe
Hen V And doth my father call me againe? now
Harry,

Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe Hen IV Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father.

But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon thee.

And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant Hen. V Thanks good my Loid, & no doubt but this day.

Euen this day, I am borne new againe

Hen IV Come my son and Lords, take me by the
hands

Exeunt owner

Enter Dericke

Der Thou art a stinking whore, & a whorson stinking whore,
Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands

Enter Iohn Cobler running

Iohn Derick, D D Hearesta,
Do D neuer while thou livest vse that,
Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go
away so?

Der Shées an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you Iohn

Iohn Why what hath she done?

Der Many marke thou Iohn, I wil proue it that I wil

Iohn What wilt thou proue?

Der That she cald me in to dinner

Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set, She brought me a dish of rootes, and a peece of barrel

butter therin and she is a verie knaue,

And thou a drab if thou take her part

Iohn Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter? Nay, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe, And all shall be amended

Der Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn I. all is wel

Der Then ile go home before, and breake all the glass windowes

Enter the King with his Lords

Hen IV Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure me, no not one But good my Lords, remember my last wil and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my Lordes, I doo not thinke but he wil proue as yaliant and victorious a King, as ever-raigned in England.

Both Let heauen and earth be witnesse betweene us, if we accomplish not thy wil to the vitermost

Hen IV I giue you most vnfamed thanks, good my lords,

Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while, And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sléepe.

He sleepeth Exeunt Lords

Enter the Prince.

Hen, V. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his

bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it néeds no bodie. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the daywherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do? If weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night vitil the fountaine be due with weeping.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford

Exe Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King Hen IV Now my Lords
Oxf How doth your Grace féele your selfe
Hen IV Somewhat better after my sléepe,
But good my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right
Ambo And please your grace, the crown is take

Hen IV The Crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this
deed

away

No doubt its some vilde traitor that hath done it, To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now, Would séeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince

Oxf Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Hen IV Why how now my sonne?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had given you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tel me my sonne,
Doest thou thinke the time so long,

That thou wouldest have it before the Breath be out of my mouth?

Hen V Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloved father,

I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time Past all recouery, and dead to my thinking, God is my witnesse and what should I doo, But with weeping tears lament ye death of you my father.

And after that, seeing the Crowne, I tooke it And tel me my father, who might better take it then I.

After your death? but seeing you line,
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aline, that my father line
And line my Lord and Father, for euer

Hen IV Stand yp my sonne.

Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares, For I must néed confesse that I was in a very sound sléep,

And altogither vinmindful of thy comming But come neare my sonne,

And let me put thee m possession whilst I lue, That none depriue thee of it after my death

Hen V Well may I take it at your maiesties hands, But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father lines

He taketh the Crowne

Hen IV God give thée 10y my sonne, God blesse thée, and make thée his servant, And send thée a prosperous raigne For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it, And how hardly I have maintained it

Hen V Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not, And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it And he that séekes to take the Crowne from my head,

Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine, Or I will pearce him to the heart,

Were it harder than brasse or bollion

Hen IV Nobly spoken, and like a King Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince, As euer raigned in England

L Ambo His former life shewes no lesse

Hen IV Wel my lords I know not whether it be
for sléep.

Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,
But I am verie much given to sléepe,
Therefoie good my Lords and my sonne,
Diaw the Curtaines, depart my chamber,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sléepe

Exeunt omnes The King duth

Enter the Theefe

Theefe Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird Which hath escaped out of the Cage, For so soone as my Lord chief justice it heard That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go, For feare of my Lord the yong Prince But here comes some of his companions, I wil sée and I can get any thing of them, For old acquaintance

Enter Knightes 1 aunging

Tom Gogs wounds the King is dead Iock Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings Ned Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Iustice Of England

Tom Why how, are you broken out of prison? Ned Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes

lock Why what wil become of thee now? Fye vpon him, how the rascall stinkes

Theefe Marry I wil go and seine my maister againe
Tom Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any
such

Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

Ned Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,
And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long

Before he come this way

And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee Exit Theefe Iock Oh how it did me good, to see the king

When he was crowned

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen, And his person like vnto a God

Ned But who would have change his co

That the king would have changde his countenance so?

Iock Did you not sée with what grace He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French king

That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne, And Harry of England wil haue it

Tom But twas but a litle to make the people beléeue,

That he was sorie for his fathers death

The Trumpet sounds

Ned Gogs wounds, the king comes, Let all stand aside

Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of Oxford

Iock. How do you my Lord?

Ned How now Harry?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,

You are a king, and all the realme is yours:

What man, do you not remember the old sayings,

You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,

And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes be-

léeue

The death of your father gréeues you,

And tis nothing so

Hen V I prethée Ned, mend thy manners, And be more modester in thy tearnes, For my vnfeined gréefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering

And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed, So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly.

Or else I must cause thée to be chaunged lock Gogs wounds how like you this?

Sownds tis not so sweete as Musicke

Tom I trust we have not offended your grace no

way

Hen V Ah Tom, your former life gréeues me,

And makes me to abandō & abolish your company
for euer

And therfore not vpo pain of death to approach my presence

By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you, It may be I wil do somewhat for you, Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands, Then at any other mans And therefore be gone, We have no other matters to talke on

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,
What say you to our Embassage into France?

Archb Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the Fiench King

Exeunt Knights

Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil.

Then must you take your sword in hand, And conquer the right Let the vsurped Frenchman know,

Let the vsurped Frenchman know, Although your predecessors have let it passe, you wil

not

For your Countrymen are willing with pure and

For your Countrymen are willing with purse and men,

To aide you

Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne, That Scotland hath bene in league with Fiance, By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence.

I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,

And the I think that you may go more easily into France

And this is all that I can say, My good Lord

Hen V I thanke you, my good lord Aichbishop of
Canterbury

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf And, And please your Malestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France
begin.

According to the old saying
Therefore my good Lord, I think it best to inuade
France.

For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one, And conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Exeter

Exe And please your Maiestie,

My Lord Embassador is come out of France

Hen V Now trust me my Lord,

He was the last man that we talked of,

I am glad that he is come to resolue vs of our answere,

Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of Yorke

York God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the

king

Hen V Now my good Lord the Duke of York, What newes from our brother the French King?

York And please your Maiestie,

I delinered him my Embassage,

Whereof I tooke some deliberation,

But for the answere he hath sent,

My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,

Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,

To bring the Embassage

Hen V Commit my Loid Archbishop of Burges Into our presence

Enter Archbishop of Burges

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges, We do learne by our Lord Embassador, That you have our message to do From our brother the French King Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order.

We giue you frée libertie and license to speake.

With good audience

Archb God saue the mightie King of England. My Lord and maister, the most Christian king, Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of France,

As a most noble and Christian king.

Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content

To yeeld somewhat to your vnieasonable demaunds, That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter

The said Ladie Katheren, in marilage, And some crownes which he may wel spare, Not hurting of his kingdome,

He is content to yéeld so far to your vineasonable desne

Hen V Why then belike your Lord and maister, Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere,

No tell thy Lord and maister,

That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,

Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe

And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter

Archb And may it please your maiestie, My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,

With this present

He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles
Hen V What a guilded Tunne?

I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it? Yorke And it please your Grace,

Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles

Hen V A Tunne of Tennis balles? I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,

What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb And it please you my Lord,

A messenger you know, ought to kéepe close his message,

And specially an Embassadoi

Hen V. But I know that you may declare your message

To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse Archb My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before your

Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord, Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court

Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp

Hen V My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant1 with me

But tel him, that in stéed of balles of leather,
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it
I and thou Prince of Buiges shall rue it
Therefore get thée hence, and tel him thy massage
quickly.

Least I be there before thee Away priest, be gone Archb I beséech your grace, to deliuer me your safe

Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel

Hen V Priest of Burges, know,

That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,

And in stead of my hand and seale, I will bring him my hand and sword

And tel thy lord and maister, that I Harry of England said it.

And I Harry of England, wil performe it My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct, Vnder our broad seale Emanuel

Execute Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,

For I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudest French man in all Fiance, shall rue the time that ever These Tennis balles were sent into England

Manager Lennis Dailes were sent into England

My Lord, I wil yt there be prouded a great Nauy of ships, With all speed, at South-Hampton

For there I meane to ship my men,

For I would be there before him, if it 2 were possible, Therefore come, but state,

I had almost forget the chiefest thing of all, with chafing With this French Embassador

Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

¹ [Old copy, pleansant,]

² [Old copy, st st]

VOL IV

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Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Exe Here is the King my Lord Iust God preserve your Maiestie

Hen V Why how now my loid, what is the matter?

Iust I would it were vinknowne to your Maiestie
Hen V Why what aile you?

Iust Your Maiestie knoweth my griefe well

Hen V Oh my Lord, your remember you sent me to the Fléete, did you not?

Inst I trust your grace have forgotten that Hen V I truly my Lord, and for revengement,

I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme.

Vntil it shall please God to giue me spéedie returne Out of France

Iust And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie

Of so high a dignitie

Hen V Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie, Because I thinke you worthie
For you that would not spare me,
I thinke wil not spare another,
It must néeds be so, and therefore come,
Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse

Executionnesse

Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife

Cap Come, come, there's no remedie, Thou must néeds serue the King

Iohn Good maister Captaine let me go,

I am not able to go so farre.

Wife I pray you good maister Captaine, Be good to my husband

Cap Why I am sure he is not too good to serue ye king?

Iohn Alasse no but a great deale too bad, Therefore I pray you let me go

Cap No, no, thou shalt go

Iohn Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to Cobble

Wife I piav you let him go home againe

Cap Tush I care not, thou shalt go

Iohn Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to me.

This had not bene, for I have said many times,
That I would go away, and now I must go
Against my will

He weepeth

Enters Dericke

Der How now ho, Basillus Manus, for an old codpéece,

Maister Captaine shall we away? Sowndes how now Iohn, what a crying? What make you and my dame there? I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at, Now we are gone

Wife Ile tell you, come ye cloghead, What doe you with my potlid? heare you, Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beateth him with her potlid

Der Oh good dame, here he shakes her
And I had my dagger here, I wold worne you all to
péeces

That I would

Wife Would you so, Ile trie that She beateth him Der Maister Captaine will ye suffer her? Go too dame, I will go backe as far as I can, But and you come againe, Ile clap the law on your backe that flat · Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall dom? Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you, She will do as much good as her husband and I too

Enters the Theefe

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Cap How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister

Theefe I truly sir

Cap Hold thée then, I presse thée for a souldier, To serue the King in France

Der How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest?

Theefe I, I knew thee long ago

Der Heare you maister Captaine?

Cap What saist thou?

Der I pray you let me go home againe
Cap Why what wouldst thou do at home?

Der Marry I haue brought two shirts with me, And I would carry one of them home againe, For I am sure heele steale it from me.

He is such a filching fellow

Cap I warrant thée he wil not steale it from thée, Come lets away

Der Come maister Captaine lets away,

Come follow me

Iohn Come wife, lets part lovingly

Wife Farewell good husband

Der Fie what a kissing and crying is here? Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe? Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base Minded to die among French men? Sownes, we know not whether they will laie Vs in their Church or no Come M Captain, lets away Cap I cannot stale no longer, therefore come away.

tetore come away, Exeunt omnes

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord high Constable of France

King. Now my Lord high Constable, What say you to our Embassage into England?

Con And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing, Vntil my Lords Embassadois be come home, But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well, To get your men in so good a readinesse, For feare of the worst

King I my Loid we have some in a readinesse, But if the King of England make against vs,

We must have thrice so many moe

Dol Tut my Lord, although the King of England Be yoong and wild headed, yet neuer think he will be so

Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King of France

King Oh my sonne, although the King of England be

Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde

By his wise Councellors

Enter Archbyshop of Burges

Archb God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king

King Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges, What news from our brother the English King?

Archb And please your Maiestie.

He is so far from your expectation,

That nothing wil seine him but the Crowne

And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste quickly,

Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare, He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadic landed

At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene, And laid his siege to the Gairison Towne of Harflew

King You have made great haste in the meane time,

Haue you not?

Dol I pray you my Lord, how did the King of

England take my presents?

Archb Truly my Lord, in very ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tosse you balles of brass and yron
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon

Con Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,

I warrant you

Enters a Messenger

Mess God saue the mightie King of Fiance
King Now Messenger, what newes?
Mess And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,
Which is so beset on enery side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,
The Towne will be yeelded to the English King
King Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Country be spoyled vinder our noses?
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickaidies,

And Danes, be sent for with all spéede
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall

Ouer all my whole Aimie

Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas, Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment

Dol I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the Battell on me,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well
King I tell thee my sonne,

Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,

I should thinke my selfe quite conquered, And the English men to haue the victorie Dol Why my Lord and father, I would have the pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounted him in any ground of the world
King I know well my sonne,

But at this time I will have it thus Therefore come away

Exeunt omnes

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords

Hen V Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all spéed, to number the hoast of the Fiench
men,

And by that meanes we may the better know

How to appoint the battell

Yorke And it please your Maiestie, There are many of your men sicke and diseased, And many of them die for want of victuals

Hen V And why did you not tell me of it before? If we cannot have it for money,

We will have it by dint of sword, .The lawe of Armes allow no lesse

Oxf I heséech your grace, to graunt me a boone

Hen V What is that my good Lord?

Oxf That your grace would give me the

Euantgard in the battell

Hen V Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot For I have alreadie gruen it to my vnc[l]e ye Duke of York,

Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet soundes

How now, what is that?

Yorke I thinke it be some Herald of Armes

Enters a Herald

Her King of England, my Lord high Constable,

And others of the Noble men of Fiance, Sends me to defie thée, as open enemy to God, Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon, They presently bid thée battell

Hen V Herald tell them, that I defie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wion[g]full vsurpers of my light
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell
Tell them that I thinke they knowe how to please me
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin

Here in battell

Her And it please your grace, My Lord and King his father, Will not let him come into the field

Hen V Why then he doth me great murre,
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tenns
together.

Therefore I have brought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he sent me
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I have inured my hads with other kind of
weapons

Then tennis balles, ere this time a day, And that he shall finde it, ere it be long, And so adue my friend And tell my Lord that I am readie when he will

n ne wiii Exit Herald

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines, And ile sée the number of the French army my selfe Strike up the Diumme

Exeunt omnes

Enter French Souldiers

I. Soul Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,

And me will tel you, what me wil doo,

Me wil to one chance on the dice, Who shall have the king of England and his lords 2 Soul Come away Iacke Diummer,

And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme

Enter Drummer

Drum Oh the braue apparrel that the English mans Hay broth ouer, I will tel you what Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes,

And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in

I Soul What do thou meane by trunkea (sic)?

2 Soul A shest man, a hundred shests

I Soul Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what, Me ha put fiue children out of my house,

And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the

English mans in

Drum Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what we wil tro

At the kings Drummer and Fife, Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you

3 Soul Faith me wil tro at ye Earle of Northum berland

And my Loid a Willowby, with his great horse, Snorting, faiting, oh braue horse

1 Soul Ha, but Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke.

Now I wil tro at the king himselfe, Ha, me haue no good lucke

Enters a Captaine

Cap How now what make you here, So farre from the Campe?

2. Soul Shal me tel our captain, what we have done here?

Drum. Awée, awée

Exeunt Drum and one Souldier

2 Soul I wil tel you what whe haue doune, We haue bene troing on shance on the Dice,

But none can win the king

Cap I thinke so, why he is left behind for me, And I have set thie or foure chaire-makers a worke, To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly King of England in, that all the people may laugh And scoffe at him

2 Soul Oh braue Captaine

Cap I am glad, and yet with a kindle of pitie,

To see the poore king

Why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Péeres of France?

Are not here the Normans with their fine hand-Gunnes, and slaunching Curtleaxes?

Are not here the Barbanans with their bard hoises, And lanching speares?

Are not here Pickardes with their closbowes & piercing Dartes

The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe Carbuckles

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie? And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs? Why take an English man out of his warme bed And his stale drinke, but one moneth, And alas what wil become of him? But give the Frenchman a Reddish roote, And he wil live with it all the dayes of his life

Exit

2 Soul Oh the braue apparel that we shall have of the English mans
Exit

Enters the king of England, and his Lords

Hen. V Come my Lords and fellows of armes, What company is there of the French men?
Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,

Our Captaines have numbed them, And so neare as they can judge, They are about threescore thousand horsemen, And fortie thousand footemen

Hen V They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand
They threescore thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand
They are a hundred thousand,
And we fortie thousand, ten to one
My Loids and louing Countrey men,

My Loids and louing Countrey men, Though we be fewer, and they many,

Feare not, your quariel is good, and God wil defend you

Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue

A valiant victorie, or a honourable death

Now my Loids, I wil that my vncle the Duke of

Yorke.

Haue the auantgard in the battell
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
That they may come fresh vpon them
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,
Wil be in the midst of the battell
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,

And the Earle of Northumberland, With their troupes of horsemen, be cotinually running like Wings on both sides of the army

My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing Then I wil that euery archei prouide him a stake of A trée, and sharpe it at both endes,

And at the first encounter of the horsemen, To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before

them,

That they may gore themselues vpon them, And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly alto gither,

And so discomfit them

Oxf And it please your Maiestie,

I wil take that in charge, if your grace be theiwith cotent

Hen V With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford

And go and prouide quickly

Oxf I thanke your highnesse Exit

Hen V Well my Lords, our battels are ordened, And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets.

But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them

The Trumpet soundes

Soft, here comes some other French message

Enters Herauld

Her King of England, my Lord high Constable, And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate of thee

And thy poore Countrey men,

Sends me to know what thou wilt give for thy ransome?

Perhaps thou maist agrée better cheape now, Then when thou art conquered

Hen V Why then belike your high Constable, Sends to know what I wil give for my ransome?

Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis-bals

No not so much as one poore tennis-ball,

Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field to féed crowes,

Then euer England shall pay one penny ransome For my bodie

Her A kingly resolution.

Hen V No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,
And the resolution of a king
Here take this for thy paines
Exit Herald
But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All Prime my Lord

Hen V Then is it good time no doubt, For all England praieth for vs

What my Lords, me thinks you looke chéerfully youn me?

Why then with one voice and like true English hearts, With me throw vp your caps, and for England, Cry S George, and God and S George helpe vs

Sticke Drummer, Execut omnes

The Frenchmen crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount Ioy, S. Dennis

The Battell

Enters King of England, and his Loi ds

Hen V Come my Lords come, by this time our Swords are almost drunke with French blood, But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our

Army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf And it please your Maiestie,
There are of the French armie slaine
About ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners
Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the
good

Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fine or six and twentie Common souldiers

Hen. V For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle, I am heartly some, and greatly lament his misfortune, Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath given vs,

Doth make me much reroyce But stare, Here comes another French message

[Sound Trumpet

Enters a Herald and kneeleth

Her God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueror,

The honourable king of England

Hen V Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed

With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a

Herald to kneele to the king of England,

What is thy message?

Her My Lord & maister, the conquered king of Fiance.

Sends thée long health, with heartie gréeting Hen V Herald, his greetings are welcome,

But I thanke God for my health

Well Herald, say on

Her He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To give him leave to go into the field to view his
poore

Countrymen, that they may all be honourably builed *Hen V* Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister

Send to me to burne the dead?

Let him bury them a Gods name.

But I pray thée Herald, where is my Loid hie Constable,

And those that would have had my ransome? Her. And it please your maiestie,

He was slaine in the battell

Hen V Why you may sée, you will make your selves

Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald, What Castle is this so neere adjoying to our Campe?

Her And it please your Maiestie,

Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt

Hen V Well then my lords of England,

For the more honour of our English men,

I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agincourt

Her And it please your Maiestie,

I have a further message to deliver to your Maiestie

Hen V What is that Heiald? say on

Her And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and
maister.

Craues to parley with your Maiestie

Hen V With a good will, so some of my Nobles View the place for feare of trecherie and treason Her Your grace néeds not to doubt that Hen V Well, tell him then, I will come

Exit Heiald

Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe, 'To view my country men, and to have them honourably Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in Curtesie, while I am Harry King of England Come on my lords

Execut omnes

Enters Iohn Cobler and Robbin Pewterer

Robin Now Iohn Cobler,
Didst thou sée how the King did behaue himselfe?

Iohn But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie
The King had, to sée how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trées

Robin I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie

Enters an English Souldier roming

Soul What are you my maisters?

Both Why we be English men

Soul Are you English men, then change your language

For all the Kings Tents are set a fire, And all they that speake English will be kild

Iohn What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,

For I can speake broken French

Robin Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak

Iohn Commodeuales Monsieur

Iohn Thats well, come lets be gone.

Drum and Trumpet sounds

Enters Dericke roming After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner

Der O good Mounsei

French Come, come, you villeaco

Der O I will sii, I will

French Come quickly you pesant

Der I will sir, what shall I giue you?

French Marry, thou shalt give me,

One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes Der Nay sir, I will giue you more,

I will give you as many crowns as will lie on your sword

French Wilt thou give me as many crowns

As will he on my sword?

Der I marne will I, but you must lay downe your Sword, or else they will not lie on your sworde.

Here the Frenchman layes downe his sword, and the clowne takes it up, and hurles him downe

Der Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

French O good Mounsier comparteue

Monsieur pardon me

Der O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,

Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el?

O villaine, now I will strike off thy head

Here whiles he turnes his back, the Frenchman 1 unnes his wayes. Der What is he gone, masse I am glad of it, For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,

And then I should have beene spilt, But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen

Enters King of France, King of England, and

Hen V. Now my good brother of France, My comming into this land was not to shead blood, But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,

I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,

And to depart out of your land,

Char What is it you demand,

My louing brother of England

Hen V My Secretary hath it written, read it Sec Item, that immediately Henry of England

Be crowned King of Fiance

Char. A very hard sentence, My good brother of England

Hen V No more but right, my good brother of France

Fr King Well, read on

Sec Item, that after the death of the said Henry, The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer

Fr King Why then you do not onely meane to

Dispossesse me, but also my sonne

Hen V Why my good brother of France,

You have had it long mough And as for Prince Dolphin,

It skils not though he sit beside the saddle

Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be

Fr. King You are very peremptorie,

My good brother of England

Hen V. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

VOL. IV.

Char Why then belike, all that I have here is

Hen V I euen as far as the kingdom of France leaches

Char I for by this hote beginning, We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending

Hen V It is as you please, here is my resolution

Char Well my brother of England, If you will, give me a copie,

We will meet you againe to-moriow

Exit King of France, and all their attendants

Hen V With a good will my good brother of

Fiance

Secretary deliuer him a coppie My lords of England goe before, And I will follow you

Exeunt Lords Speaks to himselfe

Hen V Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie Hairy
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a fiesh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hast sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here she comes. How now fane Ladie Katheren of France, What newes?

Kathren And it please your Maiestie, My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these

Vnieasonable demands which you require Hen V Now trust me Kate,

I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this, For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it

If it were possible

But tell me sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

Kate I cannot hate my good Lord,

Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue

Hen V Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,

Canst thou loue the King of England?

I cannot do as these Countries do.

That spend halfe then time in woing

Tush wench, I am none such,

But wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate I would to God, that I had your Maiestie, As fast in loue, as you have my father in warres,

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,

Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable demands

Hen V Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so hardly

But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?

Kate How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly

With my father?

Hen V But ile deale as easily with thee, As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,

How saist thou, what will it be?

Kate If I were of my owne direction,

I could give you answere.

But séeing I stand at my fathers direction,

I must first know his will.

Hen V But shal I have thy good wil in the mean season?

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,

I would be loth to put you in any dispaire

Hen V Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

She goes aside, and speaks as followeth

Kat I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,

That is beloued of the mighty King of England

Hen V Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?

Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me,

That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to

It then thou, and so tel thy father from me Kate God kéepe your Maiestie in good health

Exit Kat

Hen V Farwel swéet Kate, in faith it is a swéet wench,

But if I knew I could not have her fathers good wil, I would so rowse the Towers over his eases,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Vpon his hands and knées

Exit King

Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes

Der Hownow? Sownes it did me good to see how I did triumph ouer the French men

Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell

Iohn Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet

Iohn. I promise thee Dericke, I scapte hardly,

For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild

Der Were you so?

Iohn I trust me, I had like bene slaine Der But once kild, why it is nothing,

I was foure or fiue times slaine

Tohn Foure or five times slaine

Why how couldst thou have beene alive now?

Der. O Iohn, neuer say so,

For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all *Iohn*. Why what didst thou?

Der Why, I will tell thee Iohn,

Euery day when I went into the field, I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose, And make my nose bléed, and then I wold go into

the field,

And when the Captaine saw me, he would say, Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside, Whereof I was glad

But marke the chance John

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then Iohn.

I thought I had bene safe, but on a sodaine, There steps to me a lustie tall Frenchman,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there,

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward, And skipped quite ouer a hedge.

And he saw me no more there that day,

And he saw me no more there that day, And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head Der I Iohn, thou maist sée, if thou hadst taken my cousel,

But what hast thou there?

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the Frenchmen

Iohn I faith Dencke, I haue gotten some reparrell, To carry home to my wife

Der And I have got some shooes,

For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead, I would go take off all theyr shooes

Iohn I, but Dericke, how shall we get home? Der Nay sownds and they take thee.

They wil hang thée,

O John, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be hanged.

Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest

Iohn Why Dericke the warres is done, We may go home now

Der I but you may not go before you aske the king leaue,

But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue

Iohn How is that Dericke?

Der Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?

Iohn I that I do

Der Why then thou knowest weele go with it

Iohn I but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet
them?

Der Sownds if I make not shift to méet them, hang me

Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,

Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton

And kéepe a talking, and say, O this fellow iings well,

And thou shalt go and take a péece of cake, then ile ring,

And thou shalt say, oh this fellow kéepe a good stint.

And then I will go drinke to thee all the way

But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,

Because we have not a French word to cast at a Dog

By the way?

Iohn Why what shall we do Dericke?

Der Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame whore.

And thou shalt come after and set file on the house, We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,

Because we be souldiers The Trumpets sound

Iohn Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and
bootes

Enters King of England, Loid of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants

Hen V Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you have deliberated of your
answere?

Fr King I my welbeloued brother of England, We have viewed it ouer with our learned Councell, But cannot finde that you should be crowned

King of France

Hen V What not King of France, then nothing, I must be King but my louing brother of France, I can hardly forget the late initial offered me, When I came last to pailey,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to have fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy some Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was never so rowsed

Fr King I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie. In this matter

But if this please you, that immediately you be Proclaimed and crowned here and Regent of France, Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King

Hen V Heire and Regent of France, that is well,

But that is not all that I must have

Fr King The test my Secretary hath in writing Sw Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,
The Crowne with all tights to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for euer

Hen V Well my good brother of France, There is one thing I must néeds desire

Fr King What is that my good brother of England?

Hen V That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me

Fr King Whereas they have not stucke with greater

Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle, Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie

Hen V Come my Lord of Burgondie,

Take your oath vpon my sword

Burgon I Philip Duke of Burgondie, Sweare to Henry King of England,

To be true to him, and to become his league-man, And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires, Then I the said Philip to send him word,

And aide him with all the power I can make,

And thereunto I take my oath He kisseth the sword Hen V Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too He kisseth the sword

Hen V Well my brother of France,

There is one thing more I must néeds require of you,

Fr King Wherein is it that we may satisfie your

Maiestie?

Hen V A trifle my good brother of France I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England, If she be willing, and you therewith content

How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?

Kate How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?

Hen V Tut stand not vpon these points, Tis you must make vs friends

I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue thee

What wench, the King of England?

Fr King Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the King of England and thee, agree to it

Kate I had best while he is willing.

Least when I would, he will not
I rest at your Maiesties commaund

Hen V Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of
France

What say you to it?

Fr King With all my heart I like it, But when shall be our wedding day?

Hen V The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing Sound Trumpets Execut omnes

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

EDITION

The First Part of the Contention betwint the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Diath of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winches ter, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorkes first claims with the Crowne London Plinted by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop ynder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall 1594. 4°

MR HALLIWELL'S INTRODUCTION 1

On the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs Leigh and Sotheby. the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished anti-There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearian bibliography—a very small octavo volume. without covers, purchased by the author of "Caledonia" for £5, 158 6d, and described in the sale catalogue, No 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, Lond by P S, 1595" little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the unique copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI was founded. which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concern-

¹ [To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1843 This introduction applies to the First Sketches of the Third, as well as Second, Part of Henry VI]

ing the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than three guineas for each leaf. This mestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library, and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt

to make it easily and generally accessible

This celebrated "True Tragedie" was the Second Pait of the play called "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI, which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an unique copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, both printed from unique copies—one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds, the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realise more than twice that sum

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakepeare's, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader's attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare

I THE FIRST PART

r "The first part of the Contention betwirt the two famous Houses of Yoike and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Caidinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne London Printed by Thomas Cleed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Chuich in Cornwall 1594"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Hebei, and is the only one known See "Bibl Hebei," vol 11, No 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, marking the variations in his inlaid copy of Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appeare, and Dr Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possessions, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian At p 33, l 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occurs in various copies of the same edition It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March r 2th

2 "The First Part of the Contention betwirt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tra-

gicall end of the prowd Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Tacke Cade And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the crowne London Printed by W W for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vinder Saint Peters Church in 7600 " Cornewall

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense It possesses, however, a few important corrections This edition is very raie, and I have unwillingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manuscript title

3 "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the prowd Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne don Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S Peters church in Cornewall 1600 "

This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different titlepage copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which is area, having only the first 25 leaves, and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliographer

II THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

"The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke. and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruantes Printed at London by P S for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwal 1595"

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions. Very few early plays are printed in this size, and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as "a small octavo," yet he afterwards refers to it as "the quarto of 1595" On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note -"This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr Chalmers at Dr Pegge's sale in 1796 [?] It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value By an oversight of Mr Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr Steevens. Mr Chalmers obtained it easily for £5, 15s 6d, without much competition, and Steevens was enraged to find that it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it" On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of Shakespeare, which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr Bandinel says it was, by Dr Pegge

2 "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruantes Printed at London by W W for Thomas

Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii 363, 543 Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600 I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes, for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published

3 "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt Divided into two Parts And newly corrected and enlarged Written by William Shakespeare, Gent Printed at London, for T P"

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours This contains the "First part of the Contention," as well as "The true Tragedie" T P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier's edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of "Pericles," 4° Lond 1619, for the same bookseller, is R, and on the recto of sig I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as "The Second Part Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt"

Pavier's edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766,

and in general with accuracy, although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader. Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds. I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c in all these particulars. I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have

the following entries relative to these plays

"12 March 1593-4
"Tho Millington] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of Suff and the tragical Ende of the prowd Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne

"19 April 1602
"The Pavier] By assignment from The Millington, salve
-june curuscunque, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI 13
books"

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the "Contention," and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entered

^{&#}x27;I Steevens's reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society's reprint of "Kind-Harts Dreame" contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind, yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare's plays It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

to other men," they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI, and only inserted "The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt" In the same way, we find they did not insert "King John" in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from the previous entries Millington, it appears, kept possession of the "Whole Contention." as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602 There seems something mysterious in the words, "salvo juris cujuscunque," and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1610 be correct The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "Henry VI" had superseded the older one

I have called these plays "The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist

The external evidence is in favour of Malone's theory, that Shakespeare was not the author of the two plays here reprinted They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602. and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626 Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolise nearly the whole of Shakespeare's disputed plays Thus Millington had the "First Part of the Contention," the "Chronicle History," and the "True Tragedie," which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602 In addition to these, Pavier also had "Sir John Oldcastle," "Titus Andronicus," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," Puritan," and "Pericles," all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again,

Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have done so After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,1 and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1508 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced In 1600, when Millington published the Two Parts of the "Contention" without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays2 without, but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name This, however, was after 1609 The probability, therefore, is that the Fust Part of the "Contention," and the "True Tragedy," were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster' and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the "Contention," for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr Bird and consent of a full court"

The first edition of the "True Tragedy" does not

¹ I except the early editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and the first edition of "Hamlet," for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, were published pinatically

² Copies of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, as Mr Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the titlepage, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately

appear to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619 It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the whole contention" Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1505, and before 1602. or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI. in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,1 as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, intro duced, who, according to Mr Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year Third Part of Henry VI also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's play of the "Seven Deadly Sins,"2 and who

¹ It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures, but, as I am kindly in formed by Mr Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain anything to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not in cluded in the satire

² Harvey, in his "Foure Letters," 1592, says that Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was not "dunsically botched-vp, but right-formally conneced, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes which

probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598 It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier's copies of the older plays were piratically published, and Shakespeare's name was for the first time appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Kright, nor Collier, are exactly right in the results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the "First Part of the Contention" is far more valuable than the first edition of the "Tiue Tragedy," and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy

most deadly, but most lively playe, I might have seene in London, and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe." Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarlton's play. The original "platt of the secound Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns" is given in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, in 348. The exact date of Tailton's death is not known, but in the parish register of St Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry. "Richard Tarelton was buryed the third of September." It also appears from the same register that his residence was in "Hallwel Stiet," so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Stieet, Shoreditch

Peihaps, however, this remark is not necessary, nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist To proceed In the two first editions of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 and 1600, act 1, sc 2, we read—

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampt that I his, my staff, mine office-badge in court, Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester, And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk"

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr Knight, stands thus

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dieamt That this my staff, mine office badge in court, Was broke in twain, by whom, I cannot guess But, as I think, by the car dinal What it bodes God knows, and on the ends were plac'd The heads of Edmund Duke of Some set, And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk"

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play

Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court, Was broke in twain, by whom, I have foigot, But as I think, it was by the cardinal, And on the pieces of the broken wand Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset, And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk, This was my dream what it doth bode God knows"

The words in italics in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus an intermediate composition between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences

cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio. I will produce another and a stronger instance. In act 1, so 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines

"But ere it be long, I'll go before them ill, Despite of all that seek to cross me thus"

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech an elaboration of the other two—

"I'll come after you, for I cannot go before
As long as Gloster bears this base and numble mind
Wire I a man, and Protector, as he is
I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop resident
And being but a woman, I'll not [be] behind
For playing of my part, in spile of all
That seek to cross me thus"

Again, compare these versions with the amended play

"Follow I must I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind
Weie I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant"

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes. But more than this, the genealogy in act 11, sc 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play. It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the "Contention," and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, jet it appears little less

than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of I Henry VI. The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line

"O! tiger's heait, wiapp'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalise this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs, and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to anything of the kind

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is

scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement, yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority, 1 and it probably proved a source of considerable vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologising for the insertion of the offensive passage Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration Chettle is enthusiastic We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of 'Kind-Hart's Dieame" He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor, and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art "1 This was in No-

¹ And by none more clearly than a currous tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from Heaven and Hell Prohibited the first for writing of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of Connycatchers Commended to the Presse By B R At London, Printed, Anno Domini 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours This is not by Greene, as Mr Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich As authors at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greenes Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo Lond 1595 "Howsoeuer videseruedly (I protest) I have beene thought (of some) to have beene the authour of two Books here tofore I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already nor will I deny them, because they are dishik't, but because they are not mine"

vember or December 1592 Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time

There is another passage in "Kind-Haits Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom. however some suppose themselves injuicd, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, nil nisi necessarium He was of singular plesance, the very supporter, and, to no man's disgrace be this intended, the ONLY come dian of a vulgar writer in this country" Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given, he exclaims, "to no man's disgrace be this intended," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country" Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite, this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "however some suppose themselves injured "2 Mr Collier think Chettle im-

⁴ In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "however some may suppose themselves injured"

A copy of "Kind-Haits Dieame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, leads, "fatious grace in writing, which approoues his art." The passage was corrected in passing through the piess. A perfect copy of this rare book is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library. in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter Burton's copy has several peculial readings worthy Thus at p 16 of the reprint, we have -"It of notice were to be wished, if they will not be warned, that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the triumphers of so many mischiefs" The word "triumphers," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "tiumpets" If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations

plies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an original dramatic poet in 1592, and it certainly goes far to prove that his comic pieces had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause Our business is now with the histories, and the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy," may have been rifaciments by Shakespeare as early as 1592

When Greene parodied the line in "The True Tragedy," and alluded to the "crow beautified with our feathers," it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R B Gent," 4° Lond 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library —

"Greene is the pleasing Object of an eie,
Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vppon him
Greene is the ground of euerie Painteis die,
Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him
Nay more the men that so Eclipst his fame,
Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same"

This is "Sonnet ix" in this rare little volume, which contains the terms "sugred sonnets," afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare R B, whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash's indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious Yet so Mr Knight would tell us, and adds that no "great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagianist" Was Harriot held a plagiarist, when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel,

though there was no Vieta alive to claim the groundwork. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning ¹

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was. as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity Mr Collier, indeed, tells that before 1592, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers from the second company it might be procured by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press" This, as Mr Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point but the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1505, and according to Mr Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the

A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mi Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice, and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse"—Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream, 8° Lond 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the other "unprincipled" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

name of the original company If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abiadas, the great Macedonian pirate" Who Abradas was, does not any where appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4° Lond 1588.1 a tract written by Greene "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured euery mans dvet by his own principles, and Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean" These coincidences are perhaps more currous than important, but still they appear worth notice It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,2 how well I will not say" If, therefore, Greene

¹ This book was entered, according to a MS note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E Aggas, Jan 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T C and E A," was published that year without a date Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr Coller calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the editio princeps in the Bodleian See Collier's 'Shakespeare," v 183

^{2&}quot; He that was wont to solicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least enery quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures"—Greenst Newes both from Heaven and Hell, 1593

was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembrook's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "the First Part of the Contention"

I have followed Mr Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit." entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country If, however, the opinion of Chalmeis may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused," 1502, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few and, at this instant, singularly, to one, whom I salute with a hundred blessings" These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592 evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare, and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly," 1611, p 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost, but which implies that Rowe was not

¹ I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram "It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the authence, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the

exactly right when he stated that "the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet" Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies' "Humours Heav'n on Earth," 8vo Lond 1609, p 208, which has not been yet quoted —

"Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men's parts,
These on a stage she rars'd, in scorn to fall,
And made them mirrors by their acting arts,
Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small
Yet some she guerdon'd not to their deserts,
But othersome were but ill action all,
Who, while they acted ill, ill stay'd behind,
By custom of their manners, in their mind"

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note, but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare's capabilities as an actor Davies is often 12ther unintelligible, and the allusion

plays of our bard were performed. One evening, when Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it. When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her this made her myesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his eart, she stepped before him, diopped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, immediately after finishing his speech and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to

'And though now bent on this high embassy, Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove'

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it "—Diamatic Table Talk, 8°. Lond 1825, 11, 156-7

1 "W S, R B"-Marg note in orig

"Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing, Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport, Thou hadst been a companion for a king, And been a king among the meaner sort"

nemains to be unravelled — It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I

This digression is not without its use, because it shows that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, and we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a "facetious grace in writing that approves his art" If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Gieene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1502, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the "Contention" Mr Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of "Sir John" Oldcastle," and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr Knight, But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings "for altering of Fayton," and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, "in earnest of a boocke called Richard Croockback, and for new advacens for Jeronimo." According to Mr Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with

the custom of the time, were "unblushing plagiarists". The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made alterations, and added to them when necessary. There was no plagiarism in the case, and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power "embalmed" the bones of "brave Talbot" with the tears of ten thousand spectators The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully-constructed part of the play, our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible "Famous Victories" Mr Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the first Part of Henry VI to prove that they were both written by one and the same person, but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action That there is considerable unity of action, I admit In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur Thus, in I Henry VI act iv sc I, King Henry says

> "Cousin of York, we institute your grace To be our regent in these parts of France"

And in the First Part of the Contention, act 1 sc 1, he says—

[&]quot;Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace From being regent in the parts of France"

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement in Richard III, the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably Holinshed, and useless for the purposes of With a discussion on the supposed continuation unity of style I will not occupy these pages in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible Mr Hallam thinks the First Part of Henry VI might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dra-Again, with respect to the characterisation. is the Margaret of i Henry VI the Margaret of the First Part of the Contention? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge, but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in I Henry VI not immediately derived from the chroniclers Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented meiely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for different circumstances would render this very possible, but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the First Part of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for

the purposes of continuation, as Mi Knight would have us believe, how does Mr Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI under the title of "The First Part of the Contention?" This is a point to which no attention has been given Two editions of the "First Part of the Contention" were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI had been given them It seems leasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the "Contention," he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI to be the first of his own Series Afterwards, he might have been employed to make "new adycyons" to the old play of Henry VI and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations previously made Take the First Part of Henry VI away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V remains equally intelligible The "True Tragedy" may also have been called " Edward IV, and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part of Henry VI and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI, Act v. sc 3

"Snf Be what thou wilt, thou ait my prisone:

[Gazes on her

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly,

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands

I kiss these fingers [Lissing her hand] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee
Mar Maigaiet my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whoso'ei thou art
Suf An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings
Yet if this servile usage once offend.

Go, and be fiee again, as Suffolk's friend

[She turns away as going
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass,
My hand would fiee her, but my heart says—no
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this goigeous beauty to mine eves?"

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act in sc 2

"Queen Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die

Suf And if I go I cannot live but here to die,
What were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the new boin babe,
That dies with mother's dug between his lips
Wheie from thy sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dving soul.

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium

By thee to die, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torment more than death

Oh, let me stay, befal what may befal

Ouen. Oh might'et then stay with refer of the

Queen Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life, Then should'st thou stay, but heavens deny it, And therefore go, but hope eie long to be repeal'd Suf I go

Queen And take my heart with thee

That I might breathe it so into thy body,

[She kisses him

Suf A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask, That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we, This way fall I to death

Que n This way for me

[Exit Suffolk [Exit Queen," Mr Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology as "exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school" This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author Henslowe's "Diary" lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days, we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play, and there seems to be strong internal evidence that the First Part of Henry VI was not wholly the work of one hand

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI, long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style, and it occurs in the "True Tragedy," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement. In the same way, the speech beginning —

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "Richard III" How can Mr Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the First Part of Henry VI, and little superior to them in the other historical plays. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI, or the Contention, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote plays in order to instruct the people in that particular" This is absuid "Plays," says Heywood in 1612, "have made the ignorant more apprehensive. taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles, and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueior, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day ? "1 Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII, and perhaps even later There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwinghts for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers -

> "No, I confess I have it from the play-books, And think they are more authentic"

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the

^{1 &}quot;Thirdly, he affirmes that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories. They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by leason they would never take the paines to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lyes the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them. If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals, if too short, they enlarge them with many fables, and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables, whereby they make them like leaden rules, which men will fit to their worke, and not frame their worke to them. So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lyes."—A Refutation of the Apology for Actors 4°. Lond, 1615, p. 42

middle of the sixteenth century Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history

There are other opinions that require notice in this It has been conjectured that the "Fust Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other The reader will find this mentioned in another place On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of Henv IV and Henry VI are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the άμαςτια κατα συμβεβηχος of Shakespeare It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another, but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way

Dr Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI were not written without a dependence on the first. Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of Henry VI had been exhibited before these were written in any form, but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as originally composed". This is exactly the point to which I would draw the reader's attention. I will leave the unity of action out of the question, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and

this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived. Had there been two Parts to the "Tempest," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded. Here there is nothing of the kind. I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "Contention," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama. There is nothing Shakesperian in this—

"These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich The duchess she thinks now that all is well, But I have gold comes from another place, hrom one that hired me to set her on, To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers, And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk For he it is, but I must not say so, That by my means must work the duchess' fall, Who now by conjunctions thinks to rise"

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections. Mr Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset —

"So, he thou there, and tumble in thy blood What's here, the sign of the Castle? Then the prophecy is come to pass, For Someiset was forewarn'd of castles, The which he always did observe, And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign, The Castle in St Alban's, Somerset Hath made the wizard famous by his death"

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which. Shakespeare gives to Richard? Is there

identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the orginal play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr Knight, is at best but a reductio ad absurdum, where possibilities exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position

J O HALLIWELL

Feb 22nd, 1843



The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famovs Houses of Yorke & Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Duke of Gloster, the Duke of Sommerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinall Bewford, and others

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwick

Suf AS by your high imperial Maiesties com-

I had in charge at my depart for France, As Procurator for your excellence,

^{1 &}quot;This noble company came to the citie of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably received, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the churche of sainct Martyns At whiche mailage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng himself, which was uncle to the husbande, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awite to the wife There were also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, vijerles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen"—Hall's Chronich The historical information in these plays

To marry Princes Margaret for your grace, So in the auncient famous Citie Towres, In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile, The Dukes of Oileance, Calabar, Brittaine, and Alonson ¹

Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the ² reuerend Bishops,

I did performe my task and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gratious excellence, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
The fairest Queene that euer King possest
King Suffolke arise

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,

The greatest show of kindnesse yet we can bestow, Is this kinde kisse. Oh gracious God of heauen, Lend me a heait repleat with thankfulnesse, For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde. A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene Th' excessive love I beare vnto your grace, Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking.

appears to be puncipally taken from this work, which was published under the title of "The Union of the two noble and illustrate famelies of Lancastie and Yorke," fol Lond 1548 Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall

¹ So all the editions, but the second folio of the amended play omits "and"

² The edition of 1619 reads "twenty," as well as the amended play, which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in Hall's "Chronicle" given above

And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable, Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King

Kin Her lookes did wound, but now her speech

doth pierce,1

Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeies, With one voice welcome my beloued Queene

All Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happi-

nesse

Queene We thank you all ² [Sound Trumpets Suf My Lord Protector, so it please your grace, Here are the Aiticles confirmed of peace, Between our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,

Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde

Hum Imprimis, It is agreed between the Fiench King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queene of England, ere the 30 of the next month ³

Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutches of Anioy and of Maine, shall be released

and deliuered ouer to the King her fa

[Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall

¹ The word "her" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619 The amended play reads

[&]quot;Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech, Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty, Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joy-

² The first folio reads "all kneel," an addition omitted by modern editors

³ The edition of 1619 reads "ere the thirty day of the next month"

⁴ The amended play in the first instance reads, "and the county of Maine," in accordance with the chronicled accounts, but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text.

Kin. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly

Hum Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer

my hart,1

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more 2

Vncle of Winchester, I pray you reade on 8

Car Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliured ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper

cost and charges without dowry

King They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & gut thee with the sword Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18 months be full expude Thankes vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salsbury and Warwicke We thanke you all for this great fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads "ore"

The two quarto editions of 1600 lead "that I can see no more," while the edition of 1619 lestores the old leading The amended play reads—

[&]quot;Purdon me, gracious Lord, Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart, And damm d mine eyes, that I can read no further

³ In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry The edition of 1619 reads very differently

[&]quot;My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on ,"

and in Pavier's copy the next speech is accordingly given to York Perhaps the fact of Henry's thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading

⁴ The whole of this speech may be arranged in metie

⁵ The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word "and," while the second folio changes its position, and places it before "Someiset" Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio

⁶ The edition of 1619 reads, "We thanke you for all"

Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde

[Exet 1 King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke
HUMPHREY states all the rest

Hum Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his griefe, What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe, And waste his subjects for to conquere France? And did my brother Bedford spend his time To keep in awe that stout vnruly Realme? And haue not I and mine vncle Bewford? here, Done all we could to keep that land in peace? And is all our labouis then spent in vaine,3 For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,

Hath given away for our King Henries Queene, The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states, Reuersing Monuments of conquered Fiance, Vindoing all, as none had nere bene done

Car Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this? As if our King were bound vnto your will, And might not do his will without your leaue, Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see, The big swoln venome of thy hatefull heart, That dares presume 4 gainst that thy Soueraigne likes

¹ The Latinity is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.
² Beaufort The oithography in this old edition probably occasioned Bedford and Beaufort being confused in some editions of the amended play

^{8 &}quot;Is" may be a mistake for "are" The edition of 1619 reads, "spent quite in vain"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 have "dare," while that of 1619 restores the old reading. The latter part of this speech is omitted in the amended play

Hum Nay my Lord 1 tis not my words that troubles 2 you,

But my presence, proud pielate as thou art But ile begone, and give thee leave to speake Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone, I prophesied France would be lost ere long

Exet Duke HUMPHREY

Car There goes our Protector in a rage, My Lords you know he is my great enemy, And though he be Protector of the land, And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts. For well you see, 3 if he but walke the streets. The common people swarme about him straight, Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence, With God preserve the good Duke Humphrey And many things besides that are not knowne. Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrev

But I will after him, and if I can Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate

Exet Cardinall

Buc But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall, Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me, Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too, And put them from the marke they fame would hit Som Thanks cosin Buckingham, loyne thou with

And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke, Weele quickly heave Duke Humphrey from his seate Buc Content, Come then let vs about it 4 straight. For either thou or I will be Protector

Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET

¹ The 4to of 1619 reads, "Nay, my Loids," but erroneously 2 Probably "trouble"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "For you well see,"

The two editions of 1600 omit the word "then" The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy

VOI. IV

Sal Pride went before, Ambition follows after 1 Whilst these do seeke their owne pieferments thus. My Loids let vs seeke for our Countries good, Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall Sweare, and forsweare himself, and braue it out. More like a Ruffin then a man of Church 2 Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne. In Ireland, Normandie, and in Fiance, Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne, Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping, Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort, The reurence of mine age, and Neuels name, Is of no little force if I command, Then let vs toyne all three in one for this, That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse. But wherefore weeps Warwicke my noble sonne

War For griefe that all is lost that Warwick won

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed Collier, p 8, which is more similar to the line in our text. "It is a tim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after"

2 The edition of 1619 leads—

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' church " as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632 Modein edi-

tors write it somewhat differently The amended play reads, "biother" York mained Cicely, the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford Richard Nevil, Earl of Salsbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife Salsbury and York were, therefore, step brothers

¹ Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality Steevens quotes the following from Wyntown's "Chronicle."

[&]quot;Awld men in there prowerbe sayis, Pryde gays before, and schame alwayss Followys"

[&]quot;More like a ruffian then a man of the church " which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by Mı Kniglit The amended play reads—

Sonnes ¹ Anioy and Maine, both given away at once Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which we wonne with our swords, ² be given away with wordes

Yorke As I have read, our Kinges of England were woont to have large downes with their wives, but our King Henry gives away his owne

Sal Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine 3
War Vnto the Maine Oh father Maine is lost,
Which Warwicke by main force did win from France.

¹ The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this Pavier is followed by Mr Knight But if so, who were the somes? Who were the speakers? Salsbury cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, "Waiwick did win them," is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking. I should rather be inclined to think that somes in our text is merely a misprint for sources, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows "Zounds, Anjoy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords be given away with words?" The expression "we won" cannot reasonably be considered an argument for one side or the other. The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position.

[&]quot;War For gilef, that they are past recovery
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears
Anjou and Maine! Myself did win them both,
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver d up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!"

² In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted

[&]quot;And are the cities, that I got with wounds, Deliver d up again with peaceful words"

³ This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought improved

[&]quot;Sal Toen let's make haste away, and look unto the main War Unto the main, O father! Maine is lost, That Maine, which by main foice Warwick iid win, And would have kept, so long as breath did last Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine, Which I will win from France, or else be slain"

Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine, Which I will win from France, or else be slaine

[Exet SALSBURY and WARWICKE Yorke Annoy and Maine, both given vnto the French.

French, Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France, Euen as I have of fertill England A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne. And therefore I will take the Neuels parts. And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey And when I spie advantage, claim the Crowne, For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right, Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist, Not weare the Diademe vpon his head, Whose church-like humouis fits 1 not for a Crowne Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue, Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe, To prie into the secrets of the state, Till Henry surfeiting in loves of loue, With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene. And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres. Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose, With whose sweete smell 2 the aire shall be perfumde. And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke, To graffle 8 with the House of Lancaster And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne, Whose bookish rule hath puld fane England downe. Exet YORKE,4

¹ So all the editions read It ought to be "fit"

² Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that "this thought is not exactly just," though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour

[&]quot;She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue, And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew"

³ The older form of the word The edition of 1619 reads "grapple"

² This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr Knight

Enter Duke Humphrey, and Dame Ellanor, COBHAM his wife

Eln Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened coine, Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade, What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?

Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short, Mine shall lengthen it Art not thou a Prince,1 Vnckle to the King, and his Protector? Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde

Hum My louely Nell, far be it from my heart, To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord, But I was troubled with a dieame to-night, And God I pray, it do betide no ill 2

Eln What diempt my Loid Good Humphrey tell it me.

And ile interpret it, and when thats done, Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night

Hum This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampt that

This my staffe mine Office badge in Court. [Sig B] Was broke in two,3 and on the ends were plac'd, The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester. And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke

Eln Tush, my Lord, this signifies nought but this, That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue, Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head. But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,

The edition of 1619 reads, "Art thou not a prince"
The edition of 1619 reads, "It do betide none ill"

³ The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations

[&]quot;Was broke in twaine by whom I cannot gesse But as I thinke by the Cardinall What it bodes God knowes, and on the ends were plac'd The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke"

Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church At Westminster, and seated in the chaire Where Kings and Queenes 1 are crownde, and at my feete

Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold Stood readie to set it on my Princely head

Hum Fie Nell Ambitious woman as thou art, Art thou not second woman in this land, And the Protectors wife belou'd of him, And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus, Away I say, and let me heare no more

Ein How now my Lord What angry with your Nell.

For telling but her dreame The next I have Ile keepe to my selfe, 2 and not be rated thus

Hum Nay Nell, Ile give no credit to a dreame, But I would have thee to thinke on no such things

Enters a Messenger.

Mess And it please your grace, the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues ³ your company along with them

Hum With all my heart, I will attend his grace.

Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs 4 I am sure

[Exet Humphrey]

LEXE FLUMPHER

Eln. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before, But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,

¹ The two editions of 1600 lead "where the kings and queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619

² The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe"

⁸ Perhaps "crave,"

⁴ So in the original This evident mistake is corrected in the later editions

⁵ Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition of 1619—

[&]quot;As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde Were I a man, and protector as he is,

Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus, Who is within there?

Enter Sir Iohn Hum 1

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

Sir Iohn Iesus preserue your Maiestie

Eln My Maiestie Why man I am but grace

Sir Iohn I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,

Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long

Eln What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine,² the cunning Witch of Ely,⁸ with Roger Bulingbrooke and the iest, and will they vindertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn I have Madame, and they have promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vider grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund

Eln Thanks good sir Iohn Some two days hence I gesse

I'de reache to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse And being but a woman, He not behinde

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus" We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might very easily have occurred in the printing. In act iv sc 4, in the first folio, p 140, the word "be" is omitted before "betraid," and is supplied in the edition of 1632

1 Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of "Sir" So "Sir John Evans," in the "Meiry Wives of

Windsor"

² "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute bievis regii domino Waltero Hungerfold, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi, conduxit Margei iam Jourdemayn, Johannem Virley clericum, et fratem Johannem Ashewell, oldinis Sunctæ Crucis Londoniæ, nuper custodiæ suæ pio sorcei ye in dicto casti o commissos, usque Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam Margeiiam, Johannem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est de cætero de eorum custodia "—Rymer's "Fædeia," vol x p 505

3 The edition of 1619 reads "Kye," while Mr Knight follows

history in reading "Eye"

4 The two editions of 1600 read "from the depth of vnder-grounde."

Will fit our time, then see that they be here For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones, And all the Dukes and Earles along with him, When they be gone, then safely they may come, And on the backside of my Orchaid heere, There cast their Spelles in silence of the night, And so resolue vs² of the thing we wish, Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell

[Exet Elnor

Sin Iohn Now sir Iohn Hum,³ No words but mum Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come"

² The word "vs" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619

³ This seems to be intended to thyme with the first pait of the line, although in the amended play we have "Hume" instead of "Hum," an alteration which Mr Knight has inadvertently admitted in his "Libiary Shakespeare," vol vi p 124.

⁴ The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that ielated by any other chronicler "Thys yere, dame Elyanous Cobham. wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by so cery and enchauntment, entended to destroy the Lyng, to thentent to advanuce and promote her husbande to the croune upon this she was examined in sainct Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examination convict and judged, to do open penaunce, in iii open places within the citie of London, and after that adjudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man. under the kepyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest and chanon of saincte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that ther, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entendyng therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death, for the which treison, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolinbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, tayking upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened, Ihon Hum

These gifts eie long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to lise 1
But whist sii Iohn, no more of that I trow,
For feare you lose your head before you goe [Excel

Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourers man

r Pet Come sus let vs² linger here abouts³ a while,

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way, That we may show his grace our seuerall causes

2 Pet I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries hfe,4

For but for him a many were vidone,

had his paidon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execucion" Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended
play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this
chronicle as well as to the original drama Gration (p 587)
gives the same information as Hall See also Higden's "Polychronicon," translated by Irevisa, lib ult cap 27 With respect
to the "image of waxe," it is observed by King Jumes I, in his
"Dæmonology," that "the devit teacheth how to make pictures
of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they
bear the name of may be continually melted, or dired away by
continual sickness "—See Dr Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare,"
vol 11 p 18

1 The two editions of 1600 lead "raise" The edition of 1619 agrees with our text

The edition of 1619 reads "lets"

3 The genuine old form of the word Mr Knight alters it to "hereabout"

4 The word "Duke" is accidentally omitted in the two editions of 1600

That cannot get¹ no succour in the Court, But see where he comes with the Queene

Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take him for Duke Humphrey, and gives him their wittings

I Pet Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke

Queene Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. Pet If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace

Queene Are your sutes to his grace Let vs see them first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke

Suf A complaint against the Cardinals man What hath he done?

2 Pet Marry my Lord, he hath stole⁸ away my wife, And th' are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them

Suf Hath he stole thy wife, thats some injury indeed

But what say you?

Peter Thump 4 Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true here vnto the Crowne, 5 and that the King was an vsurer

¹ The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get,"

² Probably "giue"

⁸ In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne"

⁴ Mr Colher calls him "Hump," but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error, for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salisburymakes on his name Mr Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as where "Hump" occurs for "Humpiey."

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown"

Oueene An vsurper thou woulds say Peter I forsooth an vsurper

Oueene Didst thou say the King was an vsurpei?

Peter No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th' other day when we were scowning the Duke of Yorks Armour in our garret

Suf I marry this is something like.

Whose within there?

Enter one or two

Sirra take in this fellow² and keepe him close, And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight, Weele here more of this before the king

[Exet with the Armourers man Now sir what yours 24 Let me see it, Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing the commons of long Melford

How now sir knaue

1 Pet I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, 5 I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship

He teares the papers 6

¹ The folio reads "mistress," with other alterations. Tyr-whitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M

le two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow"
The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this

thing "

⁴ The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours"

This repetition is probably an error of the press It does not occur in the edition of 1619

In the amended play this is as follows "Teare the Suppli plication" Modern editors alter this, but it is a matter of very little consequence

Suf So now show your petitions¹ to Duke Hum phiey

Villaines get you gone² and come not neare the Court, Dare the peasants write against me thus

Exet Petitioners

Queene My Lord of Sutfolke, you may see by this. The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke. That seekes to him more then to King Henry Whose eyes are alwaies poing on his booke, And nere regards the honour of his name, But still must be protected like a childe, And gouerned by that ambitious Duke, That scarse will moue his cap not speake to vs,4 And his proud wife, high minded Elanor, That suffles it with such a troupe of Ladies, As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene 5 The other day she vanted to her maides, That the very traine of her worst gowne, Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands, Can any griefe of minde be like to this I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt, And stolst away our Ladaies heart in France, I thought King Henry had bene like to thee, Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France Suf Madame content your selfe a little while,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows out text

[&]quot;The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get ye gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances

³ Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the veib

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "to speake to vs"

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "take her for queene" The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

[&]quot;She beares a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe."
which line, with the omission of the word "whole," occurs in
the amended play

As I was the cause of your comming to England,1 So will I in England worke your full content And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife. I have set lime-twigs that will intangle them, As that your grace eie long shall vnderstand But state Madame, here comes the King

Enter King Henry, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King. whispering with him, and enter? Duke HUMPHREY, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingiiam, the Earle of Salsbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester

Kin My Lords I care not who be Regent in France. or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me 3 Yorke My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande him-

selfe.

Let Somerset enjoy his place and go to France Som Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let hım go.

And there be made Regent ouer the French War Whom soeuer you account worthie. Yorke is the worthiest

Car Pease Warwicke Giue thy betters leave to speake

War The Cardinals not my better in the field Buc All in this place are thy betters farre War And Warwicke may hue to be the best of all.5 Oucene My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent over France

¹ The edition of 1619 leads, "your comming into England"

² The edition of 1619 leads, "then entereth"

This of course means "all's one to me" This extraordinary instance of Henry's apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play

⁴ The edition of 1619 leads, "thinkes"

⁵ The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play

Hum Madame onr King is old inough himselfe, To give his answere without your consent

Queene If he be old mough, what needs your grace

To be Protector ouer him so long

Hum Madame I am but Protector ouer² the land, And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge

Suf Resigne it then, for since that thou wast king,³ As who is King but thee The common state Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke, And Millions of treasure hath bene spent, And as for the Regentship of France

I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke
Yorke Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthe.

Because I cannot flatter as thou canst

War And yet the worthie deeds that York hath done.

Should make him worthie to be honoured here Suf Peace headstrong Warwicke

War Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?
Suf Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe
Ho, bring hither the Armouier and his man

^{1 &}quot;Onr" is a misprint in the original for "our" The two-editions of 1600 read, "bold enough" instead of "old enoughe," which is a mistaken alteration. Hall thus describes the Queen's impatience under the authority of the Protector. "This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphiey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scolar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man"

The edition of 1619 leads "ore"
The edition of 1619 reads, "thou wast a king,"

Enter the Armourer and his man

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these

That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull here vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper

Yorke I beseech your grace let him have what

punishment the law will afford, for his villany

Kin Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Arm Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here

Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so

Yorke I beseech your grace, let him haue the law Arm Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation

Kin Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Hum The law my Lord is this by case,4 it rests suspitious.

That a day of combat be appointed, And there to true each others right or wrong, Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,⁵

¹ The edition of 1600 leads, "master"

² The two editions of 1600 read, "If euer I spake these words" The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text

The edition of 1619 reads, "I beseech your worship"

^{*} The comma ought to be inseited after "this," and left out after "case" The passage is obscure Mr Knight leads "because," a sufficiently plausible conjecture

⁸ This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight The period of action of this and the first scene of

With Eben staues, and Standbags¹ combatting In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie

[Exet HUMPHREY

And I accept the Combat willingly

Peter Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight 2

Suf You must either fight sirra or else be hangde.

Go take them hence againe to prison

[Exct with them The Queene lets fall her glove, and hits the Duches of GLOSTER a bove on the ear,

Queene Giue me my gloue My Minion can you not see? [She strikes her

I cry you meicy Madame, I did mistake,

I did not thinke it had bene you

Eln Did you not proud French-woman Could I come neare your daintie vissage with my

nayles,

Ide set my ten commandments⁴ in your face Kin Be patient gentle Aunt

It was against her will

Eln Againsthei will Good King sheele dandlethee

the amended play differ. The month alluded to in the present passage is April, for when Gloster reads the agreement, he says, "ere the 30 of the next month," meaning May, as we learn from the amended play. The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

"Away with them to prison and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away"

Probably "sandbags"

I he edition of 1619 reads, "I am not able for to fight.". The amended play reads, "I cannot fight."

In the amended play the Queen drops a fan, not a glove.
The nails So in "Westward Hoe," 1607, "your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back" Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect. The amended play reads, "I could set," but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

If thou wilt alwaies thus be juide by hei But let it rest As sure as I do liue, She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde,

Exet ELNOR

Kin Beleeue me my loue, thou wait much to blame I would not for a thousand pounds of gold, My noble vnckle had bene here in place

Enter Duke HUMPHREY

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France, Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send

Hum My gratious Lord, then this is my iesolue, For that these words the Aimourer should speake, Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke, Let Someiset be Regent ouer 2 the French, Till trialls made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe

Kin Then be it so 3 my Lord of Somerset We make your grace Regent ouer the French, And to defend our rights 4 gainst foriaine foes.

¹ The two editions of 1600 lead

[&]quot;For that these words the Armourer doth speake"

² The edition of 1619 leads "ole"

³ This and the next line are introduced by Theobuld into the amended play, but unnecessarily He says that, "without them the king has not declared his assent to Glostei's opinion," but the same may be said of the armonier's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play Mr Colliei and Mr Knight reject Theobald's addition Indeed, as Mr Knight justly observes, "the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Glostei immediately before his fall." Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p. 129.

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "right"

And so do good vnto the Realme of France Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone, The time of Truse I thinke is ¹ full expire.

Som I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie, And take my leave to poste with speed to France

[Exet SOMERSLT

Kin Come vnckle Gloster, now lets have our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will flie to day

[Exet omnes

Enter Elnor, with sir Ioiin Hum, Koger 2 Bullen Broke a Consurer and Margery Iourdaine a Witch

Eln Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here, Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske, And I will stand vpon this Tower here, And here the spirit what it saies to you, And to my questions, write the answeres downe

[She goes up to the Tower.

Sir Iohn Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,

And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes

Witch Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske, And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth, Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face, Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low, And conjuic them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.

¹ The edition of 1619 leads, "is I thinke,"
² A mistake in the original copy for "Roger"

Bul Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night 1

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes, Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake.2 The spirit Askalon to come to me. To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth, And hither come in twinkling of an eye, Askalon, Assenda, Assenda 3

> It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vb

Spirit Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou have me do?

Bul First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose.

But him out live,4 and dye a violent death Bul What fate awayt 5 the Duke of Suffolke Spirit By water shall he die 6 and take his ende

in which place the word silent is a noun Fletcher, in the "Faithfull Shepherdess," writes-

"Through still silence of the night, Guided by the glow-worm's light"

¹ I he amended play reads

[&]quot;Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night '

² Sosetus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the livers in the kingdom of his Satanic majesty In Nash's "Pierce Pemlesse," the devil is called "Marquesse of Cocytus" See Mr Collier's edition, p 13

³ The two editions of 1600 read "Askalon, ascenda, ascenda" Ascalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin or English

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read "Yet him out line"

⁵ The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "What fate awaits." The first folio leads, "What fates await"

6 The two editions of 1600 read, "By water he shall die"

Bul What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand 1

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe?

[He sinks downe againe

Bul Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule Where Pluto in his firite Waggon sits Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes, The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes, There howle and burne for euer in those flames, Rise Iordaine rise, and state thy charming Spels Sonnes, we are betraide

Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKING HAM. and others

Yorke Come sus, late hands on them, and bind them suic,

"Safer shall he be on sand, Than where castles mounted stand"

The same observations may be made with regard to the propherous told to Machath

phecies told to Macheth

¹ The word, "then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619 Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this

It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer

[&]quot;Have done, for more I hardly can endure"

Dylas is written by mistake for Dits, the gentive case of Dit, which is occasionally used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's Horace, 1567;

[&]quot;Made manye soules lord Datas hall to seeke"

A mistake in the original copy for "sounes" It is corrected in the later impressions

This time was well watcht 1 What Madame are you there?

This will be great ciedit for your husband,

That you are ² plotting Treasons ⁸ thus with Cuniurers,

The King shall have notice 4 of this thing

[Exct Elnor about

Buc See here my Lord what the duell hath writ

Yorke Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison

Exet with them

Buc My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,

Vnto S Albones, to tell this newes

Yorke Content Away then, about straight
Buc Farewell my Lord [Exet Buckingham
Yorke Whose within there?

Enter one

One My Lord

Yorke Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury⁵ and Warwicke, to sup with me to night

One I will my Lord

[Exet Yorke]

² So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to "that you are"

⁸ The edition of 1619 reads, "Treason"

4 The two editions of 1600 read, "The King shall have a

notice," which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619

 $^{^{1}}$ A similar expression occurs in the "Meiry Wives of Windsor," act v sc $\,5\,$

⁵ The two editions of 1600 lead, "go will the Earle of Salsbury" I scarcely understand the meaning of the conversation as it here stands, and think there is some error Perhaps we should read "invite" for "go will," or else we must suppose the servant to understand an unusual phraseology

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,\(^1\) and Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawking

Queene My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did use,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone
out 2

Kin How wonderful the Lords workes are on earth,

Euen in these silly creatures of his hands, Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore? And on a sodaine soust the Partiidge downe

Suf No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towe so
well 3

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft

Hum Faith my Loid, it is but a base minde

That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

¹ This minute stage direction, as Mr Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking (Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p

[&]quot;133)
See Boswell's Malone, vol xviii p 203 "Out of sight," I suppose, is understood, but Percy explains it thus, "the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Jone would not have taken her flight at the game"

The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "doe towie so well" The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619

[&]quot;They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch

Hum Faith my lord, it s but a base minde,

That sores no higher than a bird can sore"

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended playbur see the 's Introduction' to this volume.

Car I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes 1

Hum I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good

Your grace could flie to heauen

Car Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangelous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth

Hum How now my Loid, why this is more then needs.

Church-men so hote Good vnckle can you doate ³
Suf Why not Hauing so good a quariell & so bad
a cause

Hum As how, my Lord?

Suf As you my Lord And it like 4 your Lordly Lords Protectorship

Hum Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence

Oueene And thy ambition Gloster

Kin Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these

¹ The first folio thus reads "I thought as much, hee would bee about the clouds" Modein editors generally read "he'd," but Mr Knight restores the old reading

² An image taken from falconiy A hawk was said to biat when it fluttered with his wings A similar phrase, without the comparison, occurs in Lyly's "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, as quoted by Steevens

[&]quot;With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee"

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion, are more particularly explained in "The Booke of Hawking," MS Harl 2340 In the "Tempest," act 1 sc 2, Miranda uses a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v sc I

³ This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters "doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr Knight See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage of the amended play

4 The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like"

turious Loides 1 to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth 2

Can Let me be blessed for the peace I make, Against this proud Protector with my sword

Hum Faith holy unckle, I would it were come to

Car Euen when thou darest

Hum Dare I tell rhee 3 Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare

Car I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt

Hum In Bastardie

Car I scorne thy words

Hum Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue 4

Car Heres my hand, I will

Kin Why how now my Lords?

Car Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast

But the second folio of 1632 reads

"I prethee peace, good queene,
And whet not on these too too furious peeres,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth"

² See St Matthew, v 9, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God"

³ A mistake in the original copy for "thee" It is corrected in the later impressions

In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester. The present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald's emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment to the cardinal

¹ This speech may be arranged as verse. The first folio of the amended play reads

[&]quot;I prythee peace, good queene,
And what not on these furious peeres,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth"

off so soone we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swooid and buckler

Hum Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne
 Car Protector, protect thy selfe well
 King The wind growes high, so doth your chollour
 Lords

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle ² How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it ²

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular, these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before

¹ This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600 This scene is founded on the following story, related by 511 Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father "I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albonis And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, salenge that he was boine blinde, and never siwe in hys lyfe And was warned in hys dieame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seek saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had haid some say sins he came, that sainct Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which ther there shew shrined But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainly thys blind man at Saint Albonis shine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply longen, and te Deum songen, so that nothing was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfiy of Gloccster, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to see such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym And first shewing himselfe joyouse of Goddes glory as shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himselfe, nor to be proved of the peoples playse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never so nothing at al in al his life before And whan as well his wyfe as him self affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien

One And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S Albones, and hath received his sight at his shrine 1

again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ve cannot se well yet Yes, su, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man Ye can, quoth the duke, what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him What coloure, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him And whan my lord saw that, he had him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes For though he could have sene soudenly by muacle, the dyfference betweene divers colours. yet coulde he not by the sight so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of all the men that he should sodenly se"-The Workes of Sir Thomas Moore, 1557, p 134 The similarity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will he immediately perceived The following account is given in Grafton's "Chronicle," p 597-8 "In the time of King Henry VI, as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyle, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life, and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwicke, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight, and the same was solemnly rung for a muscle, and The Deum songen, so that nothing was talked of in all the towns but this muscle So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned. called the pore man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, No, than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I believe you may well, for methinketh that ve cannot see well Yes, sir, quoth he, I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? This anone the beggai told him What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, with out staying or stumbling, and told him the names of all the colours that could be showed him And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks" So much for the plagrarisms of the sixteenth century ! The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrine"

King Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethien with Musicke,1 bearing the man that had bene blind, betrueene truo in a chaire

King Thou happie man, give God eternall praise, For he it is, that thus hath helped thee

Hum Where wast thou boine 22

Poore man At Barwicke sii, in the North

Hum At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe Poore man I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,

That sweet saint Albones, should give me my sight

againe

Hum What are though lame too?

Poore man I indeed sir, God helpe me

Hum How cam'st thou lame?

Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree 4

Hum Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

Poor e man Neuer but once sir in all my life, My wife did long for plums

Hum But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

Poore man I truly sir

Woman I indeed sir, he was born blinde

Hum What ait thou his mother?

Woman His wife sir

Hum Hadst thou bene his mother,

Thou couldst have better told

Why let me see, I thinke thou cant not see yet Poor e man Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

1 This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended

² This line forms part of the king's speech in the edition of 1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir" in the following line. The context is in favour of the old arrangement

³ Omitted in the edition of 1619

⁴ The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619

Hum Saist thou so What colours his cloake?

Poore man Why¹ red maister, as red as blood

Hum And his cloake?

Poore man Why thats greene

Hum And what colours his hose?

Poore man Yellow maister, yellow as gold

Hum And what colours my gowne?

Poore man Black sir, as black as Ieat

King Then belike he knows what colour Ieat is on.

Suf And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see ²

Hum But cloakes and gownes ere this day many
a one

But tell me surha, whats my name?

Poore man Alasse maister I know not

Hum What his name?

Poore man I know not

Hum Nor his?

Poore man No truly sir Hum Nor his name?

Poore man No indeed maister Hum Whats thine owne name?

Poore man Sander, and it please you maister
Hum Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in

Christendom If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Minacle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

¹ This word is omitted in the edition of 1619

² The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1610

³ This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio

⁴ This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of

Poore man Oh maister I would you could Hum My Maisters of saint Albones, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne, And things called whippes 71

Mayor Yes my Lord, if it please your grace Hum Then send for one presently Mayor Surha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight

Hum Now fetch me a stoole2 hither by and by, Now sırıha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,

Leape me ouer this stoole and lunne away

Enter Beadle

Poore man Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone.

You go about to torture me in vaine

Hum Well sir, we must have you finde your legges Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that sam stoole

Beadle I will my Lord, come on sinha, off with your doublet quickly.

² The second folio prints this, "New fetch me a stoole" I mention this injuite difference because it appears to confirm Rowe's emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in opposition to the

opinion of Mr Collier

[&]quot;his cunning," which last reading is the right one Rowesuggested "that cunning," which has been followed by all modern editors A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day Armin, in his "Nest of Ninnies," 1608, says "Ther are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in Now, according to Mi Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet, and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare's, because he was an actor in the same theatie as that for which Shakespeare wrote It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly "as Hamlet sales," instead of "as Gloster sales"

Poore man Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand

[After the Beadle had hit him one girke, he hapes over the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A mirach, a miracle

Hum A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt at euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was boine

Mayor It shall be done my Loid [Exet Mayor Suf My Loid Protector hath done wonders to day He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go 1

Hum I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day
Witnesse France

King Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that

Enter the Duke of Buckingham

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

Buck Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cumurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the druel did make to them

King First of the King, what shall become of him (Reads) The Duke yet lives, that Henry shal depose, Yet him out live, and die a violent death Gods will be done in all What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke? By water shall he die and take his end

¹ The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go"

Suf By water must the Duke of Suffolke die? It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie

King Let Somerset shun Castles, For safer shall he be voon the sandie plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand

Car Heres good stuffe, how now my Loid Protector This newes I thinke hath tuinde your weapons point, I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise

Hum Forbear ambitious Prelate to vige my griefe, And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne, For heie I sweare vnto your Maiestie, That I am guiltlesse of these hamous crimes Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done, And for she would betraie her soueraigne Loid, I here renounce her from my bed and boord, And leaue her open for the law to judge, Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed King Come my Lords this night weele lodge in S

King Come my Lords this night weele lodge in S
Albones.

And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent [Exet omnes.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke

Yorke My Loids our simple supper ended, thus, Let me reueale vnto your honours here, The right and title of the house of Yorke,¹ To Englands Crowne by lineall desent

War Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good, The Newls are thy subjects to command

¹ The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigiee very differently from this edition — It is necessary to transcribe the whole

[&]quot;Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke prince,
Prince of Wales

Yorke Then thus my Lords
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales
The second was Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancastei
The fifth was Rogei Mortemor, Earle of March
The sixt was six Thomas of Woodstocke
William of Winsore was the seuenth and last
Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father.

The second was William of Hatfield,
Who dyed young
The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The duke of Lucaster,
The fit was Edmund of Langley,
Duke of Yorke
The sixt was William of Windsore,
Who dyed young

The seauenth and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of Yorke "Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinds him two sonnes Edward, borne at Angolesme who died young, and Rich ard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who dyed without an heyre

"Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughtes' named Philip, who wis married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and Ulster and so by hei I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell, duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third Now, sir, in time of Richard's reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heir to Iohn of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimed the crowne, deposd the meritfull ling, and as both, you know, in Pomfret castle harmlesse Rich ud was shamefully murthered, and so by Richard's death came the house of Lancaster vinto the crowne"

The historical truth of these matters is of little importance in the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccinate, and history must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare. The differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments for certain points connected with the history of the various editions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the introduction to the present play.

This, as well as the name of Edward's second son, is an error Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play

and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire

Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke died, and left

behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinoi, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the thirde sonne to Edward the third Now, sir In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth soone to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vito the Crowne

Sal Sauing your tale my Lord, as I have heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had

bene King

Yorke. True But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous iebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Gaunt have possessed the Clowne But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

War What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne So that till Lyonels issue fails, his should not raigne It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this private place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown

Both Long live Richard Englands royall King

Yorke I thanke you both But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed even in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster

IVar Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to gaid it, will I rouse the Beare, Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-stanes To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right, Maugie the proudest Loid of Henries blood, That daies deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why my minde presageth I shall line To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king

Yorke Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke line, to be the greatest man in England, but the King Come lets goe [Exet omnes.]

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, Duke Humphrey, the Duke of Suffoi ke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke

Kin Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham⁸ Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst ⁴ us, our States and Peeres

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "I wil rouse the Beare," The edition of 1619 agrees with our text

² The two editions of 1600 lead, "Maugre the proudest lords"

³ This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken place some time before Henry's marriage. The same may, of course, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the Duchess of Gloster.

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "against,"

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a wave Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy daies, and this is our sentence eireuocable. Away with her

Eln Euen to my death, for I have lived too long [Exet some with ELNOK

Kin Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad, In that these Treasons thus are come to light, Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head, For her offences that thou heldst so deare

Hum Oh gratious Henry, give me leave awhile, To leave your grace, and to depart away, For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart, And makes² the fountaines of mine eyes to swell, and therefore good my Lord let as always.

And therefore good my Lord, let me depart

Kin With all my hart good vikle, when you please,

Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe, For Henry will be no more protected, The Lord shall be my guide³ both for my land and me Hum My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all

My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,⁴
As erst thy noble father made it mine,⁵
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receive it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "crime"
² Probably "make"

Perhaps "guide"

This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600 The edition of 1619 reads,—

[&]quot;As ere thy noble father made it mine"

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improvement, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr Knight,

Kin Vncle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land ¹ [Exct GLOSTER
Queene Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourei and his man, my Lord,
And they are readic when your grace doth please

Kin Then call them forth, that they may trie their
rightes

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken,2 and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it,3 and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge and Prentises drinking to him

I Neigh Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of Sacke And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough

¹ The edition of 1610 leads "oner this my land"

his maister of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the firends of the master brought him malnsye and aqua vitæ to comfort him withall for it was the cause of his and their discomfort, for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfielde where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him, and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was var quished of his servant being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was drawen to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded "—Grafton's "Chronicle," p 594

³ According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand Butler alludes to this when he says —

[&]quot;Engag'd with money-bags, as bold As men with sand-bags did of old"

- 2 Nagh And here, neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco 1
- 3 Neigh Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke

And be merry, and feare not your man

Arm Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,

And a figge for Peter

- I Pren Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeaid
- 2 Pren Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret-wine for thee
- 3 Pren And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,

And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises

Peter I thank you all, but ile drink no more, Here Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer.

And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom, Take all the mony that I haue 2

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able

A sweet wine, so called from Charneco, a village near Lis-

2 The two editions of 1600 read, "Take all my money that I have" It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions of our play read *Horner* instead of *Horner*

bon, where it is made Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In "The Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Newgate," 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines "Room for a customer, quoth I So in I went, where I found English, Scotish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bouideaux, there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination" Part of this curious quotation is given in the variorum Shakespeare under Waiburton's name, but it was communicated to him by Theobald See Nichol's "Illustrations of Literature," vol ii p 437

to deal with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence

Sal Come leave your drinking, and fall to blowes Sirrha, whats thy name?

Peter Peter forsooth 9

Sal Peter, what more?

Peter Thumpe

Sal Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister

Arm Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart?

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular method of striking mentioned in the text I quote from an

¹ The two editions of 1600 reads "Here to thee"

² The two editions of 1600 iends "as it were of man's insugation," while that of 1619 ietuins to our text, which is also followed by the amended play

³ This allusion to the well known old romance is not in the amended play, though frequently inserted from the sketch by modern editors. The grant alluded to is thus described —

[&]quot;They had not ridden but a while,
Not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a grunn,
With a full sorry semblant
He was both mighty and strong
He was full thathe feet long,
He was bristled like a sow,
A foot there was betweene each brow
His lips wer great, il cy hanged aside,
His eies were hollow, his mouth wide
He was lothly to looke on,
He was lyker a devil than a man
His staffe was a yong cake
He would give a great stroke
Bevis wondrod, I you pight,
And asked him what he hight,
My name, sayde he, is Ascapart,
Sir Grassy sent me hetherward."

Peter Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie

[Alar mes, 1 and Peter hits him on the head and fels him

Anm Hold Peter, 2 I confesse, Treason, treason, [He die

Peter O God I give thee piase [He kneeles downe Pren Ho well done Peter God save the King Kin Go take hence that Traitor from our sight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt, And God in justice hath revealed to vs, The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murthered wrongfully Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [Exet omnis

Enter Duke Humphrey and his men in mourning cloakes

Hum Siriha, whats a clocke?

undated black letter edition, "imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black hoise" According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton, and there certainly is some uncouth looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted

1 The word "and" is omitted in the edition of 1819

² The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catom, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne, and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabran's "Chronicle" that records the duel might have suggested the name of Horner to Shakespeare See more on this subject in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol 11 p 8.

³ According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Murmuth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation "Magna furt evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors

alterius sequebatur "

Seruing Almost ten my Lord

Hum Then is that wofull houre haid at hand,
That my poor Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wanding in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abrect people gazing on thy face,
With envious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on,2 and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir John Standly, and Officers with billes and holbards

Serung My gratious Lord, see where my Lady comes.

Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

and the old editions of the sketch

¹ This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, "still laughing at thy shame," the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary Mr Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but Mi Collier has restored the leading of the first foho

Modern editors generally put "with papers pinned upon her back," as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr Collier says that modem editors, by substituting "papers" for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the diess of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say "partially," for Mr Collier madvertently adds that no existing authority states that they were pinned on. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the "papers" in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was "follow'd with a rabble" Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader

Hum I charge you for your lines stir not a foote, Nor offer once to draw a weapon here, But let them do their office as they should

Eln Come you my Lord to see my open shame? Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too, See how the giddle people looke at thee, Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere, Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights, And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame, And ban thine enemies Ah mine and thine

Hum Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,

And bear it patiently to ease thy heart

Em Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe, For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife, Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart The ruthlesse flints doth cut my tender feete, And when I start the cruell people laugh, And bids me aduised how I tread, And thus with burning Tapor in my hand, Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe, Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife, And he a Prince, Protector of the land, But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches Was led with shame, and was made a laughing stocke, To euery idle rascald follower 4

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this"

² Perhaps "bid"

³ The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modein editions have "mail'd up in shame," but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether maul'd is not the true reading, at least of the old play The emendation would perhaps express wrapped up in a rough manner, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good See Coliter's "Shakespeare," vol v p 148

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read, "To every idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word

Hum My louely Nell, what wouldst thou have me 5 ob

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence. I shoulde incurie the danger of the law, And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so

Eln Be thou milde, and stil not at my disgrace. Vntill the axe of death hang ouer2 thy head, As shortly it will be For Suffolke he. The new made Duke, that may do all in all With her that loues him so, and hates vs all, And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest. Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings, And flie thee how thou can 3 they will intangle thee

Enter a Herald of Armes

Mer I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month

Hum A Pailament and our consent neuer craude Therein before This is sodeine 4 Exet Herald. Well, we will be there Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against

Lady, then the course of law extendes.

Sher. Please it your grace, my office here doth end.

And I must deliuer her to Sir Iohn Standly. To be conducted into the Ile of Man

This is intended to be a question According to Hall "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayd htle"

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore"
The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can"

^{*} The word "sodeme" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe." or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

Hum Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady? Stan I my gratious Loid, for so it is decreede, And I am so commanded by the King

Hum I pray you Su Iohn, vse her neare the worse, In that I intreat 1 you vse her well The world may smile againe 2 and I may line, To do you fauour if you do it her, And so sir Iohn farewell

Eln What gone my Lord, and bid me not 8 fai well? Hum Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay East Humphrey and his men to speake

Eln Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone. And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too? Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes, Come Standly come, and let vs haste away

Stan Madam lets go vnto some house hereby, Where you may shift your selfe before we go

Ela Ah good sir Iohn my shame cannot be hid. Nor put away with casting off my sheete But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell, Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst Exet omnes

Enter to the Parlament

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Bucking-HAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHES-TER, and then the King and the Queene,4 and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of WAR-WICKE

Kin I wonder our vnkle Gloster states so long

¹ This word is rather currously transposed in the amended play

² In other words, as Johnson observes, the world may again look favourably upon me

³ So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read "the king and queene"

Queene Can you not see, or will you not perceme.

How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe? The time hath bene, but now that time is past.1 That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was But now let one meete him euen in the morne. When every one will give the time of day, And he will neither moue 2 not speake to vs See you not how the Commons follow him 3 In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Hum-

And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace.4 Honouring him as if he were their King 5 Gloster is no litle man in England, And if he list to stir commotions. Tys likely that the people will follow him My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing, Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke, Disproue my Alligations if you can, And by your speeches, if you can disproue me, I will subscribe and say, I wronged the Duke

The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past"
The edition of 1619 leads, "Yet he will neither moue"

³ The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600 4 This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and ac-

cordingly we do not find it in Mr Knight's edition 5 The two editions of 1600 lead "a king," instead of "their

king" Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W W," with a copy of the 1594 edition for. merly in his possession, distinctly writes-

[&]quot; Thinking him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's "Malone," vol. x. p 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr Collier

Suf Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke, And if I had bene licenst first to speake, I thinke I should have told your graces tale Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest

No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man Vnsounded yet and full of deepe deceit

Enter the Duke of Somerset

Kin Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

Som Cold newes, my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within those Territores

Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost 1

Kin Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,

But Gods will be done

Yorke Cold newes for me,2 for I had hope of France,

Euen as I have of fertill England

Enter Duke HUMPHREY

Hum Pardon my liege, that I have stated so long Suf Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,

Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art, We do arrest thee on high treason here

Hum Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt s not see me blush

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost"

² This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p 420 of this volume. The author of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes"

⁸ The 1623 edition of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well Suffolk, yet thou shalt" Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt," while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Not change mine countenance for thine ariest. Whereof am I guiltie,1 who are my accusers?

Yorke Tis thought my Lord, your grace tooke bribes from France.

And stopt the soldiers of their paie,

By which 2 his Maiestie hath lost all Fiance Hum Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?

So God helpe me, as I have watcht the night Euer intending good for England still, That penie that euer I tooke from France. Be brought against me at the judgement day I neuer robd the souldiers of their paie, Many a pound of mine owne propper cost Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants, Because I would not racke the needle Commons

Car In your Protectorship you did deuise Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes England hath bene defamde by tyrannie

Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector

Pitie was all the fault that was in me, A murtherer or foule felonous 4 theefe, That robs and murthers silly passengers, I tortoid aboue the rate of common law

Suf Tush my Lord, these be things of no account, But greater matters are laid vnto your charge. I do arrest thee on high treason here, And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall, Vntil such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change for the worse, though retained by Mr Knight,

<sup>The edition of 1619 reads, "Through which"
The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe"
For "felomous," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of</sup> 1619. "Felonous" was the older form of the word, and occurs ın "Maundeville's Travels," edit 1839, p. 291.

Kin Good vncle obey to his arrest, I have no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe, My conscience tels me thou art innocent

Hum Ah gratious Henry these daies are dangerous, And would my death might end these misenes, And state their moodes for good King Hennes sake, But I am made the Prologue to their plaie, And thousands more must follow after me. That dreads1 not yet their liues destruction Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice, Bewfords firre eyes showes 2 his enuious minde, Buckinghams proud lookes bewrates his cruel thoughts. And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone 4 Whose ouerweening arme I have held backe All you have joynd to betraje me thus And you my gratious Lady and soueraigne mistresse. Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head, I shall not want false witnesses inough, That so amongst you, you may have my life The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde.5 A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog

Suf Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,

As if that she with ignomious 6 wrong,

Probably "dread"
 Probably "showe"

³ Probably "bewrate"

⁴ That is, aims, meaning to expless Yolk's great ambifion So in the "Tempest," act il so I, Gonzalo says, "You are gentlemen of blave mettle, you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing" In Rider's Latin Dictionarie, 1640, we have "aime or levell." In "Titus Andromous," act iv so 3, Marcus says

[&]quot;My Lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon, Your letter is with Jupiter by this"

⁵ The word "well" is omitted in the edition of 1619, though found in the amended play, which reads, "affected" for "performed"

⁶ For "ignominious," as in the two editions of 1600, that of 1619, and the amended play

Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his

Queene I but I can give the loser leave to speake 1 Hum Far truer spoke than ment, I loose indeed. Beshrow the winners hearts, they place me false

But. Hele wiest the sence and keep vs here all day,

My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Car Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,

And see him garded sure within my house

Hum. O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch, Before his legs can beare his bodie vp, And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side, Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first, Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy, Thy fathers happie dates free from annoy 2

[Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men. Kin My Loids, what to your wisdoms shal seem best.

E 1 Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

Queene What will your highnesse leaue the Parlament?

Kin I Margaret My heart is kild with griefe, Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone, For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none

[Exet King, Salsbury, and Warwicks.

Queene Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall.

That is, annoyance The older form of the word, occurring, also in "Piers Plowman." The still older word, anny, occurs

in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46

¹ In Nash's "Pietce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p 8, nearly the same expression occurs "I, I, well gine loosers leane to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea," but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I"

Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall In mine opinion it were good he dide, For safetie of our King and Common-wealth

Suf And so thinke I Madame, for as you know, If our King Henry had shooke hands with death, Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King And it may be by pollicie he workes, To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt, The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe, But if we take him ere he do the deed, We should not question if that he should liue No Let him die, in that he is a Foxe, Least that in liuing he offend vs more

Car Then let him die before the Commons know,

For feare that they do rise in Armes for him Yorke Then do it sodainly my Lords

Suf Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine Car Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger 2

Queene How now, sirrha, what news?

Mess Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,

² The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain"

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

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¹ This and the next line are given to York in the edition of 1619, but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the pievious conversation, and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Keines that vncontrold,
Doth plant themselues¹ within the English pale

Queene What recliesse shal we have for this my Lords?

Yorke Twere very good 3 that my Lord of Somerset That fortunate Champion were sent ouer, And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe 8 To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen, He did so much good when he was in France

Som Had Yorke bene there with all his far fecht

Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I

Yorke I, for Yorke would have lost his live before That France 4 should have revolted from Englands rule

Som I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worst then I

York What worse then nought, then a shame take all

Som Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame Queene Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas, With troupes of Aimed men to quell the pride Of those ambitious Irish that rebell

Yorke Well Madame sith your grace is so content,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "Do plant themselues"

The edition of 1619 omits the word "very"

³ This line is in the wrong place—It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619—The end of that speech would then be as follows

[&]quot;Doth plant themselves within the English pale, And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe"

We should of course read "burne and spoil," the bad grammur having probably crept in owing to its enoneous position in York's speech

[&]quot;The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619

Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,

And Yorke shall true his fortune against those
keines 1

Queene Yorke thou shalt My Lord of Buckingham Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers As shall suffise him in these needfull warres

Buc Madame I will, and leavie such a band As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels.

But Yorke, where shall those soldiers state for thee?

Yorke At Bristow, I wil 2 expect them ten daies hence

Buc Then thither shall they come, and so farewell. [Exet Buckingham

Vorke Adieu my Lord of Buckingham
Queene Suffolke remember what you have to

And you Loid Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey, Twere good that you did see to it in time, Come let vs go, that it may be performed

Exit omnis, Manit Yorke

^{1 &}quot;Tertius oido comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis armaturæ Machæiophoies, ab Hybeinis Kaim dicuntui—" "Ricaidi Stanihursti De rebus in Hibeinia gestis libei, "Antwerp, 1584, lib i p 42 In a passage quoted by Bowle, fiom an early English translation of the same book, we have the following account "The kerne is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake hells, or the devils blackegarde". See also another description of them in Dymoke's "Treatise on Ireland," in an Harleian MS, which I passed through the piess for the Irish Archæological Society, with an introduction by Mi Butlei. The two editions of 1600 read "gainst those kernes," while in that of 1619 we have—

[&]quot;And Yorke shall true his fortunes gainst those kernes."

² The edition of 1619 reads, "I'le"

York Now Yorke bethink thy self and rowse thee vp.

Take time whilst it is offered thee so faue,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not
attaine.1

Twas men I lackt, and now they give them me. And now whilst I am busie in Ireland, I have seduste a headstrong Kentishman. Iohn Cade of Ashford, Vnder the title of Iohn Moitemer.2 To raise commotion, and by that meanes I shall perceive how the common people Do affect the claime and house of Yorke, Then if he have successe in his affaires. From Ireland then comes Yorke againe, To reape the haruest which that coystill sowed. Now if he should be taken and condemd. Heele nere confesse that I did set him on. And therefore ere I go ile send him word, To put in practise and to gather head, That so soone as I am gone he may begin To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines. To helpe him to performe this enterprise And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away, None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne. But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe Exet YORKE,

¹ The two editions of 1600 lead, "thou canst not it attaine"

The two editions of 1600 read,

[&]quot;Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer."

which addition does not agree with the scene where Cade knights himself The edition of 1619 here adds the following line

[&]quot;For he is like him enery kinde of way,"

which is neither in the earlier editions, nor does it occur in the amended play. This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrev is discoursed in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them

Suf How now sirs, what have you dispatcht him? One I my Loid, hees dead I warrant you

Suf Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,

That when the King comes, he may perceive No other, but that he dide of his owne accord

2 All things is hansome2 now my Lord

Suf Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,

And you shall have your firme reward anon [Exet murtherers

Then enter⁸ the King and Queene, the Duke of Buck-Ingham, and the Duke of Somerset, and the Cardinall

King My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,

² This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer, but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio

corrects it

¹ In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p 168 The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron iod. In "Lady Alimony," 1659, quoted by Malone's "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in "There is also an old book, called "The Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebiated comparison. See also Boaistuau's "Theatie, or Rule of the World," translated by Alday, 1581.

¹ This bad English may have been intentionally put into the

³ The word "then" is omitted in the edition of 1619

Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe Suf I will my Lord East Suffolke King And good my Lords proceed no further

against our vnkle Gloster,1

Then by just proofe you can affirme, For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe, So is he innocent of treason to our state

Enter Suffolke

How now Suttolke, where's our unkle? Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.2 The King falles in a sound Oueen Ay—me, the King is dead help, help, my

Lords Suf Comfort my Loid, gratious Henry comfort,

King What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note, And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren, By crying comfort through a hollow voice, Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart Thou balefull messenger out of my sight, For even in thine eye-bals3 murther sits, Yet do not goe Come Basaliske And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes 4

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "proceed no further gainst our vnckle "

² The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differently

[&]quot;Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead." while the edition of 1619 leads, "My lord of Gloster's dead," which apparently confirms the punctuation of the first edition Fach of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and metre

³ The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of thine"

⁴ lhe word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and also by Mr Knight "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called Catobletas great noyeing to mankinde, for all that see his eyen-

Queene Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus, As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death? The Duke and I too, you know were enemies, And you had best say that I did murther him

King: Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death Queene Be woe for me more wretched then he was 2 What doest thou turne away and hide thy face? I am no loathsome leoper looke on me, Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea, And thrise by aukward winds driven back from Englands bounds.

What might it bode, but that well foretelling Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast

Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY

War My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,4

should dye anone, and the same kinde hath the cockattice "—
"Bartholomæus de prop rerum," lib xviii cap 16 The same
property is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk So, in
"Albion's England," as quoted by Reed,

"As Æsculap an herdsman did espie, That did with casy sight enforce a basilisk to flye, Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye"

1 The edition of 1619 leads, 'and y'had"

² Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me" The amended play reads "is" instead of "was," but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to believe has fullen upon heiself on account of his death

Some editors have changed "aukward" to "adverse" in the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads "twice" instead of "thrise" In "Cymbeline" we have the expression, "rudest wind" Malone quotes the following ap-

posite passage from Diayton

"And undertook to travaile dangerous wates,
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas"

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry hue of bees," the reading adopted by Mr Knight, though, perhaps, few readers will think it an improvement

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting, For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report To be muithered by Suffolke and the Cardinall

King That he is dead good Waiwick, is too true, But how he died God knowes, not Henry 2

War Enter his prime chamber my Lord and view the bodie

Good father state you with the rude multitude, till I returne

Salb I will sonne

[Exet SALBURY

[WARWICKE drawes the custaines and showes Duke Humphrey in his bed

King Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule Farewell poore Henries 10y, now thou art gone

War. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,

To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse, I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid, Vpon the life of this thisse famous Duke 3

Suf A dreadfull oth sworn with a solemne toong, What instance gives Lord Warwicke for these words? "War Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,4"

¹ The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

² Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three syllables

³ The word "thrise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600 ⁴ The following passage in Poiter's "Two Angly Women of Abingdon," 1599, appears almost a parody

[&]quot;Oft have I heard a timely married girl That newly left to call her mother mam"

Timely-parted means recently in this instance, though some of the commentators explain it by "in proper time". The commentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the word ghost, but it is again used in the same sense in this volume

[&]quot;Sweet father, to thy murdered ghost I swear,"

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by our early writers

Of ashie semblance,1 pale and bloodlesse, But loe the blood is setled in his face.2 More better coloured then when he hu'd. His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne, His fingers spred abroad⁸ as one that graspt for life, Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable.

It cannot chuse but he was murthered 4

Oueene Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,

And they I trust sir, are no murtherers

IVar I, but twas well knowned they were not his friends.

And tis well seene he found some enemies

Car But have you no greater proofes then these? War Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh, And sees haid-by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter? Who findes the partridge in the puttocks⁷ neast.

The passage in the amended play (act in so 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given

¹ So Spenser-

[&]quot;Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts!"

² The two editions of 1600 lead, "in the face"

³ That is, widely distended So in Peacham's "Complete Gentleman," 1627 "Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his ingers abroad, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy's hand, or any finger "-See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol xviii 264

⁴ So in "A Midsummer Night's Dieam," Hermia says to Demetrius.

[&]quot;It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him."

[&]quot;It cannot be but he was murder'd here "

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "but its well knowne"
⁶ The edition of 1619 reads "ye"

⁷ A kite See Bewick's "History of British Birds." edit 1797, vol 1 p 21 In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard.

But will imagine how the bild came there. Although the kyte some with vibloodie beake?1 Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie

Queene Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants ?2

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

Suf I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men. But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case. That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart. That slanders me with muithers crimson badge. Say if thou date, proud Loid of Warwickshire, That I am guiltie in Duke Humphieys death

Exet Cardinall

War What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke date him?

Oucene He dates not calme his contumelious spirit. Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler, Though Suffolk date him twentie hundreth times

War Madame be still,4 with reuerence may I say it, That euery word you speake in his defence,

Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie

Suf Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words, If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much, Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed, Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke Was graft with ciabtree slip, whose frute thou ait, And neuer of the Neuels noble race

War But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee, And I should rob the deaths man of his fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute, I would false murtherous coward on thy knees

The edition of 1619 reads, "with the vibloody beake"
 The edition of 1619 reads, "where's his talents"
 The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet here's a" The word "case" is altered to "case" in the three other editions 4 The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still"

Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech, And say it was thy mother that thou meants, That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie, And after all this fearefull homage done, Give thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell, Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men

Suf Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood.

If from this presence thou dare go with me

War Away enen now, or I will drag thee hence

[WARWICKE puls him out]

[Exet Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolk And then enter againe, the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne

Kin Why how now Lords?

Suf The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,

Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne 12

[The commons againe cries, 8 downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke And then enter from them, the Earle of SALBURY

Sal My Lord, the Commons made you word by me, The vnlesse false Suffolke 4 here be done to death,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads,

[&]quot;Grue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present play

This last isolated letter is found in the original, but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error

of the press for a full stop

³ This grammatical error is repeated several times

⁴ The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, "That vnlesse false Suffolke."

Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme,
And therefore if you love your subjects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land

Suf Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht

Would send such message to their soueraigne, But you my Lord were glad to be imployd, To trie how quaint an Orator you were, But all the honour Salsbury hath got, Is, that he was the Lord Embassador Sent from a soit of Tinkeis to the King 2 The Company was an appropriate from the King 2

[The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of Salsbury

Kin Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing caie,8
And had I not bene 4 cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I have rule, but three dates more, he dies.

[Exet Salisbury, Queene Oh Henry, reverse the doome of gentle

Suffolkes banishment.

Kin Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke, Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,

I It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that "quaint" here means skilful, dexterous So Prospero says, "My quaint And"

A company or body of tinkers So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act in sc 2,

[&]quot;The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort"

The two editions of 1600 read,

[&]quot;Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care," and the edition of 1619 reads "kind" instead of "louing" 1 he two editions of 1600 read, "And had not I beene"

If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is interocable Come good Warwicke 1 and go thou in with me, For I have great matters to impart to thee

[Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene and SUFFOLKE

Queene Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,

Theres two of you, the diuell make the thud

Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suf A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse
them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandiakes groanes,² I would innent as many bitter termes
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leaue fast enuy ³ in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

¹ The word "good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600 ² Bullem, speaking of Mandragora, says "They doe affyrme that this heibe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot he drawen out of the earth to man's use Therefore they did tie some dogge or some other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a coide, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrack. In which cry it doth not onely dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth "-" Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness," fol 1579, p 41 This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity

The three other editions read, "as leane facde enuy"

My hane be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And every roynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my builthened hart would breake,
Should I not curse them Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings
Their musicke frightfull, like the scipents hys
And boding scrike-oules make the comsoit full
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell

Queene Inough sweete Suttolke, thou torments thy

Suf You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease? Now by this ground that I am banisht from, Well could I curse away a winters night, And standing naked on a mountaine top,

¹ So the modern editors write but the folios of the amended play read, "Mine have be fixt an end"

² Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of "Cæsar Borgia, 4° Lond 1680, As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here

[&]quot;Mach Nay, since you urge, sir, my heart will break Unless I curse 'em ! Poyson be their drink Borg Galt, gall and wormwood! Hemlock! hemlock! quench 'em Mach Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders Borg Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks, Their softest touch, as smirt as viper's teeth Mach Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons, All the foul teirours of dark-seated hell Borg No more, thou ait one piece with me thyself And now I take a pride in my revenge"

³ The amended play leads, "the daintiest that they taste," and Theobald wishes to lead, "the dainties that," of "the daintiest meat," because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," vol. in p. 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warbunton, suggesting the above leadings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the leading of the old edition.

Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow, And thinke it but a minute spent in sport

Queene No more Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France.

Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe, Ile haue an Irish 1 that shall finde thee out, And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,

Or venture to be banished by selfe Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand, That when thou seest it, thou must think on me Away, I say, that I may feele my griefe, For it is nothing whilst thou standest here

Suf Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished, Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee

Enter VAWSE

Queene How now, whither goes Vawse so fast? [Sig F] Vawse To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinal Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime 2 he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to ceitifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloude for him

Oueene Go then good Vawse and certifie the

Queene Go then good Vawse and certifie the King

[Exet VAWSE

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die, And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?

[&]quot;Lee Ilis See the amended play, act in sc 2, and Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol xviij p 275 The edition of 1619 corrects "shall," which occurs in the same line, to "shall," The edition of 1619 leads, "sometimes"

Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die

Suf And if I go I cannot line but here to
die,

What were it else but like a pleasant slumber In thy lap?

Here could I, could I,2 breathe my soule into the aire.

As milde and gentle as the new borne babe, That dies with mothers dugge between his lips,

Where from thy sight I should be raging madde, And call for thee to close mine eyes, Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule, That I might breathe it so into thy bodie, And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam, By thee to die, were but to die in least, From thee to die, were torment more then death, O let me stale, befall, what may befall.

Queene. Oh mightst thou state with safetie of thy

lıfe,

Then shouldst thou state, but heatiens deny it, And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde

Suf I goe

Queene And take my heart with thee

[She kisseth him

Suf A lewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet contained a thing of woorth,
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we
This way fall I to deathe
Queene This way for me

[Exet Queene.

¹ This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619

² This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "from my sight," which is clearly an error

Enter King and SALSBURY, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

Car Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue 2 but one whole yeare,3

Ile gue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland

Kin O see my Loid of Salsbury how he is troubled,

¹ This stage direction is as follows in the amended play "Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall in bed"

² This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall's "Chronicle" "During these doynges, Henry Beaufford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, discended on an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learning, haut in stomacke, and high in countenaunce, ryche aboue measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and dieadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before frendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng His covetous insaciable, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter dates for Doctor Jhon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to buy it Fye, wyll not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died. I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought myself able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worn a tryple croune But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved, praying you all to pray for me "

This is altered in the amended play to "and feel no pain." Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain. King Henry adds immediately afterwards, "how he is

troubled," and wishes him to remember his Redeemer

Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule 1

Car Why died he not in his bed? What would you have me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?2

Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison 8 which the Pothicary sent me

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand. And stares me in the face Looke, looke, coame downe his hane.

So now hees gone againe Oh, oh, oh

Sal See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart Kin Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse.

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs 4 The Cardinall dies.

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all Oh God forgue his soule

Sal So bad an ende did neuer none behold,

But as his death, so was his life in all Kin Forbeare to judge, good Salsbury forbeare.

For God will judge vs all Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performed 5 Exet omnes.

The two editions of 1600 read—

[&]quot; Lord Cardinall, 1emember Christ must have thy soule "

² So in "King John," act iv sc 2 -

[&]quot;We cannot hold mortality's strong hand"

And again -

[&]quot;Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

³ The word "strong" is omitted in the edition of 1619

⁴ So in the old "King John," 1591, the legate says to the dying sovereign .--

[&]quot;Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
Thou diedst the servant of our Saviour Christ.—
Now joy betide thy soule!"

⁵ The word "be" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Alar mes 1 within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship 2 and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Waler Whickmorf 8

Cap Bing forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship, Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue, And Water Whickmoie thou shalt haue this man, And let them paie their ransomes 4 ere they passe

Suf Water!

[He starteth]

Water How now, what doest feare me? 5

Thou shalt have better cause anon

Suf It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me, That by Water I should die ⁶

¹ This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given "Classicum, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belies to call men together or to go to warre, alarme"—Rider's "Latin Dictionaile," 4°, London, 1640

² In the amended play we have "Lieutenant" throughout the

³ In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt "Walter Whickemore"

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "ransome"

The two editions of 1600 read, "what doest thou feare me". This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows out text.

⁶ So, in Queen Margaret's letter to the duke, in Drayton's "Epistles," we have—

[&]quot;I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass, Never the sea yet half so dangerou-was, And one foretold by water thou should'st die, Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy

See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii, p 283

Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded Thy name being rightly sounded, Is Gualter, not Water

Water Gualter or Water, als one to me. I am the man must bring thee to thy death I

Suf I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring. Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shal be paid

Water I lost mine eye in boording of the ship. And therefore ere I merchantlike sell blood for gold. Then cast me headlong downe into the sea

2 Pris But what shall our ransomes be? Mar A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that or die

2 Pris Then saue out lives, it shall be paid, Water Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome I will haue

This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated The note upon these lines is "The witch of Eye receiv'd an swer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of water" The two editions of 1600 print Walter instead of water, and it is probably one of those that Mr Collier refers to

in his edition of "Shakespeare," vol v p 181

This scene is thus related in Hall's "Chronicle" "But fortune wold not that this flatigious person shoulde so escape, for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendynge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe of warie appertempng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre The capitagne of the same barke with small fight entered into the duke's shippe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes, of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men sudge, by God's punyshment, for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and devisor of the de struction of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloudde of the innocente man was with his dolorous death recom pensed and punished " See Holmshed's "Chronicle." p 632, and Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 610.

Suf Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince, The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull

Cap The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags

Suf I sir, but these rags are no pair of the Duke, Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I? 1

Cap I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be Suf Base Iadie groome, 2 King Henries blood

The honourable blood of Lancaster,⁸

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,

I am sent Ambassadoi for the Queene to France, I charge thee waffe me closse the channell safe

Cap Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence.

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suf Thou darste not for thine owne

Cap Yes Poull.

Suf Poull 4

Cap I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt, Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine, Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that Smildste at good Duke Humphieys death, Shalt line no longer to infect the earth

Suf This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais, Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

¹ This line is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows, ² A groom who attends upon inferior horses Here, a term of ieproach See "Henry VIII," act iii, \$c. 2.

d blakeway says that this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant at Hull But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, and therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity

⁴ This and the next line are omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense

⁵ This word is placed at the end of the pieceding line in the

The great Masadonian Pyrate,1

Thy words addes 2 fury and not remoise in me

Cap I but my deeds shall state thy fury some

Suf Has not thou waited at my Trenchei, When we have feasted with Queene Margaret? Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my sturope? And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule, And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee? This hand hath writ in thy defence,

Then shall I charme thee, hold thy laush toong

Cap Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his hed

I Pris Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life

Suf. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge, Before this knee do bow to any, Saue to the God of heauen and to my King Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade To such a Iadie groome

Water Come, come, why do we let him speake, I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye Suf A Swordar and bandeto slaue,

Murthered sweete Tully

¹ In the amended play we have—

"Small things make base men proud, this villain here, Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate'

Bargulus, or Βαρδυλλιs, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, Bargulus Illyrius latro. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, "Macedonian" not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk's speech Greene, in "Penelope's Web" [1588], mentions "Abradas, the great Macedonian piiat," who "thought enery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean" See Malone's "Shake speaie," by Boswell, vol xvin p 289 The second folio reads, "threats" instead of "threatens"

Probably "adde"

The two editions of 1600 lead, "Hast not thou kist thme hand"

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar. And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas

Exet Suffolke, and Water

Cap Off with his head, and send it to the Oueene, And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free. To see it saue deliuered vnto her

Come lets goe

Exet onnes

Enter two of the Rebels with long slaves

George Come away Nick and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they have bene vp this two daies

Nicke Then they had more need to go to bed now

But surha George whats the matter?

George Why sirrha, Iack Cake the Diai of Ashfold here.

He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap

Nicke I marry he had need so, for its growne threedbare.

Twas neuer meny world with vs, 1 since these gentle men came vp 2

George I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-dates

Nicke But sniha, who comes more3 beside Iacke Cade?

George Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan

2 The word "these" is judiciously omitted in the amended

The edition of 1619 reads, "else"

A proverbial expression "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us." Stowe's "Chionicles," by Howes, fol 1631, p. 546 See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xvin p 294 The reading of the amended play renders this quotation still more apposite.

last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should have your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King

Nicke Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be

comming

Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, and the rest, with long states

Cade Proclaime silence

All Silence

Cade I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie?

Dicke Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats?

Cade My father was a Mortemer

Nicke He was an honest man4 and a good Brick-laier.

Cade My mother came of the Brases 5

Will She was a Pedlers daughter 6 indeed, and sold many lases.

would appear that something is omitted

4 In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is

given to Dick Butcher.

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "be al"

This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin cado, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall fall before us". It

⁸ A measure less than a barrel The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celeress of the abbey of Beiking "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth" Nash, in his "Lenten Stuffe," 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name" Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play

[&]quot;My mother was come of the Lacres"

The the edition of 1619 this speech is given by Nicke.

Robin And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,1

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country Cade Therefore I am honourably borne 2

. Harry I for 8 the field is honourable, for he was

Vnder a hedge, for his father 4 had no house but the Cage

Cade I am able to endure much

George Thats true, I know he can endure anything, For I haue seen him whipt two market daies togither Cade I feare neither sword nor file

Will He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe 5

Dicke But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe

Cade Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation you shall have seven half-penny loaves for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall have ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to

¹ A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 296

² The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefore I am honourable boine" Thus in the "Third Part of Henry VI," edit. 1623, p 160, we have,

[&]quot;Widow, goe you along Lords, vse her honourable."
This word "honourable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play

³ The word "for" is omitted in the edition of rois and in the amended play

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father"

⁵ Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters " with the Clarke of Chattam "

⁶ The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, as barrels are, with hoops, and in "The Gul's Horn-Booke," 1609, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures See also Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p 103 Cade, says Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops shall be increased in size so as to require ten

drinke small beere, and if I be king, 1 as king I will be

All God saue your maiestie

Cade I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuene, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes 2 from my mouth

Dicke We shall have sore lawes then, s for he was

thrust into the mouth the other day

George I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it

Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam 4

Will Oh Captaine a pryze Cade Whose that Will?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters

Cade Sonnes,⁵ hees a consurer bring him hither Now, sir, what your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you

5 A mispinit for "sounes," It is corrected in the later impressions,

¹ The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 lead, "And if be the king"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come" ³ Stephano makes a similar pun in the "Tempest," act v sc. 1

⁴ Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromance at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade, See W. Wyrcestre, p 471 But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and there certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Rit son's conjecture

Dicke It will go hard with you, I can tell you, 1 For they vie to write that oth top of letters 2

Cade And what do you vse3 to write your name? Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,

Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke Nay, true su, 4 I praise God I have bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name

Cade Oh hes confest,5 go hang him with his penny-

inckhorne about his necke

[Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Tom

Tom Captaine Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all

Cade Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom No, no, hees but a knight

Cade Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom I his brother [He Knights Dicke Butcher be Cade Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye"

The edition of 1619 leads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the pievious line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you"

The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse"
The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir"

6 The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line

² Of letters missive, and public acts In the "Famous Victories of Henry V," 1598, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry

[&]quot;I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe Conduct, under your broad seale *Emanuel*"

⁵ The edition of 1619 has this speech as follows. "Oh he has confest, go and hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke"

Rise vp sii Dicke Butchei

[Now sound up the Drumme1

Enter sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, with

Cade As for these silken coated slaves I passe not a pinne,²

Tis to you good people that I speake

Staf Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade? Why his father was but a Brick-laier 8

Cade Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then? But I come of the Mostemers

Staf I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that Cade The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe, For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence daughter Staf Well, thats true But what then?

Cade And by her he had two children at a birth,

Staf. Thats false

Cade I, but I say, tis true All. Why then tis true

Cade And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,

And that was my father,⁵ and I am his sonne, Deny it and you can

Nicke Nay looke you, I know twas true,6

This foims part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619 An idlomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay them no regard "I care not a pin for you," is a common expression at the present day

⁸ The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619

The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600. The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, 'I know was true," which Mr Knight has corrected to "I know 'its true"

For his father built a chimney in my fathers house, And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie ¹

Cade But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes,² I am content that he shall be King as long as he liues Marry alwaies prouded, ile be Protector ouer him

Staf O monstrous simplicite

Cade And tell him, weele have the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England

Dr Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellowe," Henry Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his diary in MS Ashm 208, but this curious document does not give us any information relative to the manner in which the game was played A few leaves onwards, in the same volume, Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amusement in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an example of the ancient method of styling members of the university by the title of "sir," already alluded to Forman is speaking of his college life when he tells us. "Nowe ther were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors, the one of them was Sir Thornbury, that after was bishope of Limerike, and he was of Magdalen College, the other was Sir Pinckney, his cossine of St Mary Halle Thes too lovyd hym [Forman] nying welle, and many tymes' wold make Simon to goo forth tho Loes the keper of Shottofer for his houndes to go on huntinge from morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave them.

¹ The edition of 1619 reads "to testifye it"

² The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to spancounter for French crowns." The earlier commentators do not give any note on the game of span counter, which Strutt and Nares suppose to have been thus played one throws a counter, or piece of money, which the other wins if he can throw another so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it. It is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[&]quot;And what I now pull shall no more afflict me, Than if I play'd at span-counter"

hath bene maimde¹ euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance² held it vp And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors

Staf As how I prethie?

Cade Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subject?

Answere me to that

Staf Well surha, wilt thou yield thy selfe vnto the Kings meicy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long

Staf Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes. That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall have free pardon from his Maiestie

[Exet STAFFORD and his men Cade Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[Exet omnes

selves to their bockes, but to goe to scolles of defence, to the daining scolles, to stall dear and conyes, and to hunte the hare and to woinge of wenches, to goe to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Maitha. Sir Thoinbury he woed Besse, and Sir Pinckney he woed Martha, and in the end he married hei; but Thornbury he deceyved Besse as the mayor's daughter of Biacly, of which Ephues writes, deceyved him. But ther was then ordinary haunt alwaies, and thether muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editors, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

¹ The amended play reads, "main'd," so that this may be a pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has a

similar conceit in his "Civil Wais," 1595,

[&]quot;Anjou and Mame, the maim that foul appears"

² The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance."

Alas ums to the battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford1 and his brother is slaine Then enter TACKE CADE againe and the rest

. Cade Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house And thus I will neward thee The Lent shall be as long againe as it was Thou2 shalt have licence to kill for foure score & one a week Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrows I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster [Exet onnes

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord SAY, with others

Kin Sir Humphiey Stamford and his brother 1819 slaine.

And the Rebels march amaine to London, Go back to them, and tell them thus from me, He come and parley with their generall

Reade 4 Yet state, the reade the Letter one5 agains Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head

^{1 &}quot;A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retired to their several dwellings, but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot "---Hollinshed's "Chronicle, Henry IV," p 364 The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow"

⁴ This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Ferhaps "once"

Say I but I hope your highnesse shall have his Kin How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, 1 if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not have mournde 2 so much for me

Queene No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee

Enter a Messenger.

Mes Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and have almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsurper, And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth 3

Kin Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the Rebell Cade do find thee out

Say My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind

Kin Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say
Come Madame, let vs go
[Exet omnes

¹ Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play The difference is one which might easily occur in printing

might easily occur in printing

The second folio reads, "Thou would'st not half have mourn'd"

^{8 &}quot;The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire"—Holinshed's "Chronicle," p 366 Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir William Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time In Lancham's letter, we find "the castle hath name of Kylle lingworth, but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenel woorth."

Enter the Lord Skayles upon the Tower Walles walking Enter three or foure Citizens below ¹

Lord Scayles How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

I Cit No my Lord, not likely to be slaine,
For they have wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them
The Lord Mayor claueth ayde of your honour from the Tower,

To defend the Citie from the Rebels

Lord Scayles Such aide as I can spare, you shall command.

But I am troubled here with them my selfe, The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower, But get you to Smythfield² and gather head, And thither I will³ send you Mathew Goffe, Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues And so farewell, for I must hence againe

[Exet onnes

Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword upon London Stone

Cade Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first year of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine
And now hence forward,4 it shall be treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer

¹ This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619

^{.2} The second folio reads, "But get you into Smithfield."

These words are transposed in the edition of 1619
This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of

[&]quot;And now henceforth, it shall be treason For any that calls me otherwise then"

Enter a souldier

Sould Tacke Cade, Tacke Cade

Cade Sounes, knocke him downe [They kill him Dicke My Lords, theirs an Army gathered to gether

Into Smythfield

Cade Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fine,²
And if you can, buine downe the Tower too
Come lets away

[Exet omnes

Alarmes, and then Malhew Goffe is slaine, and all the rest with him Then enter IACK CADE again, and his company

Cade So sirs, now go some and pull down the Sauoy,4

Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all. Dicke I have a sute vnto your Lordship

Cade Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt have it For that word

Dicke That we burne all the Records,6

¹ The edition of 1619 leads, "My lord"

² The two editions of 1600 lead, "set London Bridge on

fire." At that time the bridge was made of wood

3 This of course means in the course of the scene, and not neces sarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king and his father."

The word "some" is omitted in the edition of 1619 Ac coiding to Ritson, this trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII

The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619

Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in par liament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

And that all writing may be put downer,

And nothing vide but the score and the Pally

Cade Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things! shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall

my palphies go to grasse

Why ist not a misciable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment? be made, & then with a litle blotting oner with inke, a man should yn do himselfe

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer scald to anything but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since 1

Nicke But when shall we take up those commodities

Which you told vs of

Cade Marry he that will lustily stand to it Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following

Item, a gowne, a kntle, a petticoate, and a smocke

Enter GEORGE

George My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Loid Say,

Which sold the Townes in France

Cade Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,8

¹ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads, "al thing"

⁹ These words are transposed in the edition of 1619 This speech occurs in act iv sc 2, of the amended play Here it is act iv sc 7

⁸ The second folio reads, "my" for mine"

⁴ This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619

⁵ These words are omitted in the edition of 1619

⁶ Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minsheu to be a kind of woollen stuff Spenser uses the word—

[&]quot;All in a kirtle of discolour'd say He clothed was,"

There seems also to be a play on the word George and serge, as it is spelt in the amended drama

What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse, For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier

bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France? And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in every shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp. Onely for which cause they were most worthy to live. Thou indest on a footcloth doest thou not?

Say Yes, what of that?

Cade Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet

Say You men of Kent All Kent, what of Kent?

 $^{^{1}}$ " Against the peace of the said loid the king, his crown, and dignity," was the regular language of indictments

Perhaps "reade."
Probably "talke"

The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this"
The edition of 1619 leads, "Iustices of the peace"

⁶ This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight This shows the value of the old copies. The first folio reads, "in a footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading. A footcloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. Bulleyne, in his "Dia logue," 1564, says: "He gave me my mule also with a velvet footcloth." See "Richard III," act in, sc 4, and "2 Henry VI." act iv sc 1.

Say Nothing but bona, terra 1
Cade Bonum terum, sounds whats that?
Duke He speakes French

Mill No tis Dutch

Nicke No tis outtahan, I know it well inough Say Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote, Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,² Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake, I sold not France, I lost not ³ Normandie

Cade But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say It is the palsie and not feare that makes me 4

The first folio reads, "you are" I have printed from the second edition of 1632. The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct, but Mr Knight reads,

"Term d as the civellest place of all this land"

I would rather read, 'is term'd," the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in Cœsar which is referred to is as follows—"Exhis omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt'—"Comment de bello Gallico," v 14. The passage is thus translated by Aithur Golding, 1565—"Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the excellerare the Kentisfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," 1580 x "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentishmen are the civilest" Shakespeare, or rather the author of the "Contention," had probably seeen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone—It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr Collier does not seem to be aware of this—Sèe his "Shakespeare," vol, v p 198

The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

¹ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads, "Nothing but terra bona"

² So all the editions The amended play reads—

[&]quot;Kent, in the Commentarics Casar writ,
Is term'd the civell st pince of all this isle
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people liberal, valuat, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity"

⁴ Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it

Cade Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, I thou wilt be even with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I have thee Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to six Iamés Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently Away with him

[Exet one or two with the Lord SAY There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders.

But he shall pare me tribute for it

Not there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see 3 to me for her

Mavdenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,

nearen the piesent passage Blagrave, in his "Astrological Practise of Physick," p 135, prescribes a cuie of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Ant thou afraid? or hast thou the ague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I the ague All those which bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have the ague' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen "—See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," by Haz litt, in 236

The edition of 1619 reads,

[&]quot;Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say

² "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say, but, his lordship insisting to be tried by his peers, Cade hurned him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's to be carried before him on spears"—Holinshed, p 364. See also Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeaie," vol in p 28 According to the contempolary chronicles, it was Wilham Cromer whom Cade put to death Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Guildhall 3 Read 'fee"

Marry I will that mairied men shall hold of me in capitie,¹

And that then wives shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can tell ²

Enter Robin

Robin O Captaine, London bridge is a fire Cade Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and flaxe and squench it

Enter DICKE and a Sargiant

Sar Iustice, I ustice, I pray you sir, let me haue justice of this fellow here

Cade Why what has he done?

Sar Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife

Dicke Why my Lord he would have rested me, And I went and entred my Action in his wives paper house

Cade Dicke follow thy sute in her common place, You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,

 1 A tenure m capite 2 This is an equivoque on the pieceding line

There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell" Nearly the piecise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol vviii p 321 The disgusting custom of the Mercheta Muherum, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech : "Marcheguum significat prisca Scotorum lingua hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando. Marcheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitæ prima violatio et delibatio, quæ, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit impie permissa de omnibus novis nuptis pilma nuptiarum nocte, sed et pie a Malcomo tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vaccarum numero et quasi pretio redimitui " Dalryniple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England

B The edition of 1619 reads, "quench" The other is still a

provincial expression, and the older form of the word

Take any man by the throate for twelue pence. And test a man when hees 1 at dinner,

And have him to prison eie the meate be out of his 2 mouth

Go Dicke take him hence, cut out 3 his toong for cog ging

Hough him for running, and to conclude,

Biane 4 him with his own mace

Exet with the Saigiant

Enter two with the Lord Saves head, and sir IAMES CROMERS, vpon two poles

So, come carry them before me, and at every lanes ende, let them kisse togither 5

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford the Earle of Comberland

Clif Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent.

What meanes this mutinous rebellions.6 That you in troopes do muster thus your selues, Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade? To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King. Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,

¹ The edition of 1619 leads, "he is"

2-The edition of 1619 leads, "on's"

3 The edition of 1619 leads, "and cut out"

4 That is, "brain" The edition of 1619 reads "braue"

^{5 &}quot;And as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together "-Holinshed, p 634 See also Hall's "Chron icles," sig a Farmer gives another parallel passage from the "Mirrour of Magistrates" Hall says, "to the great detestacion of all the beholders" See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii, p 322

⁶ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads, "What meanes this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 leads,

[&]quot;What meanes these mutinous rebellions?"

If you foisake this monstious Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then hast to Fiance that your forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leave to seeke your Countries ouerthiow

All A Clifford, a Clifford

[They for sake Cade]

All A Clifford, a Clifford [They for sake Cade Cade Why, how now, will you forsake your generall.

And ancient freedome which you have possest? To bend your neckes under 1 their seruile yokes, Who if you stir, will straightwaies 2 hang you vp, But follow me, and you shall pull them downe, And make them yeeld their livings to your hands All A Cade, a Cade

[They runne to Cade againe
Clif Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a
word.3

Refuse not good whilst it is offered you, The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him, And I myself will go along with you, To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides, And on mine honour you shall have no huit

All A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King Cade How like a feather is this rascall company Blowne euery way,

But that they may see there want no valuancy 4 m me.

My staffe shall make way through the midst of you, And so a poxe take you all

[He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away 5

 $^{^{1}}$ The edition of 1600, printed by W $\,$ W , reads "vnto" instead of "vnder"

² The edition of 1619 reads "straight way"

These words are omitted in the edition of 1619
The edition printed by W W in 1600, and that of 1619, lead "these wants no valiancy"

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "and then flies away"

But Go some and make after him, and proclaime.

That those that bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour
Come march away

[Exet omnus

Enter King Henry and the Queene, and Somersei

Kin Loid Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?

Som This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,

And the Citie is almost sackt

Kin Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be 1

And be it as he please,² to stop the pride of those rebellious men

Queene Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene alue,

The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this, And all the rest that do take part with him

Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks

Clif Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,

Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude, And offer their liues before your highnesse feete

Kin But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.

Clif No, my gratious Lord, he is fied away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall have a thousand crownes But

¹ The edition plinted by W W in 1600 reads, "so it must be"

² The word "it" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by Mr Knight, though it seems necessary in the constitution of the sentence,

may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes 1 were thus misled

Kin Stand vp you simple men, and give God

praise,

For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And line as subjects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry lines, and weares the English
Crowne

All God saue the King, God saue the King
Kin Come let vs haste to London now with
speed,

That solemne prosessions may be sung, In laud and honour of the God of heauen, And triumphs of this happie victorie

Exet omnes

Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other maister Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade hes downe picking of hearbes and eating them

Eyden Good Lord how pleasant is this country life.

This litle land my father left me here, With my contented minde series me as well, As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld, Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court

Cade Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge,² and swallow my sword like a great pinne

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "by these traitors meanes"
² It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads "estridge," alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir

Eyden Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee ?

Ist not mough that thou hast broke my hedges,

And enterd into my ground 1 without the leave of me the owner.

But thou wilt braue me too

Cade Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I have eate no meate this five dayes, yet and I do not 2 leave thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle,3 I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more

Eyden Nay, it neuer shall 4 be saide whilst the world doth stand,5 that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee 6 Sirrah fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside

Cade Now sword, if thou doest not hew 7 this burlybond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou

Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a [paper] battle some two centuries ago The word "estridge" occurs twice in Shakespeare, "I Henry IV," act IV sc I, and "Antony and Cleopatra," act in sc 2, meaning a kind of hawk, while the early editions of the amended play read "ostridge" in the cor responding passage to this This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare's time.

The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "into the ground"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet if I do not."

^{*} This proverb is used by Pistol in "2 Henry VI," act v. sc 3. The door nail was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes See Malones "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol xvn p 225

The edition of 1619 reads, "it shall never"
The edition of 1619 reads, "whilst the world stands"
The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile combat with thee"
The edition printed by W in 1600 reads, 'if thou hewst not."

maist fal 1 into some smiths hand,2 and be tuined to hob-nailes

Eyden Come on thy way

[They fight, and CADE fals downe. Cade Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and give me but the ten meales that I wanted this five daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die.

Eyden Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell 3 which I have slaine Oh sword ile honour thee for this, 4 and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great service thou hast done to me Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it 5

Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and souldiers

Yorke In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine, Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

¹ The edition of 1619 leads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove" The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I, but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr Collier

² The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands"

Hall gives the following account of Cade's death "After a proclamacion made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should have for his pain a m markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a gaiden, and there in his defence manfully slewe the cutife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London bridge" The edition of 1519 reads, "was this that monstreus rebel"

⁴ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this" The edition of 1619 prints this speech as

⁵ The edition of 1619 leads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition

To entertaine fine Englands royall King Ah Santa Mansta, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of Buckingham

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?

Bue Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so Yorke Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

Buc I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,

Henry To know the reason of these Armes in peace? Or that thou being a subject as I am, Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred, Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

Yorke A subject as he is

Oh how I hate these spitefull abject termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be ²
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heave proud Somerset ³ from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France

Buc Why that was presumption on thy behalfe, But if it be no otherwise but so.4

¹ For "majestas"

² The edition printed by W W in 1600 omits the word "not," and it will be at once seen that this omission is necessary for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the edition of 1619 and in Mr Knight's This part of York's speech is of course spoken aside.

The same expression is used by Buckingham soon afterwards. In the amended play this line is altered, the other remaining as it was.

^{*} The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so"

The King doth paidon thee, and gianst 1 to the request,

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke Vpon thine honour is it so?
Bue Yorke, he is vpon mine honour

York Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes.

Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields, And there you shall receive your pare of me

Exet souldners

Buc Come York, thou shalt go speake 2 vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs

Enter King HENRY

[Sig

Kin How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us.

That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes

Which came with him, but as your grace did say, To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence, And to subdue the Rebels that were vp

Kin Then welcome cousin Yorke, give me thy hand.

And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs, Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld

Enter maister Eyden with Iacke Cades head

E, den Long liue Henry s in triumphant peace, Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,

¹ Pethaps, "grants"

² Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority

[&]quot; The edition of 1619 reads, "Long line King Henry"

I here present the traitorous head of Cade. That hand to hand in single fight I slue

Kin First thanks to heaven, & next to thee my triend.

That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus Oh let me see that head that in his life, Did worke me and my land such cruell spight, A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks. Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow. Presageth warlike humors in his life Here take it hence and thou for thy reward. Shalt be immediately created Knight Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?

Fyden Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,

A poore Esquire of Kent

Kin Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight, And for thy maintenance, I freely give A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,1 Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde, For those that could performe this worthie act, And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king Eyden I humbly thank your grace,2 and I no

longer liue. Exet

Then I proue just and loyall to the King 8

Enter the Oucene with the Duke of Somerset.4 Kin O Buckingham see where Somerset comes. Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone

The edition printed by W w in 1600 reads -"A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee "

² This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advantages.

⁸ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads — " Then I proque just and loyall voto my king "

^{*} This direction is found in the same place in the folio

Queene He shall not hide himselfefor feare of Yorke, But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie? Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonoi'st me, By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here, Nor will I subject be to such a King, That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule, Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me, That thou vsurped hast so long by force, For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne, And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane

Somer Proud Tiaitor, I arest thee on high treason, Against thy souernigne Lord, yield thee false Yorke, For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower, For these proud words which thou hast given the king

Yorke Thou art deceived, my sonnes shalbe my baile.1

And send thee there in dispight of him, Hoe, where are you boyes?

Oueene Call Clifford hither presently

Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crook-backe Richard, at the one doore, with Diumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and speakes.

Clif Long live my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

editions of the amended play Modern editors place it three lines lower The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

¹ The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows

[&]quot;Sırrah, call ın my sonnes to be my baile
I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,
They'l pawne their Swords for my infranchisement,"

York: We thank thee Clifford Nay, do not afflight vs 1 with thy lookes.

If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe

Clif Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him?

Kin I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus To leavy Armes against his lawfull King

Clif Why doth not 3 your grace send him to the

Queene He is aiested, but will not obey, His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile 4

Yorke How say you boyes, will you not?

Ed Yes noble father, if our words will serue Rich And if our words will not, our swords shall Yorke Call hither to the stake, my two rough

beares

Kin Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.

Yorke Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,

Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

which contains three variations from the first, and all improvements, though modern editors have only adopted two of them In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the king

¹ The second folio leads, "do not affright me," but York is now speaking as a soveleign

^a This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson quotes Stowe to prove that there was "an hospitall for distracted people" called St Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the thriteenth century See "Survey of London," 1598, p 127, and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xvii p 344

and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 344

3 The edition printed by W in 1600 reads, "Why do

[&]quot;4 The edition printed by W. in 1600 reads, "shall be his suretie," an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended play.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, with Drumme and souldiers And at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drumme and souldiers

Claf Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone, Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

War You had best go dreame againe, To keepe you from the tempest of the field

Clif I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme, Then any thou canst consure vp to day, And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,²

Might I but know thee by thy household badge 3

War. Now by my fathers age, 4 old Neuels crest, The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe, This day ile weare aloft my burgonet, As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes, That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme, Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

Clef And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare, And tread him vinderfoote with all contempt, Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so

Young Clif And so renowmed soueraigne to Armes,⁵ To quell these Traitors and their compleases

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, " and at the other doore"

² A helmet See "Antony and Cleopatra," act 1. sc 5.
² The first folio reads "housed" and the second "house's" instead of "household" The reading in our text is the correct one The speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception See Colher's "Shakespeare," vol v. p 216.

⁴ Perhaps "badge," though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary

⁵ The first folio reads -

[&]quot;And so to armes victorious Father,"

while the second folio has ---

[&]quot;And so to Armes victorious noble Father"

This difference is not noticed by any of the earlier editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

Ruh Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,

For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night

Young Clif Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell

Ruch No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in
hell

[Exct omnes

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of So-MERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kils him under the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones

Rich So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last 1 Whats here, the signe of the Castle? Then the prophesie is come to passe,2 For Someiset was forewained of Castles, The which he alwaies did observe And now, behold, vinder a paltry Ale-house signe The Castle in saint Albones, Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death [Exet.

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone

War Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles, And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes, And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me, Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland, Warwicke'is hoarse with calling thee to Armes

Clif speakes within Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-

¹ This is omitted in the amended play The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads.—

[&]quot;So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood"

a "There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of
Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles,
and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Nothumberland,
Humfrey eile of Stafford," &c —Hall's "Chronicle"

axe, through the funting troopes to finde thee ou' Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come

Enter YORKE

War How now my Lord, what a foote?

Who kild your horse?

Yorke The deadly hand of Clifford Noble Lord, Frue horse this day slaine under me, And yet braue Waiwicke I remaine aliue, But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well, The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,

My selfe will hunt this deare to death

War Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights, Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to-day, It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild

[Exet WARWICKF

Yorke Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone.

Be this the day of doome to one of vs, For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate

To thee, and all the house of Lancaster

Clif And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine, Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest, I ill I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.

[Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford 1

Yorke Now Lancaster sit suie, thy sinowes shrinke,

¹ This is a departure from the truth of history, but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of "The True Tragedie," if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand

Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face, Yeeld up thy Crowne unto the Prince of York

[Exet YORKF

[Alarmes, then enter young CLIFFORD alone Young Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I¹ seeke my aged father forth?
O¹ dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth

[He takes him up on his backe

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter Richard, and then Clifford lares downe his father, fights with him, and Richard fires away againe

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight, But I will after thee, and once againe When I have borne my father to his Tent, Iletine my fortune better with thee yet.³

[Exet young CLIFFORD with his father

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene Queene Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "Where I may."

The word "with" is omitted in the edition of 1619.
The word "yet" is omitted in the edition printed by W. W in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619

Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them, Come stand not to expostulate, lets go

Kin Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast.

And sommon a Parlament¹ with speede, To stop the fury of these dyre events

[Exet King and Queene

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of Yorke² and Richard

Yorke How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,

I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good, And our great honour, that so long we lost, Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights But did you see old Salsbury, since we with bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe, I would not for the losse of this right hand, That ought but well betide that good old man

Ruch. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng, Charging his Lance with his old weary armes, And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse, And thrise this hand did set him vp againe, And still he fought with courage gainst his foes, The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld

Enter Salsbury and Warwicke

Ed See noble father, where they both do come, The onely props vnto the house of Yorke. Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valuant Duke,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "And summon vp a parliament."

² The edition of 1619 adds "Edward"
³ The edition of 1619 reads, "spirited,"

And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house, The small remainder of my weary life, I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme, Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life Yorke What say you Lords, the King is fled to London ?

There as I here to hold a Parlament

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them? IVar. After them, nay before them if we can Now by my faith1 Lords, twas a glorious day, Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke, Shall be eternest² in all age to come Sound Drummes and Trumpets,8 and to London all, And more such dates as these to vs befall

Exet omnes

and Trumpets "

¹ The amended play reads, "by my hand"

² This reading is peculiar to the present edition reads, "eterniz'd," which is also found in the amended play 3 The first folio of the amended play reads, "Sound Drumme